California Book Club
No. 435
Date Dec. 20

1868

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/menplacesthings00mathrich

MEN, PLACES, AND THINGS.

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM MATHEWS, LL.D.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD; or, Hints on Success in Life. 1 volume. 12mo. Pages 374. Price	$1.50
THE GREAT CONVERSERS, and Other Essays. 1 volume. 12mo. Pages 304. Price	1.50
WORDS; Their Use and Abuse. 1 volume. 12mo. Pages 494. Price	2 00
HOURS WITH MEN AND BOOKS. 1 volume. 12mo. Pages 384. Price	1.50
MONDAY-CHATS. A Selection from the "Causeries du Lundi" of C. A. Sainte-Beuve, with a Biographical and Critical Introduction by the Translator. 1 volume. 12mo. Pages 386. Price	2.00
ORATORY AND ORATORS. 1 volume. 12mo. Pages 450. Price	2.00
LITERARY STYLE, and Other Essays. 1 volume. 12mo. Pages 345. Price	1.50
MEN, PLACES, AND THINGS. 1 volume. 12mo. Pages 394. Price	1.50

In preparation:

WIT AND HUMOR: Their Use and Abuse.

MEN, PLACES, AND THINGS.

BY

WILLIAM MATHEWS, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF "WORDS; THEIR USE AND ABUSE," "ORATORY AND ORATORS,"
"LITERARY STYLE, AND OTHER ESSAYS," ETC. ETC.

CHICAGO:
S. C. GRIGGS AND COMPANY.
1887.

Copyright, 1887,
By S. C. Griggs and Company.

University Press:
John Wilson and Son, Cambridge.

952
M429
men

PREFACE.

THE papers in this volume have been written at intervals of time considerably apart, most of them for the present work, the rest for other publications. The paper on William Wirt was written in answer to an invitation given to the author by the New York Biographical and Genealogical Society to address it on that subject; after having been read before which Society it was read before the Rhode Island Historical Society at Providence. For his knowledge of Mr. Wirt the author is indebted in no small degree to the elaborate and interesting biography by J. P. Kennedy. In the paper on "The London Pulpit" no account is given of Mr. Spurgeon, for the reason that the author has already tried to portray him and his manner in the pulpit in a previous work, "Hours with Men and Books," pp. 80–96.

W. M.

BOSTON, *October, 1887.*

196

CONTENTS.

PAGE

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON I. 1

WILLIAM WIRT 20

BULWER 53

ALEXANDRE DUMAS 67

THE WEAKNESSES OF GREAT MEN 80

THE GREATNESS OF LONDON 140

THE LONDON PULPIT: —

  ARCHDEACON FARRAR 150

  CANON LIDDON 160

  JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. 170

  REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A. 179

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS 189

THE QUEEN OF WATERING-PLACES 218

DIARIES 231

THE ADVANTAGES OF UGLINESS 237

WORRY 247

COURAGE 253

OYSTERS 264

PAGE
CYNICS AND CYNICISM 283
THE EXTREMES OF DRESS 289
THE TRICKS OF TYPES 295
CAUSES OF DIVORCE 305
ILLUSIONS ABOUT THE PAST 313
IMMORAL NOVELS 327
WHAT SHALL WE READ? 335
LITERARY QUOTATION 345
THE VALUE OF FAME 355
THE PHILOSOPHY OF HANDWRITING 366

INDEX 377

MEN, PLACES, AND THINGS.

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON I.

PROBABLY no great man ever lived whose character has been the subject of more vehement dispute than that of Napoleon. Though sixty-five years have rolled by since he found a grave "amidst the immensity of the seas" at St. Helena, yet the discussion still goes on. That there has been a revolution in American sentiment concerning him, we think cannot be doubted. So long as a feeling of antipathy to England, the most unrelenting and successful foe of Napoleon, prevailed among us, — a feeling which was the unhappy legacy of two wars between the United States and the mother-country, — it was impossible for us to judge him dispassionately. The difficulty was enhanced by the dazzling effect of his then recent victories. But now that a more kindly feeling prevails toward the mother-country, Americans can look at the hero of Austerlitz through other media than the mists of prejudice; and the result is that he is regarded by three fourths or more of the men of thought and culture in this country, not as the liberator of enslaved nations, but as a selfish and unprincipled despot. This verdict may be attributed in part to the masterly works of Colonel Charras and M. Lanfrey, one of whom has exposed the popular illusions concerning the disaster at Waterloo, such as that it was owing to the blunders or treachery of Grouchy, etc.; and the other, having had access to a vast amount of new historic material, in memoirs, letters, and despatches, has torn away the mask that has so long hidden Napoleon's real character.

Among the writers who have tried to reverse this verdict, is Mr. John C. Ropes, of Boston, who has given his estimate of Napoleon in a course of lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute in that city, and since republished. The lectures are written in a vigorous, fluent, and lucid style, and form, on the whole, one of the most ingenious and plausible apologies for Napoleon's career and character that we have read. The author, though a warm admirer of Napoleon, is not bitten so badly with the mania as Headley and Abbott, but stands between Thiers, on the one hand, and Lanfrey, on the other; though far nearer to the former than to the latter. While he justifies Napoleon's invasion of other countries, and their annexation to France, and even apologizes for the cold-blooded execution of the Duc d'Enghien, which sent a thrill of horror through Europe, he, on the other hand, denounces the dethronement of the Spanish Bourbons, and admits the Emperor's folly in not securing Austria's neutrality in 1814 by yielding the Illyrian provinces, and also in giving to the final struggle of 1815 the character of a military and political experiment, instead of identifying his cause with that of France.

In justifying Napoleon's seizure upon supreme power and establishment of a despotism, Mr. Ropes makes a distinction between the extension of personal liberty and the extension of political power. He contends that the Emperor recognized and maintained the personal rights and liberties of the people, which they had won by the Revolution, while he denied them only the exercise of political powers which their previous political experience had not fitted them to use. The bitterest enemy of Napoleon will admit that it was a blessed thing for the peoples of Continental Europe to be delivered from the grinding oppression of feudal burdens and exactions. But what if this advantage was purchased at the cost of political servitude? What if, while giving the same legal rights to the bourgeois and the peasant as to the noble, the Empire robbed the people of all spontaneity, of all freedom of thought and speech, and extinguished "all the sentiments which make the individual live out of himself, whether in the past or the future"? Usurping supreme authority in all branches of the administration, Napoleon crushed out every form of liberty, — not only that of the tribune and that of the press, but even the liberty of the *salon*, the dearest of all to the French. The reason of this doubtless was that, as one of his historians tells us, he could not endure Wit, "that eternal sceptic, the born enemy of false grandeur, the foe of charlatanism." There was not a man or woman of influence in the community who was not dogged and watched by his argus-eyed police. So keen-eyed and far-reaching was this espionage, that Madame de Staël complained that Europe had become "a great net, which entangles you at every step." In April, 1805, Napoleon directed Fouché to warn the editors of the "Débats" and the "Publiciste" that he "would never permit newspapers to say or do anything contrary to his interests." How different this from the conduct of Frederic the Great, who, confident in his strength, ordered his attendants to put lower a placard against himself, which had been posted too high up to be read easily!

"My people," said he, "are to say what they please, and I am to do what I please." Not only was the population of France dwarfed and diminished by a conscription that forced tender youth into the ranks, but the French intellect suffered from the clamps and fetters by which it was shackled. The sources of mental power were dried up or poisoned. The civil functionaries of France were stunted in their growth, morally and mentally, and every department of the State was depressed to a dead level of mediocrity. "Nothing," says Taine, "could be more satisfying to superficial judgment or more acceptable to vulgar good sense than this system, nothing better adapted to narrow egoism, nothing better 'set up' or more prim, or fitter to discipline and control the meaner and lower qualities of human nature, but also to starve and spoil all its higher qualities."

It is frequently urged in defence of Napoleon that "his task in his domestic administration was to carry out the work of the Revolution and establish it on a secure basis;" yet who does not know that the whole drift of his despotic system was in flat contradiction to the principles of the Revolution? Allied with Russia and the Pope, married to an archduchess, the founder of a new dynasty, the restorer of titles of nobility and of the alliance between Catholicism and despotism, the head of an ultra-medieval court, with its antiquated ceremony and etiquette, — what principles had Napoleon in common with those doctrines of equality on which the Revolution was based? Justly did the republican soldier General Delmas characterize the Napoleonic policy in his bitterly sarcastic reply, when, after high mass had been celebrated for the first time with pomp in the cathedral of Notre Dame, Napoleon asked him, as they left the church together, what he had thought of the ceremony. "Oh!" replied the General, "the mummery (*capucinade*) was well enough, and only wanted the presence of the couple of million Frenchmen who got themselves killed to abolish what you are restoring." Let us not forget, when we are pointed to the boasted "Code," that while the despot provided for the administration of justice between man and man, he made no provision for that between the citizen and the ruler. Political offences — of all offences the ones which should be tried by a jury — were denied that kind of trial. These were "arraigned before 'special tribunals, invested with a half military character,' the ready ministers of nefarious prosecutions, and only intended to cloak by legal forms the murderous purpose of the tyrant." It is said that during Napoleon's reign nine prisons were erected in place of the single Bastile destroyed by the popular rage, and they were filled with prisoners for political offences.

Again, it is contended that it was as philanthropists that the French overran Italy and other countries of Europe. "The advent of the French meant to these populations escape from the misgovernment under which they labored, and a participation in the grand movement toward equal rights and privileges inaugurated by France." It is a little singular that, in executing their mission, these apostles of benevolence should have plundered and pillaged every country they came to liberate. As at home the Jacobins had contrived to connect the ideas of fraternity and the guillotine, so abroad they with equal ingenuity interpreted national brotherhood into war and plunder. Who that is familiar with the Italian campaigns has forgotten the heavy exactions made by Napoleon on the Dukes of

Parma and Modena, in spite of their neutrality; how, without provocation, he seized on Leghorn and ruined the once flourishing commerce of Tuscany; and how he levied on Lombardy, which he professedly came to liberate, a contribution of twenty millions of money, besides a million in pictures and objects of art? Though Bonaparte had entered Milan amid the enthusiastic acclamations of the citizens, yet a week sufficed to change a friendly people into a suspicious, hostile, and angry population. The peasants who rose against their plunderers were shot down or sabred like dogs. And yet this same Bonaparte afterward, in 1814, when France was invaded by the Allies, called upon the foresters of the Vosges to "hunt the Allied soldiers to death, even as they would hunt so many wolves," — that is, to do the very deeds for which he had butchered the peasants of Lombardy. Mr. Ropes would have us believe that it was the bigoted priests who instigated the peasants to this insurrection. It was, on the contrary, an uprising of the hard-working, industrious part of the population. Who, again, has forgotten the plunder of the Vatican, the Sistine, and other chapels, the Quirinal, the Capitol, and the many private palaces in Rome; and how in Venice the Doge's palace, a museum of all that was beautiful and precious in works of Greek, Roman, or Italian genius, was stripped to the bare walls? Since the capture of Corinth by the Romans, such spoliation as this had been unknown in the world's history. During all the centuries in which Italy had been the battle-field of the nations, and had been ruled successively by them, the right of conquest had never, till Bonaparte's time, been exercised at the expense of Italian genius. Not only the palaces of Italy, but the galleries of Antwerp, Brussels, Dresden, Munich, Madrid, and Seville, were plundered to swell the spoils that enriched the Louvre. The city of Berne, in Switzerland, was plundered of over sixteen million francs in specie, seven millions in arms and ammunition, and eighteen millions in stores and supplies.

In a letter to the Directory in 1797 Bonaparte wrote: "Venice is more worthy to enjoy liberty than any other city of Italy." Who after reading this sentiment would dream that its author, defying the instructions of the French Government, could shortly afterward deliver the Republic of Venice, bound hand and foot, into the clutches of Austria? Yet this is what this "liberator of oppressed nations" actually did by the treaty of Campo Formio, — a treaty which destroyed all that was left of the generous enthusiasm which had animated the French troops, and substituted appeals to arms for the nobler sentiments of patriotism and honor. Yet for this shameful transaction, which even Villitard, the representative of France in Venice, could not communicate to the Venetian Government without breaking down in his speech and bursting into sobs, Mr. Ropes has not a word of condemnation, but naïvely says: "The city of Venice and its adjoining possessions he [Bonaparte] was *compelled* to resign to Austria as a necessary condition of peace"! A few months before the treaty, Bonaparte wrote to the municipality of Venice: "In all circumstances I will do all in my power to give you proofs of *my desire to consolidate your liberty*, and to see unhappy Italy . . . resume among great nations the rank to which she is called," etc. Will it be believed that on the very next day after this hypocritical letter he wrote to the French Directory: "*Venice can hardly survive the shock we have given her. . . .*

We shall take all the vessels, we shall strip the arsenal, we shall carry off all the cannon, we shall destroy the forts, we shall keep Corfu and Ancona for ourselves"? The pretext for this wholesale robbery adds, if possible, to its shamelessness. He instructs Generals Perrée and D'Hilliers to go with the French minister to the provisional Government of Venice, and say that the conformity of principles which exists between the French Republic and that of Venice demands that she shall immediately put her naval force on a respectable footing, to unite with France in protecting their commerce. "*Seize everything*," he adds, "*under this pretext;* but take care to call it always the Venetian navy, and *have constantly on your lips the unity of the two Republics*."

When in 1870 victorious Prussia exacted from France a small portion of her territory, the demand was denounced by the French as a great outrage; but by the treaty of Tilsit, in 1807, Napoleon despoiled Prussia of more than half her entire territory. Besides this, his exactions in money were over five hundred millions of francs. Again, in 1808 she had to pay one hundred and twenty millions of francs, to obtain a withdrawal of the French troops from her cities. Nor was this all. Every insult that could add to the humiliation of a fallen foe was inflicted upon the Prussian monarch. The war-bulletins sent to France abounded in contemptuous and sarcastic references to him, and in one of these papers the chastity of the Queen was assailed, — a beautiful and excellent woman, whose untimely death was believed by the Prussian people to have been hastened by her grief at her country's misfortunes. In 1810 Napoleon annexed Holland to France, declaring that the country which the Dutch had laboriously wrested from the sea had been formed by the alluvial deposits of French rivers!

Mr. Ropes vainly tries to screen Napoleon from the just indignation of mankind for the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, though, in Mr. Ropes's own words, Napoleon "preferred to assume the responsibility for the act." He (Mr. Ropes) holds that Bonaparte was not responsible for the trial of the Duke having taken place on the night it did, or "for the execution of the sentence before it had been sent to the proper authorities for revision and approval;" and this notwithstanding Bonaparte had ordered that the sentence should be executed immediately, and that if the prisoner should ask permission to see him, no attention should be paid to his request, and though when the Duc d'Enghien arrived at Vincennes to be tried, his grave was already dug! The truth is, Napoleon wanted to strike the Bourbons personally, in order to terrify both them and their partisans; and it was simply because the Duc d'Enghien was within reach that he became the victim. As to the "trial," the very choice of the nocturnal hour, with its darkness, silence, and isolation; the absence of the public, of witnesses, of a counsel that is not denied even to murderers, of all the forms for protecting the accused; the stealthy alacrity with which the work was hurried through by the men whom the First Consul had chosen for his tools, — all show that the whole affair was a mockery of justice, and that the condemnation and execution of the unhappy prince were foregone conclusions. "We were obliged to condemn," wrote Hullin, president of the Council that pretended to try the unhappy Duke, "under pain of being condemned ourselves." In spite of falsifications and lies, in spite of the mean, cowardly attempt to throw the odium of the deed upon "that wretch of a Talleyrand," Napoleon cannot escape the responsibility of this heartless crime, which was planned and executed with the utmost deliberation, and which Dr. Channing justly denounced as "the act of a bandit and a savage." Nobly did Chateaubriand refuse, in the presence of the murderer and at the peril of his life, to serve the power that could so misuse authority, and "sully the very name of man." It is honorable to Coulaincourt, one of the most high-minded of the officers surrounding Napoleon, that he indignantly resented the way in which the Emperor had sought to use him in this affair. In 1813, when he showed his personal devotion to Napoleon by spurring his horse between him and a burning shell, Coulaincourt is said, nevertheless, to have exclaimed, referring to the D'Enghien murder: "I can't believe there's a God in heaven, if that man dies upon his throne!"

To all that the admirers of Napoleon say in praise of his unique and dazzling military talents, we fully assent. He had the genius of a great captain, calculating and precise, yet imaginative to the highest degree. He had the art of striking men's imaginations, an eye of marvellous penetration, a swift logic, a decisive will, the subtlety of the Italian, the indomitable and rugged energy of the Corsican. Thiers, whose praise of the great captain is usually to be taken with much qualification, says justly that in him to conceive, will, execute, were a single indivisible act, of an incredible rapidity, so that between the action and the thought there was not an instant lost for reflection or resolve. One of his most remarkable traits was a peculiar aptitude for discerning and seizing in the views of others whatever could serve his own plans. M. Lanfrey observes that he had in this respect a power and rapidity of intuition which can be compared only to the sure eye of a bird of prey. Another faculty which he had in a remarkable degree was the power of detecting and eliciting ability in other men, so that he was served by his lieutenants, civil and military, with a marvellous efficiency that seemed an infinite multiplication of himself. With great powers of endurance, capable of sitting on horseback for sixteen or seventeen hours at a stretch, and of doing without rest or food, except by snatches, for days together, with the spring and speed of the tiger in action, he won his battles as much by the celerity of his movement — by his rapid marching and counter-marching, first at the rear, then at the flank, and again at the front, bewildering and confounding his enemies; by those night-marches, as rapid as lightning, which were among his favorite stratagems — as by the vigor and fury of his attacks, and by the concentration of a superior force on the point where he attacked or was attacked. He said truly that he won his victories as much by the legs of his soldiers as by their arms.

Nothing can be more foolish than attempts like those of Colonel J. Mitchell, in his "Downfall of Napoleon," to underrate the great captain's military genius, by ascribing his victories to the terror his arms inspired, — as if it was not to his marvellous victories that that very terror was due! When we hear such explanations of his successes, we feel as did De Maistre when in 1814 he heard men in the *salons* of St. Petersburg talk of Napoleon's faults and the superiority of the Allied generals: "Je me sens le gosier serré par je ne sais quel rire convulsif aimable comme la cravate d'un pendu." A man who raised himself from obscurity to a throne; who possessed at one time three fourths of Europe; who took more capitals in fifteen years than the greatest other captains have taken cities in a lifetime; whose will was feared as destiny; who gave crowns to his favorites, and whose antechamber was thronged by submissive princes, — such a man, as De Maistre says, "steps out of the ranks." Inferior to Cæsar in good sense and practical wisdom, he yet had in a far higher degree the faculty of seizing and striking the imaginations of men. Rising far above those great masters of the art of war, Turenne and Marlborough, who fought battles as coolly as they played a game of chess, he, on the other hand, fell below him whom the Corsican confessed to have been the world's greatest captain, "who sprang like a bulldog at the throat of the Roman power, and who held his grasp till it was loosened in death," — the fiery, one-eyed Carthaginian, Hannibal. The march of Bonaparte across the Alps has been celebrated in history, eulogy, and painting; but compared with Hannibal's, it was child's play. Backed by all the resources of France; travelling over good roads, aided by able engineers and all the helps of modern science; guided by abundant maps, plans, and topographical surveys, — the French general had a comparatively easy task. The Carthaginian, on the other hand, while thwarted by the Hanno faction at home, had not only to fight his way, for eight hundred miles, with a motley army against hostile tribes and nations, but also, without the advantages of modern engineering science, frequently to construct the roads by which his troops were to pass, and to collect all his necessary information from treacherous barbarians. Napoleon's feat of crossing the Great St. Bernard in winter was utterly dwarfed a few years afterward by Macdonald, who commanded the army of the Grisons. In 1800 he crossed the Splügen in the middle of December, leading fifteen thousand men across mountains of ice, where avalanches carried off whole squadrons.

Intellectually a giant, Napoleon was a moral pygmy. Of all generous and exalted sentiments he was strangely destitute. What could be baser than his treatment of the brave Villeneuve? Though the latter had fought the English at Trafalgar against his judgment, and after repeated remonstrances, at Napoleon's peremptory command, yet, after the fleet was destroyed, the despot denounced his valiant captain as a coward and a traitor. According to M. Lanfrey, Napoleon was capable of anger, but was as utter a stranger to hatred as to sympathy; he was governed only by calculation. No one could better feign indignation and rage when he had a purpose to serve; there were times when he appeared to hold his passions in command by the turning of a peg, like the Tartar horse of the fairy tale, which at one moment dashed through the air at the rate of a thousand furlongs an hour, and the next stood motionless as the Caucasus. His very heroism was more the result of calculation than of fervent impulse; and when he most startled the world into fearful admiration, he was but working out an answer to some studiously considered problem of personal aggrandizement. War to him had none of that "pomp and circumstance," those dazzling attractions, which fascinate men in general. It was one of the ordinary conditions of human life, — a sentiment strikingly, though unconsciously, expressed in a question he once put to an English traveller, who, having observed that the Loo-Choo Islanders had no warlike weapons, was interrupted by the incredulous and mocking exclamation: "No weapons!

How do they fight, then?" He could not conceive of an anomaly so ridiculous as a nation that never waged war. Of political government, except by force, he could form no idea. In a conversation at St. Helena, in spite of "that comedy of converted despot which he was then playing in sight of posterity," he said, with emphasis: "After all, it comes to this at bottom, that a man must be a soldier to govern. *You can only govern in boots and spurs.*" "Conquest," said he, after the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire, "made me what I am; conquest alone can maintain me in my position."

In self-knowledge Napoleon was strangely lacking. Nothing, he declared, that he had ever thought or done, was wrong in motive or act; and he boasted that he should appear before his Maker without a fear. At St. Helena he speaks of his past life as if it had been consecrated to acts of duty and beneficence; while in the same breath, though he had been treacherous to Sardinia, Tuscany, Venice, and other States, as well as to men, he is perpetually complaining of the faithlessness of men and nations. A conscience he apparently had not. Writing to the Directory from Italy, he suggests that if they wish to revolutionize Piedmont and unite it to the Cisalpine Republic, "the way to effect this without a collision, and *without violating the treaty*, would be to join a corps of ten thousand Piedmontese to our troops, and let them share our victories. Six months later, the King of Piedmont would be dethroned. It is a giant embracing a pygmy, and clasping it in his arms; *he stifles it without anybody being able to accuse him of the crime.*" Egotistic, selfish, treacherous, Napoleon was utterly unscrupulous, both as to his aims and the means of their attainment. In his first campaign he began to practise what he called the art of "cajoling the priests." In public he showed an exaggerated deference to "the Very Holy Father" and "the venerable prelates," as he styled the Pope and the clergy; while to his familiars in private he spoke of them in the most contemptuous terms, such as "the old fox," and "the black-coats," or "imbecile dotards." Deploring to ecclesiastics the encroachments of the Directory upon the spiritual domain, he at the same time wrote to the Directory his opinion that "Rome, once deprived of Bologna, Ferrara, and the thirty millions we take from her, cannot exist; the old machine will fall to pieces when left all alone." Sending Augereau to the Directory as the fittest man to execute a *coup de main*, he at the same time writes to Lavalette at Paris: "Don't trust Augereau; he is a seditious man." He read with an ecstasy of rage Kléber's report of his evacuation of Egypt, and in a letter to the consuls denounced it as "infamous;" yet replied to Kléber with the most flattering compliments. When in May, 1805, the treaty of alliance between England and Russia was proclaimed by public report, Napoleon was exasperated, and wrote to Fouché, directing him to "get several letters published in the papers as coming from St. Petersburg, and asserting that the French are better treated there; . . . that the English are looked on coldly; that the plan of the Coalition has failed," etc.

In Egypt, to deceive the Turks and Arabs, he did not scruple to declare that he and his army were apostates from Christianity, "true Mussulmans." He boasted before muftis and ulemas that he had "destroyed the Pope and overthrown the Cross;" yet a few years afterward reestablished the Catholic religion in France as a prop to his power, though, in an address to the Directory and other bodies of State, he had previously ranked religion with royalty and feudalism, as among *the prejudices which the French people had to conquer*, and though every man, woman, and child knew that he had not a tittle of regard for religion, and was playing the part of a juggler. To overcome Count Louis de Frotté, the brilliant, daring, and energetic leader of the insurrection in Lower Normandy, he offered a thousand louis to any one who would kill or capture him. That there was anything barbarous in such a procedure, long ago proscribed by all civilized nations, never entered his brain. It was worthy of the man who in his last will left a legacy of ten thousand francs to the miscreant who, not long before, had attempted to assassinate the Duke of Wellington.

One of the best expositions of Napoleon's moral code is furnished by his counsels to the King of Holland: "Never forget that, in the situation to which my political system and the interests of my Empire have called you, your first duty is toward me, your second toward France. All your other duties, *even those toward the people whom I have called you to govern*, rank after these." When the members of his family whom Napoleon had placed on foreign thrones strove to lessen the burdens of their subjects, they drew down upon themselves his heavy displeasure. "*La France, c'est un homme, et cet homme, c'est moi*," he said, — a declaration never matched in arrogance, except by the assumption of Louis XIV., "*L'état, c'est moi*." In the art of lying, Napoleon had no superior. He did all in his power to mystify the battle of Marengo, which, but for Dessaix's sudden appearance and the inspired charge of Kellermann, would have been lost. After writing three conflicting false accounts of it, he ordered all the original reports of it to be destroyed. At St. Helena he spent his days in trying to falsify history, and in draping his own figure for posterity.

No other man ever filled so large a place in the world's eye who was so vulgar in his manners and instincts. Destitute of refinement, delicacy, and self-respect, he was "in his inmost soul, and to the very tips of his fingers, a *parvenu*." What could be more brutal than his insult to his brother Jerome? "Jerome, they say the majesty of kings is stamped on the brow. You may travel incognito till doomsday without being recognized." What, again, could be coarser than his bearing toward Talleyrand, when in a crowded State assemblage, because the prince had crossed him in a State matter, Napoleon assailed him with the most violent language and furious gesticulations and flourishes of the fist, so that, to avoid being struck, he was forced to retreat step by step before the angry monarch, until the wall prevented further recession? What more vulgar than his studied attack on Lord Whitworth, which was carried so far that a shudder ran through the circle lest he should finish by a blow! What a contrast between his coarse language and bullying manner, and the calm, dignified bearing of Metternich, in their interview in June, 1813! It was during this interview that Napoleon made, without a blush, the cold-blooded avowal: "You are not a soldier. *You have not learned to despise the lives of others and your own. What are two hundred thousand men to me?*" When he could not bend and mould to his will the Prussian minister, Hardenberg, he insulted him in the "Moniteur." He called him a traitor and a perjurer, and accused him of "selling himself to the eternal enemies of the Continent." To justify his language, he published a falsified copy of a letter which the Prussian minister had written to Lord Harrowby. But of all his coarse and violent acts, his insulting language to the magistrate Lecourbe, who, as one of Moreau's judges at the trial of that general, had dared to vote for his acquittal, was the crowning one. When Lecourbe presented himself afterward at an audience at the Tuileries, with the members of the court of Paris, Napoleon advanced quickly toward him, and in a violent tone said: "How can you dare to pollute *my palace* with your presence? Away, prevaricating judge, away!" At one of the *fêtes* given to Napoleon in Paris, the words of Scripture, "I am that I am," were placed over the throne in letters of gold. It is well known that he yawned all through the ceremonies of his coronation, and that when the Pope approached to place the crown upon his brow, Napoleon snatched it from his hands and crowned himself.

If Mr. Ropes can persuade the men of this country to admire such a despot, we trust that, for the honor of the sex, no woman will become a convert to his views. That Napoleon held an essentially Oriental opinion of women is shown by his treatment of Mesdames de Staël, Récamier, de Balbi, de Damas, de Chevreuse, d'Avaux, and others famous for wit, beauty, or virtue. To ally himself with a royal house, he cast off the devoted Josephine and married Maria Louisa of Austria, — a *mésalliance* under which the House of Hapsburg always writhed, and which did not even secure the neutrality of Austria in his struggles with the Allies.

In spite of all the special pleading of Napoleon's worshippers, it is evident that his ruling purpose was self-aggrandizement, and that he was utterly unscrupulous about the means for its attainment. Power was his supreme object, — not a power which should awaken calm admiration, but power which should dazzle, electrify, and overwhelm. His greatest crime was not that he murdered D'Enghien; not that, contrary to the faith of a solemn treaty, he shut up Toussaint l'Ouverture in the freezing dungeons of the Fort of Joux, there to perish; not that he ordered Frotté to be shot, though he had surrendered himself on Bonaparte's announcement that, if he did so, he might count on the generosity of the government; not that he shot Palm for selling a book on the degradation of Germany, of whose contents the man was probably ignorant; not that he massacred twenty-five hundred prisoners at Jaffa, though they had surrendered on condition that their lives should be spared, — a condition solemnly accepted and ratified "on the faith of a Christian:" but that he aggravated to a disease the traditional bias of the French nation to war, and therefore to despotism; that he corrupted its morality by a successful course of spoliation; that he violently perverted education to serve the cause of tyranny, and converted religion into an engine of despotism; that he persecuted and silenced genius; that he deprived the parliamentary assembly of all representative character; that he established a monarchy as absolute as that of Louis XIV.; and finally, that he turned Europe into a camp, and made society retrace its steps to those ages of calamity and darkness when the only law was the sword.

WILLIAM WIRT.

OF all the attractive forms of literature, there is no one that combines fascination and profit in a greater degree than biography. The charm of history itself, which only can vie with it in instructiveness and interest, is due mainly to the fact that it is the essence of many biographies. Yet all memoirs are not equally valuable; and as a means of inspiration, as a subject for imitative study, the biography of a man of genius is, we think, less helpful than that of a common mortal who is endowed with good, but not seraphic abilities. The mass of men, it must be remembered, belong to the latter class. They are not great wits, but mortals with mediocre gifts; and to all such — and especially to every youthful aspirant who is himself no winged soul — it is far less important to know how the eagle on his strong and swift pinion can reach the mountain crest, than to learn the way in which, more slowly and laboriously, but not the less surely, a pedestrian may plant his foot on the summit. The examples most men need are such as will show them, not how to soar, but how to climb. The study of the lives of men of genius acts disastrously on the young reader in two ways. On the one hand, he may be cheated into the delusion that the same fire burns within himself, and thus waste his time and energy in striving after the unattainable; or, on the other, conscious that he lacks the *vivida vis animi* of the prodigy portrayed, he may wonder and admire, but will be rather discouraged than stimulated to action. Contrasting his own pygmy powers with those of the giant of the biography, he will shut the book with the feeling that the lessons of such a life are suited to the aristocracy only, not to the democracy, of intellect. It is because William Wirt, beginning life an orphan, climbed rather than flew to the heights of honor; because he was, in the best sense of a much-abused term, a self-made man rather than one of extraordinary natural endowments, — a man who *fought* his way to eminence step by step against difficulties, temptations, and trials, yet preserved the whiteness of his soul amid all the sullying influences of his calling, — that we deem his career eminently worthy of description, praise, and imitation.

William Wirt, the son of Jacob Wirt, was born in Bladensburg, Maryland, Nov. 8, 1772. His father was a Swiss, his mother a German. The father, who was a tavern-keeper in comfortable circumstances, died when William was less than two years old; Henrietta, his mother, died before he had attained his eighth year, and he passed into the family and under the guardianship of his uncle, Jasper Wirt, who was also a Swiss and resided near the village of his nativity. This village, since famous in our annals as a battle and duelling ground, but now a drowsy and stagnant hamlet, was then the most active and bustling place of trade in Maryland. There was a large tobacco inspection there; and several rich merchants, together with some Scotch and other foreign factors with large capitals, gave by their manner of living a show of opulence to the town. Between his seventh and his eleventh year the boy was sent to several classical schools, and finally, at eleven, was transferred to a very flourishing one, kept by the Rev. James

Hunt, a Presbyterian clergyman in Montgomery County. Here he remained till the school was broken up, — that is, till 1787, — and here, under an accomplished and sympathetic teacher, he received during four years the chief part of his education, being carried through all the Greek and Latin classics then usually taught in grammar-schools, and instructed in geography and some branches of mathematics, including arithmetic, trigonometry, surveying, and the first six books of Euclid. During two years he boarded with Mr. Hunt, whose most valuable possession was a good general library, in which young Wirt, now a lad of twelve or thirteen, browsed with a keen and indiscriminate appetite. His love for reading was first kindled by "Guy, Earl of Warwick," borrowed from a carpenter employed by Mr. Hunt, and then fanned by an odd volume of "Peregrine Pickle." The British dramatists were next devoured with insatiable appetite; and then, from sheer exhaustion of such pabulum, he was driven to Pope, Addison, and Horne's "Elements of Criticism."

In after life Mr. Wirt was accustomed to speak with regret of this habit of promiscuous reading, which, acquired thus early, had, he thought, diverted his mind from systematic study. In this sentiment we cannot but think that he erred. The truth is, that this voracious and indiscriminate appetite of boys for books, this disposition to flit about, bee-like, among the roses and honeysuckles of literature, and rifle them of their sweets, is Nature's own prompting. The instincts of genius, its natural cravings, are the best guide to its proper nutriment. Not till it has explored its own world, and tried all the tempting fruits within its reach, can it tell what are its affinities, or what congenial and nutritious things Nature has provided for it. Many an eminent man has owed the inspiration of a life to a book which chance threw in his way when he was a boy. Franklin traced his entire career to Cotton Mather's "Essays to do good," which fell into his hands when he was in his teens. Cobbett, at eleven, bought Swift's "Tale of a Tub," and it proved to him a kind of "birth of intellect." The current of Jeremy Bentham's thoughts was directed for life by a single phrase caught at the end of a pamphlet. The genius of Faraday was fired by the volumes which he read as a bookseller's apprentice: and it was an odd volume of Racine, picked up at a stall on the quay, that made the poet of Toulon.

Mr. Hunt used to give his boys one day during the court-week at Montgomery Court-house to go and hear the lawyers plead. Headed by the dominie, the whole troop walked four miles to the hall of justice and took seats in the unoccupied jury-box. This sport the boys enjoyed with such zest that they determined to have a court of their own. Young Wirt was appointed to draw up a constitution, which he speedily reported, with a letter of apology for its imperfections. When Mr. Hunt's school was broken up, his pupil was but fifteen, and, his patrimony being nearly exhausted, had no means of continuing his education. From this strait the "constitution" and letter of apology were, fortunately, instrumental in delivering him. Among the boys at school when these juvenile trifles were produced was Ninian Edwards, afterward governor of Illinois, son of Benjamin Edwards, who resided in Montgomery County, and subsequently represented that district in Congress. On his return home, young Edwards took with him the constitution and letter for the amusement of his father, who fancied he saw in them signs of more than ordinary talents. On the strength of these essays, — for he had never seen their author, — and upon the favorable report, perhaps, of his schoolmates, Mr. Edwards kindly wrote to young Wirt, inviting him to reside in his family as private tutor to Ninian and two nephews. He offered him, at the same time, the use of his library for the prosecution of his own studies. The invitation was joyfully accepted; and to this gentleman's happy cast of character, to his conversation, precepts, and example, Mr. Wirt ever afterward attributed all that was best or happiest in the bias of his own mind and character.

The young tutor had now chosen the Bar for his profession. Possessing many qualities that were prophetic of success, he had also some marked disqualifications. Not only was he shy and timid when appearing in public, but he had a nervous rapidity of utterance. To overcome these defects, Mr. Edwards kindly advised him, reminding him of his natural advantages, and assuring him that almost every man who had risen to distinction had fought against obstacles as great as his own. Under Mr. Edwards's roof he stayed twenty months, spending his time in teaching, in classical and historical studies, in writing, and in preparation for the calling to which he was to devote his life. Being threatened with consumption, he rode on horseback to Georgia, spent a winter there, and, returning North, was at his majority licensed to practise law. With the advantages of a vigorous constitution, a good person and carriage, and a prepossessing appearance, but with the drawbacks of a meagre legal equipment and a great deal of constitutional timidity, he began his professional career at Culpepper Court-house, Virginia. With a copy of Blackstone, two volumes of "Don Quixote," and a volume of

"Tristram Shandy," — his entire stock of legal and literary artillery, — he was ready to exasperate the bickerings of Doe and Roe according to the most approved precedents. The urbanity which naturally characterized him was then alloyed by some brusqueness and impetuosity of manner, — a fault due, probably, to diffidence, which gives an air of vehemence to what is only hurry. His utterance was still faulty. A person who knew him not long after this period says that when heated in argument his ideas seemed to outstrip his powers of expression; his tongue appeared too large; he clipped some of his words badly; his voice, sweet and musical in conversation, or when undisturbed by that timidity which prevented his control of it, grew loud and harsh; his articulation rapid, indistinct, and imperfect. In his first case he was more successful than his friends had expected. Luckily his temper was roused by an incident in the trial, so that he forgot the alarms natural to the occasion, and pressed his points with recollection and firmness.

In 1795 he married Mildred, the eldest daughter of Dr. George Gilmer, and took up his residence at Pen Park, the seat of that gentleman, near Charlottesville. A person who knew him well at that time says that he had never known any other man so highly engaging and prepossessing. "His figure was strikingly elegant and commanding; his face of the first order of masculine beauty, animated, and expressing high intellect. His manners took the tone of his heart: they were frank, open, and cordial; and his conversation, to which his reading and early pursuits had given a classic tinge, was polished, gay, and witty. Altogether, he was a most fascinating companion, and to persons of his own age irresistibly and universally winning." Unfortunately, these very fascinations have their perils, which are by no means easily avoided. The fashion of the time increased the danger. A boundless hospitality among the gentlemen of the country, his biographer tells us, opened every door to the indulgence of convivial habits. Every dinner-party was a revel, every visit a temptation. The members of the Bar especially indulged in a license of free living, which, always hovering on the verge of excess, often overstepped it. It is not strange that Wirt, so susceptible to the influences of good fellowship, sometimes in these symposia forgot the dictates of prudence, and passed the bounds of temperance. Nor is it strange, under these circumstances, that his aspirations and aims were misunderstood. There is little doubt that in these days he was generally regarded rather as a gay and fascinating companion, a *bon vivant* full of animal spirits, wit, and humor, than as an ambitious lawyer who had placed before himself a lofty ideal, and who to attain it was willing " to scorn delights, and live laborious days." But these surface indications, which concealed the deeps of his nature, were misleading.

No doubt he wasted many hours, which, rightly used, would have given him a greater mastery of the law; no doubt, too, we discover, even when he did apply himself to his profession, a painful want of system in his studies. But we must remember that great ability tramples upon ordinary rules, and is a rule unto itself. The systematic study which is good for nineteen minds out of twenty, may be bad for the twentieth, which may reject it with instinctive distaste. Certain it is that no two minds above the common level ever acquired their knowledge in the same order, or fixed it by the same methods in the memory.

One man reads a book carefully through, page by page; another dives into the middle of it, seizes its leading idea, plucks out the heart of its mystery, and throws it by. One man likes to begin with the elements of a science, and clear away each difficulty as he goes along; another prefers plunging into a mass of heterogeneous matter, for the pleasure of seeing new lights breaking upon him, confident that he will emerge somewhere, and that he will be abundantly rewarded in the end. Either of these systems may be good for the individual, though not for all. We know from his subsequent success that Wirt must have *studied*, if not methodically, yet after a way of his own; and we are told that besides the law, he studied the fathers of English literature, Bacon, Hooker, Barrow, South, Locke, and Milton, with whose writings the library of Dr. Gilmer abounded. From these old "wells of English undefiled" he drank deep draughts, and acquired that wealth and vigor of thought and that mastery of language which characterized his subsequent speeches and conversation.

In the midst of these studies, while enjoying what may be considered as the golden days of his youth, Mr. Wirt was suddenly bowed down by a severe affliction. In the fifth year of his married life the wife upon whom he had doted was snatched from him by disease. An aching memory drove him to Richmond, and soon after he became clerk to the House of Delegates. He held this place for three sessions of the Legislature, when he was elected by that body Chancellor of the Eastern District of Virginia. This appointment, considering that Mr. Wirt was but twenty-nine years old, was a remarkable testimony to his abilities. The duties of his new office required him to live at Williamsburg; and in a letter to his friend Gamble he gives the following reason for accepting the appointment: "I wished to leave Richmond on many accounts. I dropped into a circle dear to me for the amiable and brilliant traits which belonged to it, but in which I had found that during several months I was dissipating my health, my time, my money, and my reputation. This conviction dwelt so strongly, so incessantly on my mind, that all my cheerfulness forsook me, and I awoke many a morning with the feelings of a madman." In the same year (1801), he married Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel Gamble, of Richmond, — a lady for whom he continued to feel, all his life, the most romantic attachment.

Six months later he resigned the chancellorship and returned to Richmond. He now wrote for the "Richmond Argus" the noted "Letters of the British Spy," which, though rarely read to-day, were once in every library. These letters, written in a vivid and luxuriant style, are chiefly studies of eloquence and eloquent public men, and may be regarded, in spite of the exceptional excellence of "The Blind Preacher," as rather a prophecy of literary skill than the fulfilment, — an earnest of some future achievement, rather than the achievement itself. They were thrown off, with little care, in the intervals of severe professional toil, and with scarcely a dream of the popularity they won. Their success was due partly to the lack of criticism at that time in this country, and partly to the eagerness of the public, in the dearth of indigenous literature, to welcome any clever effort to increase its stock.

A fortunate occasion for Mr. Wirt's fame occurred the next year, when the celebrated trial of Aaron Burr for treason took place in Richmond. This trial, to which we shall refer again, began in the winter of 1807, and Mr.

Wirt, by order of President Jefferson, was retained to aid the United States attorney in the prosecution. In the brilliant array of counsel on the occasion, no one shone more conspicuously than he. In 1808 Mr. Wirt was elected to the House of Delegates in Virginia, — the only time he could be prevailed upon to sit in a legislative body. In 1804 he wrote for the "Richmond Enquirer" a series of essays entitled "The Rainbow," and in 1810 the series of didactic and ethical essays entitled "The Old Bachelor," which, collected into a volume, passed through several editions. The essays were modelled after those of the "Spectator," and treat of female education, Virginian manners, the criticism of Americans by foreign travellers, the fine arts, and especially oratory (of the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Senate), — a theme on which he never tired of writing. The best of these papers is that on the "Eloquence of the Pulpit." It is a powerful and passionate protest, worthy of a Bautain or a Fénelon, against the coldness that so often reigns there.

In 1816 Mr. Wirt was appointed a District-Attorney of the United States, and in the next year Attorney-General, — an office which he held with signal honor for twelve years. Though in the causes which it became his official duty to prosecute or defend he was often pitted against the most eminent legal graybeards in the land, he proved himself a match for all the acuteness and learning that could be arrayed against him. In 1826 he was offered, but declined to accept, the presidency of the University of Virginia.

In June, 1829, Mr. Wirt went to Boston, for the first time, to argue a cause against Daniel Webster. The attentions that were showered upon him by the citizens strongly affected him, and he wrote to his friend Judge Carr that he thought the people of Boston were the most agreeable in the United States. "I expected," he says, "to find them cold, shy, and suspicious. I found them, on the contrary, open, playful, and generous. Would to Heaven the people of Virginia and Massachusetts knew each other better! What a host of absurd and repulsive prejudices would that knowledge put to flight!" Again: "Webster receives and treats me with a kindness and cordiality that cannot be exceeded. 'Our people thought highly of you,' he told me, 'but had no idea of your strength. You will carry back a higher reputation than you brought with you.' All this was so warmly and so earnestly said that it made me *love* him." Mr. Wirt visited President Quincy of Harvard College, and was greatly pleased with the dexterity with which the latter extricated himself in conversation from an embarrassing situation. The President asked his visitor in what college he graduated. "I was obliged to admit," says Mr. Wirt, "that I had never been a student of any college. A shade of embarrassment, scarcely perceptible, just flitted across his countenance; but he recovered in an instant, and added most gracefully: 'Upon my word, you furnish a very strong argument against the *utility* of a college education.'"

At the close of Mr. Adams's administration Mr. Wirt removed to Baltimore, where in 1832 he was nominated by the Anti-Masonic party as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, — a nomination which he, most unwisely, we think, accepted. In January, 1834, he went to Washington to attend the usual term of the Supreme Court, before which he had some cases of great magnitude, and discharged his duties till the 8th of February. On the evening of that day, which was Saturday, he was playful, and sanguine of success in an argument which he was to make on Monday. On Sunday he went to church at the Capitol, a mile from his lodgings, and in walking home in a damp, chilly atmosphere, took cold. That evening he felt indisposed; on Monday was confined to his room; on the succeeding days grew worse and worse; and finally, on Tuesday, the 18th, died of erysipelas at the age of sixty-two.

Mr. Wirt was conspicuous for his personal beauty, both in his youth and in his prime. His face was one in which a physiognomist would have delighted. The massive outline of his countenance; the clear, dark-blue eyes looking out beneath arching eyebrows and a broad, majestic forehead; the large Roman nose, thin and well-formed lips, ample chin, and light hair clustering in crisp and luxuriant curls upon his brow, — suggested, according to his biographer, Mr. Kennedy, a resemblance to Goethe. His height, which was above six feet, his broad shoulders, ample chest, and general fulness of development, with the erectness of his carriage, added much to the dignity and stateliness of his appearance. The general gravity of his look was relieved by the ever-changing expression of his eye, which, if it was usually pensive with thought, yet frequently sparkled with a quiet, lurking humor, that continually welled up from the depths of his soul, and provoked a laugh before a word was uttered.

The most striking characteristic of Mr. Wirt was devotion to his profession. From the day it was chosen, he kept before him a lofty ideal, to which, except for a few brief intervals of time, he strained every nerve to attain. To this main end, as to a focal point, all other studies —

his literary, historical, and scientific, as well as his legal acquisitions, — were made to converge. While he was, as truly as any man ever was, the architect of his own fortune, yet he was greatly facilitated in his achievements by the valuable acquaintances he made at different stages of his career. As he entered upon life it was his happy fortune to be knit to some of the noblest hearts about him in a friendship which gilded with an almost romantic light the whole of his earthly pilgrimage. In his profession he rose rapidly and honorably, step by step, to the summit, unassailed by envy, while political honors again and again were pressed upon him, which he promptly declined to accept. Few men who have won so many prizes in life's lottery have maintained such a modesty of demeanor. Never for a moment does he seem to have been intoxicated by success; never does his affection for his early friends seem to have been shaken, or his relish for the joys of home to have been less keen or pure; never, even when ranking with Webster, Martin, and Pinkney, does he betray the faintest symptom of arrogance or conceit. On the contrary, nothing is more marked in his correspondence than the unfeigned opinion which he again and again expresses, that his success was utterly disproportionate to his merits. In a letter written to a young lawyer in 1818 he says: "I lost the best part of my life indulging the frolics of fancy; and the consequence is, that it will take all the rest of it to convince the world that I have common-sense." In another letter to the same person we find him giving this advice: "Be not in haste to raise the superstructure of your oratory. This was my fault. For want of better advice, *I began my building at the top;* and it will remain a castle in the air to the end of time."

Incredible as these confessions may seem to us who think of its author as one of the most powerful advocates of his time, there is no doubt that at the start he made the mistake he so frankly acknowledges. Gifted with a rare fluency, a brilliant wit, and a vivid imagination, he was tempted in his addresses to aim less at argumentative strength than at the qualities which captivate the crowd. The reputation which he thus acquired for excelling in the ornate rather than in the severer qualities of oratory, adhered to him even after it had ceased to be well founded. The public estimate was confirmed by the specimens of his eloquence that appeared in popular works, all of which were of a florid rather than of a classic character. The consciousness of this defect seems to have haunted him long after he came upon the broader theatre of his fame; for we find him not only perpetually denouncing "the florid and Asiatic style" of oratory in his letters, characterizing wit and fancy as "dangerous allies," and emphasizing "strength, cogency, and comprehension" as the qualities demanded in modern oratory, but laboring with indefatigable perseverance to obtain a better reputation in the courts of justice. The truth is that he and Everett were the last of the classical speakers of the old school; and because he felt that this school had had its day, and that a more direct, terse, and pungent style of oratory would be demanded by our fiery and impatient age, he urges upon novices the cultivation of vigor and force rather than the graces of speech. Writing to F. W. Gilmer in 1818, he says: "In your arguments at the Bar *let argument strongly predominate.* Sacrifice your flowers, and let your columns be Doric rather than composite; the better medium is Ionic. Avoid, as you would the gates of Death, the reputation for floridity. Small though your body, let the march of your mind be the stride of a seven-leagued giant." Fifteen years later, in a letter to another young lawyer, he presses the same point home with equal force: "The age of ornament is over; that of utility has succeeded. The *pugnae quam pompae aptius* is the order of the day, and men fight now with the clenched fist, not with the open hand, — with logic, not with rhetoric. It is the rough, abrupt strength of Webster which has given him his fame."

Again, in his address to the Literary Societies of Rutgers College, in 1830, he says: "It is to the cultivation of a sound judgment that you must direct your chief mental efforts. Young gentlemen are exceedingly apt to make a sad mistake on this subject. *Haud inexpertus loquor.* There is a pleasure in the indulgence of the lighter faculties, — fancy, imagination, wit, — and there is an admiration which follows their successful display, which youthful vanity can with difficulty resist. But throw this brilliant youth into the same arena with an antagonist who has gone for strength of mind, and whose reason and judgment have been the chief objects of discipline, and you will see the sparkling diamond reduced to carbon and pounded to dust." Finally, in the most brilliant and eloquent letter he ever wrote, a masterpiece of powerful and impressive writing, — the letter to H. W. Miller, of Chapel Hill College, North Carolina, in 1833, the impression made by which, when published in the same year, we distinctly remember, — Mr. Wirt says: "Direct your intellectual efforts principally to the cultivation of the strong, masculine qualities of the mind. Learn (I repeat it) to think, — *to think deeply*, *comprehensively*, *powerfully*, — and learn the simple, nervous language which is appropriate to that kind of thinking. Read the legal and political arguments of Chief-Justice Marshall, and those of Alexander Hamilton, which are coming out. Read them, study them; and see with what an omnipotent sweep of thought they range over the whole field of any subject they take in hand, — and that with a scythe so keen that not a straw is left standing behind them. Brace yourself up to these great efforts. Strike for the giant character of mind, and leave prettiness and frivolity to triflers. . . . In what style of eloquence you are best fitted to excel, you yourself, if destined to excellence, are the best judge. I can only tell you that the florid and Asiatic style is not the taste of the age. The strong, and even the rugged and abrupt, are far more successful. Bold propositions boldly and briefly expressed; pithy sentences; nervous common-sense; strong phrases; the *feliciter audax* both in language and conception; well-compacted periods; sudden and strong masses of light; an apt adage, in English or Latin; a keen sarcasm, a merciless personality, a mortal thrust, — these are the beauties and deformities that now make a speaker the most interesting. A gentleman and a Christian will conform to the reigning taste so far only as his principles and habits of decorum will permit."

That Mr. Wirt succeeded at last, by dint of incessant painstaking, in changing his own style of oratory, in accordance with these hints to others, is known to all who have read his speeches. While he never ceased to relieve the stress and weariness of argument with playful sallies of wit and humor, yet it was in argumentative ability — the power of close, cogent, logical reasoning — that he mainly excelled. In the words of one of his favorite quotations, he came into the forum, "not decorated for pomp, but armed for battle." His power of analysis was remarkable, and his discrimination keen. He excelled in clearness of statement, in discernment of vital points, and in the vigorous presentation of principles. Bestowing great labor upon his cases, he often swept the whole field of discussion, so as to leave little for his associates to glean; and sometimes, it is said, he even anticipated and answered all his opponent's arguments so perfectly as "to leave him nothing to say which had not been better said already." In meeting the unforeseen points that come up suddenly for discussion, where the argument of counsel must be instant and off-hand, he was remarkably prompt and effective. Yet he required preparation, and would not speak without it. Dinner-table oratory and stump-speaking he despised. Among his most powerful legal arguments were those which he delivered on the trial of Burr, in the case of McCulloch *vs.* The State of Maryland, in the Dartmouth College case, in the great New York steamboat case of Gibbons *vs.* Ogden, in the Cherokee case, and in the defence of Judge Peck before the Senate of the United States. The first of these speeches, that against Burr, was a masterpiece of its class, replete throughout with eloquent appeal, polished wit, keen repartee, and cogent reasoning. In the famous passage on Blennerhasset we see how eagerly he escaped from the thraldom of a purely technical discussion and sported in the field of rhetorical display, where he could soar without a rival. The passage in which he speaks of the wife of Blennerhasset, the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of summer 'to visit too roughly,'" as "shivering at midnight on the wintry banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell," has been a favorite piece for schoolboy declamation ever since it fell from the lips of its author; and the fact that, though worn to shreds by continual repetition, it still has power to charm, is proof of its rare, though somewhat florid, beauty.

The argument made by Mr. Wirt in behalf of the Cherokee Indians against the tyrannical encroachments of the State of Georgia, did equal honor to his head and heart. Regarding the storm of abuse which his espousal of the cause brought upon him, he wrote to a friend: "If I had declined this engagement from a cowardly fear of the consequences, *I should never have been able to hold up my head again.* The curse of Kehama would have been a benediction, compared with the conscious self-abasement that would have preyed upon me."

Mr. Wirt's argument in defence of Judge Peck, of St. Louis, impeached before the United States Senate for the alleged abuse of his judicial authority, was in many respects the most masterly he ever pronounced. In its union of logical analysis with rhetorical power and beauty, it has rarely been surpassed. The best proof of its cogency and force is that, though at the opening of the trial the tide of popular feeling set strongly against Mr. Wirt's client, it gradually grew weaker, and when the defence was closed, turned in his favor. When the vote was taken, it stood twenty-one for conviction, twenty-two against; and the judge was acquitted.

At the beginning of his career Mr. Wirt was troubled, as we have seen, with bashfulness and timidity; but as he advanced in years he rioted in the consciousness of his strength, and loved nothing better than to meet with a foeman worthy of his steel. For a long time he had desired to break a lance with the colossus of the Maryland Bar, Mr. Pinkney; and in 1816 he had the opportunity. Probably no practitioner in the United States courts cast at that time a larger shadow over the land than this great lawyer. His manner was haughty, alert, and guarded; his brow severe; his civilities short and measured. The haughtiness of his temper was manifested in his carriage, of which it has been said that it was more than erect, — it was perpendicular. His port at the bar towards his equals was antagonistic and defiant; he asked no favors, and he granted none. When about to argue a case he was nervous and restless, burning with a kind of impatient rage for the fray. Professor Ticknor, who saw him once on such an occasion, says that he showed, by frequently moving in his seat, and by the convulsive twitches of his face, how anxious he was to come to the conflict. "At last the judges ceased to read, and he sprang into the arena like a lion that had been loosed by his keepers on the gladiator who awaited him." Few lawyers of equal ability have manifested such a care about their toilet; his dress suggested a Beau Brummel rather than the giant of the American Bar. In spite of all this foppishness and many affectations, he was a great legal logician, with "as fine a legal head," Rufus Choate used to say, "as ever was grown in America." Both Clay and Webster pronounced him the greatest orator they had ever heard.

Artemas Ward, being once asked to speak in public, said: "I have the gift of oratory, but I have n't it with me." How many eloquent men there are who find themselves, at times, in this predicament! "What a scathing reply I *might* have made to my adversary," is the regretful reflection that occurs to many a lawyer and politician as he retires, heated and discomfited, from a contest in which his memory proved treacherous to him. While he is on his legs, his ideas seem to desert him; but the moment he sits down, he invents the happiest retorts, his knowledge of the subject comes upon him like a flood, the most unanswerable arguments flash upon him without an effort. Mr. Wirt was one of the readiest of men; yet something like this was his experience in his first encounter with Pinkney, in 1816, who was then at the zenith of his fame. Having argued the cause before, and being engrossed with other cares, he relied upon his notes for recalling the different topics to his mind; but at the last moment found that they were lost. Being interrupted incessantly by callers while trying to study the case, he was obliged, in this hopeless condition, to go to the court-room and contend with Pinkney. Writing afterward to Judge Carr, he says: "Had I been prepared, how should I have gloried in that theatre, that concourse, and that adversary! . . . I gave, indeed, some hits which produced a visible and animating effect; but my courage sank, and I suppose my manner *fell*, under the conscious imbecility of my argument. I was comforted, however, by finding that Pinkney mended the matter very little, if at all. . . . Had the cause been to argue over again on the next day, I could have shivered him; for his discussion revived all my forgotten topics, and, as I lay in bed on the following morning, arguments poured themselves before me as from a cornucopia. I should have wept at the consideration of what I had lost, if I had not prevented it by leaping out of bed, and beginning to sing and dance like a maniac. . . . I must contrive, somehow or other, to get another cause in that court, that I may show them I can do better. . . . *With* *full preparation*, I should not be afraid of a comparison with Pinkney *at any point*, before genuine judges of correct debate."

Wirt's first impression of Pinkney, derived from this struggle, was not favorable. Two years later he writes to a friend: "I expect to go to Baltimore again, early next month, and to have another grapple with Glendower Pinkney. 'The blood more stirs,' you know, 'to rouse the lion than to start the hare.' A debate with Pinkney is exercise and health. With all his fame, I have encountered men who have hit harder. I find much pleasure in meeting him. . . . To foil him in a fair fight, and in the face of the United States, — *on his own theatre*, — would be a crown so imperishable that I feel a kind of youthful pleasure in preparing for the combat." In 1822 Mr. Pinkney, having overtaxed his strength in a case before the Supreme Court, died of an inflammation of the brain; and we find Mr. Wirt, who had now had many dialectic contests with this Titan of the Bar, doing full justice to his powers. "He was a great man," writes Wirt to a friend. "No man dared to grapple with him without the most perfect preparation and the full possession of all his strength. In the last two encounters with him I was well satisfied, and should never have been otherwise when entirely ready. To draw his supremacy into question anywhere, was honor enough for ambition as moderate as mine."

Few public speakers have combined so many physical qualifications of the orator as William Wirt. His manly and striking figure, his intellectual face, his clear, musical voice, his graceful gesture, won the favor of his hearer in advance. In manner he was calm, self-possessed, and deliberate, rarely soaring to lofty heights of oratory, and still more rarely sinking to tameness. His gestures were prestudied, but the art with which he concealed his art is said to have been consummate. He was not, in the highest sense, a *natural* orator; we mean that he did not come into the world, like Henry Clay or Patrick Henry, with an imperative commission to speak written in his blood and on his brain. He spoke easily, and often eloquently; but was not urged to it irresistibly by the trumpet-call of his spontaneous enthusiasms, as the war-horse snuffs the battle from afar. His usual key, his biographer says, was that of earnest and animated argument, alternated with that of a playful and sprightly humor. Though he was not wanting in force or fire, and could denounce wickedness, in high places or low, with great vehemence and energy, yet as a rule his oratory was not of that fervid, bold, and impetuous kind which sways all classes of men with absolute dominion, rousing and calming their passions at the speaker's will. Except on rare occasions, it was graceful, polished, and scholar-like, — sparkling with pleasant fancies, and cheating the spell-bound listener out of all sense of the lapse of time. Hence he was a favorite of the ladies, who flocked to hear him, and, to his surprise, however dry or abstruse the theme, listened with apparent delight to his longest and most argumentative speeches. In early life, as we have seen, there was more impetuosity in his manner, and his articulation was rapid, thick, and indistinct. By dint of incessant self-schooling he conquered all these defects; and adopting a lofty ideal of excellence, which he strove unceasingly to reach, he gradually developed and perfected his natural powers to a degree that made him the rival in eloquence of Emmett and Pinkney, and the compeer in argument of Hopkinson, Pinkney, and Webster.

A well-known writer, who heard many of Mr. Wirt's forensic addresses, thinks that the power of ridiculing his adversary was Mr. Wirt's forte. "After he had demonstrated the absurdity of his opponent's arguments with a clearness which the most critical logician would have admired; . . . after he had called up the truths of philosophy, the experience of history, and the beauties of poetry, all coming like spirits thronging to his call; he would, if the opposite party deserved the infliction, pour forth upon him a lava-like ridicule, which flamed while it burned, and which was at once terrible and beautiful, — terrible from its severity and truth, and beautiful from the chaste language in which it was conveyed."[1]

It is said that when Mr. Pinkney began to write out his great speech in the "Nereid" case, he was so disappointed in the effect when he saw it on paper that he threw down his pen; he saw at once the enormous difference in power there is between a speech written and a speech delivered. "How apt are we," says Mr. Wirt, "to forget this difference in making our estimate of Demosthenes and Cicero! We measure them only by the speeches they have left us, forgetting that the speech itself is only the hundredth part of the orator's power." In reading Mr. Wirt's own speeches, this caution, if we would avoid disappointment, needs emphatically to be heeded. It is a sad truth, that of all the great products of creative art, eloquence is the only one that does not survive the creator. The *words* of a masterpiece of oratorical genius may be caught and jotted down with literal exactness; but the attitude and the look, the voice and the gesture, are lost forever. The aroma, the finer essences, have vanished; only the dead husk remains.

---

[1] F. W. Thomas, author of "Clinton Bradshaw," etc.

We have thus far, for convenience, omitted to speak of Mr. Wirt's biographical work, the well-known Life of Patrick Henry. The task of writing this book he found the toughest that had ever engaged his pen. After years of toil he was half tempted to abandon it altogether. The necessity of stating facts with scrupulous precision, when, as he expressed it, "his pen wanted perpetually to career and frolic it away," was like a stone tied to the wings of his fancy. To write under such a restraint was like trying to run, tied up in a bag. In a letter to a friend he thus complains: "My pen wants perpetually to career and frolic it away. But it must not be. I must move like Sterne's mule over the plains of Languedoc, 'as slow as foot can fall,' and that, too, without one vintage frolic with Nanette on the green, or even the relief of a mulberry-tree to stop and take a pinch of snuff at. I was very sensible, when I began, that I was not in the narrative gait. I tried it over and over again, almost as often as Gibbon did, to hit the key-note, and without his success. I determined, therefore, to move forward, in hopes that my palfrey would get broke by degrees, and learn, by and by, to obey the slightest touch of the snaffle. But I am now in my hundred and seventh page, . . . and yet I am as far to seek as ever, for the lightsome, lucid, simple graces of composition. You may think this affectation, if you please, or you may think it a jest; but the dying confession of a felon under the gallows . . . is not more true, nor much more mortifying."

The difficulty here so pathetically portrayed was not half so disheartening as the dearth of facts, which compelled the biographer to evolve his hero, in the German fashion, out of the depths of his moral consciousness. At every step he was obliged to stop and let fly a volley of letters over the State; and when the answers came, their statements were so contradictory that it was impossible to reconcile them. The truth is, that Patrick Henry was hardly more than a name. His vast fame rested upon a tradition which gave only the vaguest and most shadowy outlines of an intellectual colossus. Like the bones of an antediluvian giant, only a few fragments of his speeches remain to testify to his moral stature. Wirt's portraiture of the man is brilliant, but the coloring is too deep. The work burns and glows with the Southern heart of the writer, and, while exhibiting much dramatic power and insight into character, has too much of the charm of a romance. Occasionally, though not often, as one of his critics has said, the rapid march of the narrative "breaks into the canter of the jury-haranguing lawyer or the stump-speaking politician." The popular feeling regarding the work is well illustrated by an anecdote told of Mr. Wirt and the Hon. Thomas Corwin, of Ohio. Mr. Wirt was once opposed to Mr. Corwin as counsel in a law case, and tried in a somewhat novel way to discredit the testimony of Mr. Corwin's chief witness, on whose discrimination and accuracy everything hinged, by showing that he was a person of egregious credulity. "Have you ever read Gulliver's Travels?" said Wirt to the witness. "Yes." "Do you believe it all?" "W-a-ll, yes, Square, I don't know but I do." The same answer was returned to questions about the "Life of Sinbad the Sailor," the "Adventures of Baron Munchausen," and other like works; Corwin all the while fidgeting and turning nervously in his seat. Having thus utterly discredited the witness, Mr. Wirt, with a triumphant gesture and a bland smile, said:

"You can have the witness, Brother Corwin." "I have but one question more," said Corwin: "have you ever read Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry?" "Yes." "Do you believe it all?" "Why, no, Square, I can't quite swallow *that.*"

Mr. Wirt's memory was exceedingly retentive, and in readiness and felicity of quotation he was rarely surpassed. He was familiar with the Latin classics, and had marked in his copies of Horace, Seneca, Quintilian, etc., nearly every striking thought and sentiment. A pocket edition of Horace was often thumbed during his journeys; but Seneca, with his brilliant and pointed antitheses, was his favorite. In his legal arguments he often cited an illustration from the classics with telling effect. In the peroration of his argument in the great New York steamboat case of Gibbons *vs.* Ogden, he retorted on Mr. Emmett a quotation of his from Virgil with signal skill. The chief question in the case was whether the laws of New York, which conferred upon Fulton and Livingston the exclusive right to navigate its waters with steamboats, were or were not a violation of the Constitution of the United States. Mr. Emmett, at the close of his speech, eloquently personified the great State of New York as casting her eyes over the ocean, beholding everywhere the triumphs of her genius, and exultingly asking, —

> "Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?"

Mr. Wirt saw with an eagle eye the error his antagonist had committed; and giving the true translation of *laboris*, which here means, we hardly need to say, not "labor," but "suffering," or "misfortune," turned the tables upon him as follows: —

"Sir, it was not in the moment of triumph, nor with the feelings of triumph, that Æneas uttered that exclamation. It was when, with his faithful Achates by his side, he was surveying the works of art with which the palace of Carthage was adorned, and his attention had been caught by a representation of the battles of Troy. There he saw the sons of Atreus, and Priam, and the fierce Achilles. The whole extent of his misfortunes, the loss and desolation of his friends, the fall of his beloved country, rushed upon his recollection: —

'Constitit, et lacrimans, Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate,
Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?'"

Mr. Wirt then vividly depicted the disastrous results of the policy of New York; showing that three States were already on the eve of conflict, and that unless the Court should interpose, the war of legislation would become a war of blows. "Your republican institutions will perish in the conflict; your Constitution will fall; the last hope of nations will be gone. . . . Then, sir, when New York shall look upon this scene of ruin, if she have the generous feelings which I believe her to have, it will not be with her head aloft, in the pride of conscious triumph, 'her rapt soul sitting in her eyes.' No, sir, no! Dejected, with shame and confusion, drooping under the weight of her sorrow, with a voice suffocated with despair, well may she exclaim, —

' . . . Quis jam locus, . . .
Quae regio in terris nostri non plena *laboris?*'"

Mr. Wirt was very happy in his occasional literary addresses, — as in his eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, delivered before Congress in 1829, which Abraham Hayward, in the London "Quarterly Review" for March, 1841, pronounced "the best which this remarkable coincidence[1] has called forth;" and in his address at Rutger's College, in 1830, — a spirit-stirring discourse to the students, which must have roused them like the sound of a trumpet. The latter production, which was published in pamphlet form by the literary societies to which it was addressed, passed rapidly through three editions, and was republished in England. It was also translated into the French language and the German, and published in Paris and in a leading German city. A fourth American edition was issued in 1852. We can give but one extract from this eloquent and high-toned address, in which, portraying the man of decisive integrity, the author unconsciously paints one of his own most salient moral features: —

---

[1] The deaths of Adams and Jefferson on the same day.

DECISIVE INTEGRITY.

The man who is so conscious of the rectitude of his intentions as to be willing to open his bosom to the inspection of the world, is in possession of one of the strongest pillars of a decided character. The course of such a man will be firm and steady, because he has nothing to fear from the world, and is sure of the approbation and support of Heaven; while the man who is conscious of secret and dark designs, which, if known, would blast him, is perpetually shrinking and dodging from public observation, and is afraid of all around, and much more of all above, him.

Such a man may, indeed, pursue his iniquitous plans steadily; he may waste himself to a skeleton in the guilty pursuit; but it is impossible that he can pursue them with the same health-inspiring confidence and exulting alacrity with him who feels at every step that he is in the pursuit of honest ends by honest means. The clear, unclouded brow, the open countenance, the brilliant eye which can look an honest man steadfastly yet courteously in the face, the healthfully beating heart, and the firm, elastic step, belong to him only whose bosom is free from guile, and who knows that all his motives and purposes are pure and right. Why should such a man falter in his course? He may be slandered, he may be deserted by the world; but he has that within which will keep him erect, and enable him to move onward in his course, with his eyes fixed on Heaven, which he knows will not desert him.

Let your first step, then, in that discipline which is to give you decision of character, be the heroic determination to be honest men, and to preserve this character through every vicissitude of fortune, and in every relation which connects you with society. I do not use this phrase "honest men" in the narrow sense, merely, of meeting your pecuniary engagements and paying your debts; for this the common pride of gentlemen will constrain you to do. I use it in its larger sense of discharging all your duties, both public and private, both open and secret, with the most scrupulous, Heaven-attesting integrity: in that sense, further, which drives from the bosom all little, dark, crooked, sordid, debasing considerations of self, and substitutes in their place a bolder, loftier, and nobler spirit: one that will dispose you to consider yourselves as born not so much for yourselves as for your country and your fellow-creatures, and which will lead you to act on every occasion sincerely, justly, generously, magnanimously.

There is a morality on a larger scale, perfectly consistent with a just attention to your own affairs, which it would be the height of folly to neglect: a generous expansion, a proud elevation and conscious greatness of character, which is the best preparation for a decided course in every situation into which you can be thrown; and it is to this high and noble tone of character that I would have you to aspire. I would not have you to resemble those weak and meagre streamlets, which lose their direction at every petty impediment that presents itself, and stop, and turn back, and creep around, and search out every little channel through which they may wind their feeble and sickly course. Nor yet would I have you resemble the headlong torrent that carries havoc in its mad career. But I would have you like the ocean, that noblest emblem of majestic decision, which in the calmest hour still heaves its resistless might of waters to the shore, filling the heavens, day and night, with the echoes of its sublime declaration of independence, and tossing and sporting on its bed with an imperial consciousness of strength that laughs at opposition. It is this depth and weight and power and purity of character that I would have you to resemble; and I would have you, like the waters of the ocean, to become the purer by your own action.

It is amusing to contrast Mr. Wirt's fees for legal services with the sums charged by lawyers to-day. We have in our possession an elaborate autograph letter of his, consisting of six large quarto pages, giving his opinion in a knotty case. At the close he says, in substance, that as he has spent a great deal of thought and trouble on the case, involving a laborious search of the record and decree in it, and a sketch of a course of defence, he hopes that he will not be deemed unreasonable in asking his correspondent to send him *twenty dollars*.

Few men ever had a keener sense of the ludicrous than Mr. Wirt. Referring to some drollery in one of his letters, he says: "I have always found a little nonsense a capital preparative for a dry and close argument." He then tells of a pun which, he says, made him laugh vociferously. "There is a gentleman in —— who is otherwise very handsome, but with the misfortune of having a nose without a bridge, — a mere abortive proboscis. C—— was remarking in company one day the noble expression of his countenance. 'Oh! but that unfortunate nose,' said a lady. 'Nose!' replied C——; 'if it had a *bridge*, it would be very *passable*.'" Of all humorous writers Sterne was Mr. Wirt's favorite. To the exquisite drolleries that lie in ambush on every page of "Tristram Shandy" he was never tired of referring.

Though usually buoyant and hopeful, Mr. Wirt was sometimes exceedingly despondent; and in his self-criticisms he was more keen and unsparing than his worst enemy. In a letter to a friend he complains of the lack of concentration in his legal addresses. "Though I see the track plainly before me, yet, like an ill-disciplined race-horse, I am perpetually bolting or flying the way, — and this, too, perhaps, in the very crisis of the argument. . . . On the other hand, here is John Marshall, whose mind seems to be little else than a mountain of barren and stupendous rocks, — an inexhaustible quarry, from which he draws his materials and builds his fabrics, rude and Gothic, but of such strength that neither time nor force can beat them down; a fellow who would not turn off from the right line of his argument, though a Paradise should rise to tempt him." Again, in 1810, he writes to the same person: "I can never cease to deplore the years of my youth that I have murdered in idleness and folly. . . . I now think that I know all the flaws and weak places of my mind. I know which of the muscles want tone and vigor, and which are braced beyond the point of health. . . . But now the character of my mind is fixed; and as to any beneficial change, one might as well call upon a tailor, who has sat upon his shopboard till the calves of his legs are shrivelled, to carry the burdens of a porter, or upon a man whose hand is violently shaken with palsy, to split hairs with a razor."

Mr. Wirt wrote verse, and sang, and played upon several musical instruments. He even wrote a play, entitled "The Path of Pleasure," for the Richmond stage; but we cannot say whether it was performed or not. In private life he was held in the highest esteem. His conversation was full of interest and charm. Enriched, as it was, with the results, always at command, of his multifarious reading, it was suggestive and thought-provoking, yet easy, playful, and sparkling with wit and humor. His manner was always dignified, yet courteous and winning, and his voice modulated with the nicest taste and skill. He was not an ambitious talker, striving constantly to say smart things; he had no elaborated impromptus, no cut-and-dried repartees; he never drew the conversation into an ambush, that he might give play to his sharpshooters when he had tricked men within their reach.

The strong religious cast of Mr. Wirt's mind was visible to all who knew him. Even in the most thoughtless days of his youth he was keenly susceptible to religious impressions. After the death of his youngest daughter, in 1831, the religious reverence which had been a sentiment of his heart became a pervading passion. The buoyancy of spirit which before, even in his gravest moments, broke forth in sudden and irrepressible sallies, was lost forever. He gave up many of his pet and long-cherished schemes and fancies, read the Scriptures daily, studied theology, cultivated habits of prayer and meditation, and wrote much on religious themes. He took great interest in missionary and Bible societies, in Sunday-schools, and became president of the State Bible Society of Maryland. He read Hooker, Baxter, Faber, Flavel, Hall, Doddridge, and Jay. Of Baxter he writes to his daughter: "I took up the 'Saints' Rest' lately, and found it like an old sandal-wood box, as fresh and fragrant as if it had just been made, although it has been exhaling its odor for a hundred and eighty years."

Such, in conclusion, were the life and character of William Wirt. Is it too much to say, that in the whole circle of eminent advocates who have adorned the American Bar, there is no one whose career is more worthy of imitation? Beginning life with a lofty ideal; keeping ever before his eyes that *aliquid vastum et immensum* of which he so often speaks, — he won the highest honors of a profession in which, perhaps, more than in any other, eminence is a test of ability and acquirement. Scorning the low and disingenuous arts of his profession; despising the cheap successes of those "gowned vultures," or, as Milton terms them, those "hired masters of tongue-fence," who seek only for pelf and popular applause, — he sought by hard thinking and by broad and comprehensive studies, by the mastery of philosophy, history, literature, and science, to build up his reputation upon a solid base. Using his pen habitually as a means of self-improvement, he became a ready and polished writer, and won by his books, orations, and addresses, literary laurels worthy of a professional author. Stainless in his professional integrity, conscientious in the discharge of his duties, keenly sensitive to praise, yet the severest of self-critics, patient of labor, and opulent in the mental stores which only patient labor can supply, warm in his affections, faithful in his friendships, a powerful advocate, a polished orator, a fervid patriot, a sincere Christian, and a noble man, he has left an example which, in the words of Daniel Webster, "those who seek to raise themselves to great heights of professional eminence will emulously study. Fortunate indeed will be the few who shall imitate it successfully!"

BULWER.

THE life of Edward George Earle Lytton is a vivid illustration of the marvels that may be performed by a man of mere talent, toiling with indefatigable energy through a long series of years. We say "talent;" for that he had that only, though in the very highest degree, and was not, though he narrowly escaped being, a genius, we think is very clear. Had he been such, he would not, probably, have scattered his forces over so large a field. Instead of lighting up the whole horizon of thought, he would have condensed his sheet-lightning into a few luminous points or a single powerful bolt. As it was, neither intellectually nor morally was his mind determined with overwhelming force in any one direction, upon no one subject did his affections centre; and the result was, that while he astonished the world by his breadth of sympathy and variety of mental faculty, he never reached the pinnacle of excellence and fame, the topmost peak of the literary Alps, but only a lofty summit. That he was a tireless worker, the scores of books which he spun from his brain bear witness. Poet, dramatist, novelist, essayist, orator, historian, and pamphleteer, he "swung round the entire circle" of literary effort, and won high success in everything he attempted. Possessing rank and ample fortune, he regarded these accidents, in the words of his own Melnotte, "as the incentives to exertion, not the title-deeds of sloth," and worked, to the very end of his days, as hard as any bookseller's hack in Great Britain. That he should have toiled so hard, even after having overcome his early disadvantages and won riches and position, is a still greater marvel, and compels the admiration of those who would otherwise find it hard to forget his foibles. It is hard to write books when one is clothed in rags and laboring to make the pot boil; but it is harder still when one is clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day. Many a spiritual giant lies buried under a mountain of gold. To hunt and shoot and live in clover; to frequent clubs and operas and Almack's, enjoying the variety of London sight-seeing, morning calls, and Parliamentary small-talk, during the season, and then off to the country mansion, with its well-stocked preserves and its thousand delightful pleasures, alternated with a few months on the Scotch moors, or a run across the Continent to Venice or Rome, — all this, it has been truly said, is exceedingly attractive, but it is by no means calculated to make a man "scorn delights, and live laborious days."

It was to his mother, a woman of great energy and rare accomplishments, that Bulwer was indebted for the formation and guidance of his literary tastes. Her father was a profound scholar, and the first Hebraist of his day. A favorite book of her son in his childhood was Percy's "Reliques," which was the match that fired his genius; for he wrote some ballads in imitation of it when only five or six years old. He went to no public school, but graduated at Cambridge, where he competed successfully for the prize poem of his year. Better in many respects than the university education was "the life-education," to use one of his own terms, which he got in part by wandering over

England and Scotland on foot during the Long Vacation, and afterward by travelling through France on horseback. He began to publish at the age of two and twenty. "Weeds and Wild Flowers," his first book, was followed by "O'Neil, or the Rebel," a Byronic poem minus the Byron. "Falkland," his first novel, appeared next year, but fell dead from the press, being too sentimental even for the Laura Matildas of the circulating-libraries. It was a history and analysis of illicit passion, which, though full of faults, had yet so much promise of better things that Colburn, the publisher, offered £500 for a three-volume novel from the same pen. "I will give you one that shall be sure to succeed," was the answer. The first volume of "Pelham" was already written, and the manuscript of the whole was soon in Colburn's hands. Colburn's chief reader condemned it as "utterly worthless." His second reader's report was more favorable. Three or four days afterward Colburn called the two critics to his room and said: "I have read Mr. Bulwer's novel, and it is my decided opinion that it will be the book of the year." The publisher judged rightly; it was in "Pelham" that Bulwer first fairly caught the world's ear. For two months the work seemed likely to be doomed to oblivion. Critics, not seeing its purpose, and taking its satire literally, treated it with censure or indifference. But suddenly it won an immense popularity; it was a sensation, a novelty in English romance; and it caused a permanent change in masculine costume. "One, at least, of the changes which the book effected in matters of dress," says Bulwer's son, in his biography of his father, "has kept its ground to this day. Lady Frances Pelham says, in a letter to her son: '*A propos* of the complexion: I did not like that blue coat you wore when I last saw you. You look best in black, — which is a great compliment; for people must be very distinguished in appearance to do so.' Till then the coats worn for evening dress were of different colors, — brown, green, or blue, according to the fancy of the wearer; and Lord Orford tells me that the adoption of the now invariable black dates from the publication of 'Pelham.' All the contemporaries of Pelham would appear to have been simultaneously possessed with the idea that they were entitled to take to themselves the 'great compliment' paid by Lady Frances to her son." In "Pelham" the author gave what many thought a sympathetic portraiture of a gentleman, — a dandy of a superior order, something more than what Cowper calls "a fine-puss gentleman, that 's all perfume," but still a worshipper at the shrine of fashion, and more careful about the cut of his coat and the style of his whiskers than about the furnishing of his brains. The book has many clever epigrams and some powerful passages, — a few, such as Tyrrel's death-scene, that are artistically finished, — and, though shallow as a whole, showed that there was power in the author.

For his next novel, "The Disowned," Bulwer received £800, and for "Devereux," which soon followed it, £1,500. In 1830 he became editor of Colburn's "New Monthly Magazine." In "Paul Clifford," with its skilfully woven plot, a novel which was fiercely lashed by the moralists, Bulwer took a somewhat higher flight; but even yet his wings were not fairly fledged. It was in "Eugene Aram" that he first showed the mettle that was in him; it was the first distinct print of the lion's foot. Being early interested in the story of his hero, he set to work to collect the particulars of his life; and these he wove into a powerful and fascinating romance. In this story he has aimed to show what strange influences sometimes checker the web of life; how a mind essentially noble, by deviating by an almost imperceptible angle from the path of virtue, may be gradually lured on till it is hopelessly entangled in the meshes of sin. *Obsta principiis*, "Resist beginnings," is the moral which he preaches with fearful emphasis in every page. Do not dally with sin, or listen to the faintest suggestions of the tempter; and rely upon it that, with whatever secrecy one may commit a crime, there is an avenging Fury tracking the blood-stained, which, sooner or later, will drag him and his sin to the light. Some critics have objected to the psychological truthfulness of Eugene Aram's portrait. Is it possible, they have asked, for a man to be betrayed into a dreadful crime at the very moment when he is full of ardor for truth and virtue? Can a man harbor in his bosom a household devil in the shape of a consciousness of being a murderer without the whole mental atmosphere being made foul and poisonous? Those who ask these questions forget that Eugene Aram did not strike the blow which caused the death, and found, doubtless, in this a plausible reason for his own self-justification. They forget that, morally as well as physically, we are "fearfully and wonderfully made;" that when man trusts to his reason alone, and suffers his instincts to be overmastered by his intellect, — his better feelings to be cheated by the casuistries of the brain, — there is no inconsistency of which he may not be guilty, no deed of horror which he may not commit. The female characters in this work, especially Madeline and Ellinor, are regarded by Bulwer's admirers as masterpieces of portraiture.

In "Ernest Maltravers" and "Alice" we have some exquisite portraitures of character, especially of female loveliness; and we well remember the almost breathless interest with which the inveterate novel-readers of our younger days hung over the pages of the former novel. Just before these appeared "The Last Days of Pompeii" and "Rienzi," two of Bulwer's most powerful historical romances; and, some seven years later, "The Last of the Barons," which some critics have pronounced intolerably tedious and heavy, — others, one of the most brilliant works of its class that ever was written. "Zanoni" and "Night and Morning," two of his purest and most imaginative fictions, added to his fame; but it is in "My Novel" and "The Caxtons" that his genius takes its grandest flight, winging its way almost to the highest heaven of invention. In these productions the author puts forth all his strength; they are the final development of his powers, the "bright, consummate flower" of all his faculties, the product of his genius in its happiest mood. They are marked throughout by that calmness which indicates the greatest strength, that simplicity and repose which are always found in a perfect style. If they dazzle and astonish less than some of the author's other efforts, they are infinitely more pleasing; and if they do not abound in rapid adventures, or quicken the pulse with thrilling situations, culminating points ot passion, and romantic interest, they nevertheless idealize common life, transfigure lowly persons and objects, and show the poetic beauty as well as the soul of goodness which are to be found in the humbler classes of society. Among the most striking passages in "The Caxtons" are those relating to Robert Hall and to the benign influence of Christianity in soothing the sorrows of mankind, — allusions which have opened to Bulwer's genius the door of many a heart that had been obstinately closed to it before.

Of Bulwer as a novelist it must be said that, on the whole, he hardly ranks in the very first class. Minute and acute in observation, possessing the rarest powers of description and characterization, and exhibiting a versatility that is absolutely marvellous, he has talent rather than genius; and rarely, even when he works his most potent spells, affects us like Scott or Dickens. He rarely takes our breath away as we follow his eagle flights, or makes the cordage of our heart to crack, like the great necromancers of English fiction. He is analytical rather than impulsive; elaborate and circuitous rather than direct and concentrating. He has more fancy than imagination, more head that heart, and works by rule rather than from instinct. In reading even his happiest works, we feel that he is a novelist more by an effort of intellectual determination than by the possession of a gift that will not rest unexercised. A consummate artist, he produces his effects by repeated touches, never by a few masterly strokes of the pencil; and the constant succession of minute details at last wearies the eye, and palls on the mind. In one part of the novelist's art he is, indeed, a master; namely, in the construction of a plot. His characters glide through the intricacies of his story without a suspicion by the reader of the *dénouement*, till the clew of his skill extricates them from the labyrinth in which they are involved; but they are generally pale phantoms, that leave no impression of reality upon the reader's mind, no feeling that they are men and women whom we have loved or hated or laughed at in the flesh. Everywhere the workmanship excels the stuff; it is rather mechanical work than creation; and the reader feels that there is more power and true philosophy of life in one fresh, vigorous, and strongly drawn scene of Fielding or Scott than in whole libraries of Pelhams and Paul Cliffords, where the art, however great, is not subtle enough to conceal the artist.

Was Bulwer a poet? His verse unquestionably has many poetical qualities, — grace, melody, striking imagery, picturesqueness, — but lacks that mysterious something, that divine afflatus, which we call poetry. The vigor, polish, and terseness of "St. Stephen's" would not dishonor the masculine genius of Dryden; "The Lost Tales of Miletus" have charmed scholars with their playful fancy; and the translations from Schiller have been pronounced by Carlyle the ones from which an English reader will get the most vivid idea of the German poet. In satirical verse he is sometimes very happy. What could be better of its kind than the following? —

"He seemed to turn to you his willing cheek,
   And beg you not to smite too hard the other;
He seized his victim with a smile so meek,
   And wept so fondly o'er his erring brother,
No wolf more righteous on a lamb could sup:
You vexed his stream, he grieved — and ate you up."

Had Bulwer dramatic genius? Only in a moderate degree, if we have correctly analyzed his mental qualities. Besides the disqualifications already hinted at, he is too aristocratic in his tastes, has too little sympathy with humanity when rough and unpolished, to excel in dramatic writing. The men and women he loves to paint are ideal, not the flesh-and-blood men and women we brush against in the streets. Yet "Richelieu," in which Macready used to personate the Cardinal, is full of plot, fire, and energy; and it will be long before "The Lady of Lyons," with all its absurdities, will lose its hold on the stage. It is said that there is not an actress there who does not prefer the part of Pauline to any other. A writer in the London "Pall Mall Gazette" tells an interesting anecdote regarding this last play. Like many other literary men, Bulwer was anxious to test by anonymous publication the value of public opinion regarding this work, and therefore "The Lady of Lyons" was brought out anonymously on the first night it was played. Excepting Macready, who was to personate Claude Melnotte, nobody had been allowed to know the secret of the authorship of the play. Between the acts Dickens, who had been one of a delighted audience, went behind the scenes to talk over the play with Macready and Bulwer, congratulating Macready on his wonderful impersonation of Claude Melnotte. Dickens was in raptures with the whole thing, and asked Bulwer what he thought of it. Bulwer affected to find some fault with the plot, and suggested improvements here and there in the various situations. "Come, now," said Dickens, "it is not like you, Bulwer, to cavil at such small things as those. The man who wrote the play may have imitated your work here and there, perhaps, but he is a deuced clever fellow for all that. To hear you speak so unfairly is almost enough to make one think that you are jealous." The papers the next morning lauded the play to the skies, even going so far as to suggest that it would be well for Mr. Bulwer to take pattern by this unknown writer, and try to improve himself in those particular points in which the anonymous author of "The Lady of Lyons" had been so brilliantly successful. About a fortnight later Bulwer's authorship of the play was made known, to the mingled consternation and amusement of the critics and the general public.

Was Bulwer an orator? That depends upon our definition of oratory. If by it is meant that rapturous enthusiasm, that burning passion, that "furious pride and joy of the soul" which calls up all the imagination of the speaker, and makes his rhetoric become a whirlwind, and his logic fire, — then Bulwer was not an orator. Of the inspiration that prompted Chatham's indignant burst in reply to the Duke of Richmond, Thurlow's scathing answer to the Duke of Grafton, Grattan's overwhelming denunciation of Flood, or Erskine's sublime apostrophe on the trial of Stockdale, when he spoke of the "savage" in terms so startling and triumphant, — Bulwer has hardly a spark. But if by oratory is meant simply the power of making an earnest, lively, polished, and interesting speech, full of ingenious turns and shrewd sense, then Bulwer *was* an orator, as his well-known speeches before the Edinburgh University and at Leeds abundantly show. Entering Parliament early, he speedily got the ear of the House, in spite of a weak voice, a rather florid style, and a certain appearance of fastidious nicety in dress which by no means accords with the notions of that assembly. He did not often rise to speak; but when he did, his speeches were carefully prepared, and had the dubious merit of reading well. On one occasion — his speech on Lord Derby's Reform Bill in 1859 — he rose to an unwonted pitch of eloquence; veterans in the House declared that it equalled anything they had ever heard at Westminster. But, generally, the chief fault of his speeches was their artificiality. Not only was his voice most studiously modulated, and his excessive action carefully pre-studied, but his hair, his mustache, his dress and deportment, had an equally elaborate air. In spite of all this, his appearance on the platform was, on the whole, in his favor. Tall, spare, and attenuated, he presented a fine head and face, of which a long, aquiline nose, and a broad, retreating forehead were the most marked characteristics. The former feature was truly Dantean in length and shape, — such a sign-post as Napoleon would have gloried in. If, as some men think, extraordinary strength and persistence of effort are indicated by an elephantine proboscis, then Bulwer must have been a remarkable man.

For lack of space, we have said nothing of Bulwer's histories. The startling *vraisemblance* with which he has reproduced the ancient Roman times, and breathed life into the skeletons of Herculaneum and Pompeii, as well as his vivid, scholarly, and well-studied "Athens: its Rise and Fall," show that had he concentrated his powers on some great period of history, he might have produced a masterpiece worthy to rank with the polished productions of Hume and Macaulay.

Had he concentrated his powers! Here we have the secret of Bulwer's failure to attain the highest renown as a writer. Many-sidedness is fatal to fame. Had Bulwer written his novels only, — or only "My Novel" and "The Caxtons," — he would have excited less jealousy and detraction, and his reputation as an author would have been greater. "It was said of Edouard Fournier: 'Cet homme-là sait tout; il ne sait que cela, mais il le sait bien;' yet Fournier remains an obscure *littérateur*." We live in an age of specialism. Universality of knowledge, encyclopedic culture, is held incompatible with solidity and depth; and the man who, scorning the principle of the division of labor, excels in a great variety of pursuits, must expect to hold only a secondary place in the estimation of his fellow-men.

That Bulwer was aristocratic in his opinions and tastes, is known to every reader of his works. In two of his latest novels, the "Coming Race" and the "Parisians," which abound in keen, rapier-like thrusts at the vices, follies, and foibles of the times, he depicts the rottenness of French society, and tries to show that health and salvation can come to it only through its aristocracy. But though "he abhorred the politics of destruction and disintegration," his son declares that he was an ardent reformer wherever he recognized a rational promise of practical improvement. The same tendency, we are told, induced in early life the dandyism which made him scrupulously careful of the cut of his coat and the fashion of his waistcoat.

It has long been the fashion in some circles to sneer at Bulwer Lytton as a bundle of affectations, a mere dilettante. "His soul," says an enemy, "is not brave enough for truth." The fact probably is, that, as an apologist has suggested, he was brave enough to face any truth, but his policy held check upon his soul. He knew what a strong, bull-headed thing the world is, and he loved popularity too well to risk having it trampled down by hoofs. N. P. Willis, in his "Pencillings," says of him: "I liked his manners extremely. He ran up to Lady Blessington with the joyous heartiness of a boy let out of school; and the 'How d' ye, Bulwer?' went round, as he shook hands with everybody, in the style of welcome usually given to the 'best fellow in the world.' . . . I can imagine no style of conversation calculated to be more agreeable than Bulwer's, — gay, quick, various, half-satirical, and always fresh and different from everybody else." At the farewell dinner given to Macready upon his leaving the stage, at which Bulwer was chairman, Charles Dickens thus spoke of the author of the "Caxtons:" "In the path we both tread, I have uniformly found him to be, from the first, the most generous of men, quick to encourage, slow to disparage, and ever anxious to assert the dignity of the order of which he is so great an ornament, . . . — a man entirely without the little grudging jealousies that so often disparage its brightness" (that is, of literature). There must have been much that was noble in a man who could elicit such tributes as these. They are the more creditable to him, because his temperament was naturally sensitive and irritable, — an irritability which the constant overtasking of his faculties and his enforced confinement rendered morbidly acute.

Like Milton, Goethe, and many other authors, Bulwer strangely mistook his strongest points, and set the highest value upon his poorest works. He often declared that he was content to rest his fame upon his "King Arthur," which few of his warmest admirers have read; and he was greedy of praise for his lyrical poetry, which won him little credit in the Old World or the New. "I have always found," he says, "that one is never so successful as when one is least sanguine. I fell into the deepest despondency about 'Pompeii' and 'Eugene Aram,' and was certain, nay, presumptuous, about 'Devereux,' which is the least generally popular of my writings."

The great lesson to be learned from this glance at Bulwer's life and writings is the precious value of persistency of effort, — the only lever by which genius or talent can move the world. He teaches, as few men have taught, the might and worth that lie in determined struggle and invincible perseverance. He did not carry the temple of fame by a *coup de main*, like Byron and others who "woke up one morning and found themselves famous," but by slow sap and siege, pursued, against many temptations to self-indulgent ease, through many weary years. Bulwer *worked* his way to distinction, — worked it, though long tortured by ill-health; worked it through failure, sneers, and ridicule. That nimbleness of the pen which enabled him to dash off a volume every year, was acquired only by long and arduous effort and study. Writing at first slowly and with great difficulty, he resolved, we are told, to master the stubborn instrument of thought, and mastered it. Some of his essays — and what can be more exquisite than those of "Caxtoniana"? — were rewritten at least nine or ten times. Behold the results of his industry, — over *seventy* volumes, or more than one for every year of his life; and many of these upon subjects exacting long and careful research! And how many hours, think you, he devoted to study, to reading and writing, to accomplish these prodigious results? Not more, he tells us, than three hours a day; and when Parliament was sitting, less than that. "But then," he adds, — and this is the lesson, perhaps, which his life sounds in the ears of all literary laborers, — "during those hours *I have given my whole attention to what I was about*."

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

OF the famous men who have died in Europe during the last quarter of a century, the great quadroon must be considered one of the most remarkable. He was certainly, regarding his career from his own stand-point, one of the luckiest men that ever lived. Excepting his death, his life, to speak *Hibernice*, was one unbroken series of fortunate events from the cradle to the grave. Blessed with an iron frame that could bear any strain of toil or dissipation, and a brain of lignum-vitæ toughness as well as inexhaustible fertility, he went on coining his thoughts and feelings into napoleons to an extent that has scarcely a parallel in modern literature, and reminds one of the feats of magicians in the Arabian tales. Indeed, there was something Oriental in the whole constitution of the man, — not only in the necromancy with which he conjured fabulous sums from his inkstand, but in his gigantesque physique, his tropical imagination, his superhuman bodily and mental feats, his vast expenses, his profuse liberality, and his daring profligacies. That he did not break down under labors at which Lope de Vega would have stood appalled, and to the very verge of threescore and ten could snap his finger at a ten-volume romance as a bagatelle, is a physiological enigma which may challenge the genius of a Dalton for its solution.

From his earliest childhood Dumas exhibited the natural instincts of his African blood, — an intense love of physical display, an extraordinary aptitude for bodily exercise, and the love of an East Indian for everything that might be viewed as a feat. The feeling was purely hereditary, his father, the Republican General, having been notorious for the same passion. In his Memoirs Dumas tells us that his father had great physical strength, but though he was five feet nine inches (French) high, had the hand and foot of a woman. "His foot, in particular, was the despair of his mistresses, whose slippers he was rarely unable to wear. At the epoch of his marriage his calf was exactly the size of my mother's waist. His wild mode of living had developed his address and his strength in an extraordinary manner. As to his muscular force, it had become proverbial in the army. More than once he amused himself in the riding-school, while passing under a beam, by taking this beam between his arms and lifting his horse off the ground between his legs." We are further told that if he found a sergeant cheating the bivouac of its *ennui* by holding before his admiring inferiors a musket by the barrel, at full stretch, the exhibition would rouse at once the lurking devil of display in the dark-skinned General, who would proceed at once to demonstrate his own superiority. Not content to rival the subordinate, he would dwarf him into insignificance, quadrupling the difficulty by a new and overwhelming combination, wherein a series of muskets were seen to protrude in a direct and undeviating line of rigidity from the iron fingers of the performer! Martial feats were achieved by this African Ajax which make the story of Horatius Cocles insipid. In a chance encounter with a troop of Austrian cavalry in a narrow pass, General Dumas, alone, threw his giant bulk "full many a rood" across the path; fired his duelling-pistols with the rapidity and death-like accuracy of modern revolvers; and, one horseman still remaining unscathed, while, unfortunately, our hero missed his sword at this critical moment, he — thanks to a fertile brain — most dexterously terminated the struggle by whisking his adversary from his saddle, transferring him crosswise to his own, backing out of the *mêlée*, and returning triumphant and unmolested to his own outposts! At another time, commanding as a brigadier a look-out party of four dragoons, he fell in unexpectedly with an enemy's patrol composed of thirteen Tyrolese chasseurs and a corporal. He instantly charged them, and pursued them as they retreated into a small meadow surrounded by a ditch wide enough to stop cavalry. Clearing the ditch on his spirited horse, he found himself in an instant in the midst of the thirteen chasseurs, who, stupefied by such hardihood, presented their arms and surrendered! The conqueror collected the thirteen rifles into a single bundle, placed them on his saddle-bow, compelled the thirteen prisoners to move up to his four dragoons on the other side of the ditch, and, having repassed the ditch with the last man, brought his prisoners to headquarters. *Credat Judæus Apella!* will be the exclamation of the American reader at this exploit, which, as a British reviewer says, has no parallel except that of the Irishman who, single-handed, took four Frenchmen prisoners by surrounding them!

Thus descended and thus organized, Dumas the son began his giant labors, performing feats of literary execution that almost stagger credulity. Had he husbanded his strength, instead of burning the candle at both ends, he might have continued dashing off plays, novels, and histories even into the nineties, and rivalled in the number of his works the Roman author whose body was burned on a funeral-pile of his own productions. As it was, however, he died at a good time, except that Paris was too deeply absorbed in matters of graver and more pressing interest to think of the dying romancer who had exhausted his energies in ministering to her amusement. Amid the shock of arms, his death failed to create that sensation the prospect of which would have been to him its chief compensation. Yet he had the happiness to preserve his illusions almost to the last; and when he had sucked out of life all its sweetness, and the crowd was already beginning to turn to other idols, he passed away, fancying that publishers and directors were still thronging his antechamber as in the good old time, and that new romances from his pen were coveted as greedily as when his genius was in its prime.

Of all the romancers of the nineteenth century, Dumas will certainly rank in future histories of literature as the most prolific, if not as the most charming. Since Lope de Vega there has been no one who could compare with him in rabbit-like fecundity; Scott and Balzac were barren in comparison, and "solitary horseman" James utterly distanced in the race of the pen. Writing at all hours, by night and by day; thinking always of to-morrow, never of yesterday or to-day; reading nothing which he had written; with a thousand literary projects fermenting in his brain,— he reminds one of those blast-furnaces which have but one day of repose in a year. While dashing off one novel, plans of a dozen new ones were revolving in his brain; as soon as one romance or *vaudeville* had burst the shell, another was hatched, and clamorous for disclosure. It is rarely that even in France one meets with so great a writer — especially so consummate an artist as Dumas confessedly was — whose parturition is so easy. Generally, men of genius are slow and laborious in composition, for the very reason that the fertility of their minds supplies a superabundance of thought, and their high standard of taste renders them fastidious in the choice and perfection of their materials. But Dumas, with all his marvellous fertility of invention, was never troubled with the "embarrassment of riches;" gestation followed instantly upon conception, and no envious Juno, to use Milton's phrase, "sat cross-legged over the nativity of his intellectual offspring." Writing, some years ago, to a Belgian journal to excuse himself for his delay in furnishing the second of a promised series of articles, he coolly says: "In that eight months I have written something like thirty volumes." On reckoning them up, however, he finds that he has understated the number. "*Bon!*" he exclaims, with exquisite *sang-froid;* "you see that it turns out there are thirty-seven volumes instead of thirty: *j'espère que je suis beau jouer!*" Only Dumas could have written those volumes in that time; only Dumas could have spoken of the feat in that tone of superb carelessness. "I have written something like thirty volumes, and, on reckoning, it turns out that I forgot seven, — a mere bagatelle; the affair of a couple of idle mornings!"

This fierce haste, this agile skimming of the streams of fiction, the enemies of Dumas declare, argue but little for depth. It is a marvellous exhibition of speed, but it is the speed of the swallow: sixteen hours on the wing, — a prodigious exertion of muscular power, but unfortunately displayed in the pursuit and capture of flies! Doubtless this is true of the great majority of Dumas' feats. Oblivion will devour ninety-nine hundredths of his works; but who can doubt that the rest will escape the jaws of Time? If all the others are melted in Time's crucible, we believe that "Les Trois Mousquetaires," "Vingt Ans Après," and "Monte Christo" will come out of the melting-pot unscathed; indeed, it may be doubted whether they will not be read as long as any other fictions in the French language. "In point of plot," says a competent English critic, "these romances are on a par with 'Don Quixote' and 'Gil Blas;' in point of incident, situation, character, animated narrative, and dialogue, they will rarely lose by comparison with the author of 'Waverley.' Compare, for example, the scene in 'Les Trois Mousquetaires' between Buckingham and Anne of Austria, with the strikingly analogous scene between Leicester and Elizabeth in 'Kenilworth.'"

Many anecdotes are told illustrating the fearless self-reliance, the prodigious activity, and the almost incredible power of sustained exertion, of Dumas. One of his many astonishing *tours de force* was the composition of a complete five-act drama within eight days; another, the editorship of a daily journal, "Le Mousquetaire," with an understanding with his subscribers that the contents should be supplied wholly by his pen. Lamartine, who was one of the subscribers, being asked, after this task had been faithfully performed for two months, what he thought of Dumas' journal, replied: "I have an opinion of human things; I have none on miracles: you are superhuman. My opinion of you? It is a note of exclamation! People have tried to discover perpetual motion. You have done better; you have created perpetual astonishment." The truth is, Dumas was an *improvisatore.* Nature, along with a herculean frame and the other gifts which she lavished so profusely on this *enfant gâté*, had endowed him with a prodigious memory and a power of assimilation almost beyond belief. A striking instance of this latter faculty is given by one of his secretaries, Albert Wolff, in a recent number of the *Indépendance Belge.* "One morning, at breakfast," says the writer, "I spoke to him of Humboldt's 'Cosmos,' which had just appeared. He took the book, and ran over it for ten minutes; some days after there appeared in 'Monte Christo' a scientific conversation, in which Dumas spoke of science as if he had never been occupied with anything else!" It was this marvellous faculty of entering into the skin of another man which was the secret of his love for collaboration. A word dropped accidentally in a conversation, a hint of a play or novel given him by a vulgar workman, sufficed to fire his imagination; his brain was a vast furnace which absorbed the most useless materials, and transformed the coarse mineral into fine metal. Every one brought to him whatever he had found in his path, whether a pebble or a handful of dirt, — this one lead, that one iron or copper; all went into the furnace, which swallowed all, and returned in exchange a romance, a drama, or a comedy. From the merest chance-medley of dates, from the most insignificant fact, the most unmeaning character, the artist could extract colors for his palette, matter for his page, and amusement for his reader.

The rapidity with which a dramatic seed-thought germinated in his volcanic brain is well illustrated by an incident related by M. Wolff. "One day after dinner," says the writer, "I gave Dumas a hint of a piece in one act. It was the merest hint, and a very poor one at that. The next morning, after breakfast, the master said to me: 'I am going to read to you a little piece which I have written in the night.' And he read to me, in fact, one of his most charming comedies in one act: it was the idea I had suggested; but how transformed and embellished by his magical genius! He had preserved but the starting-point, the little nothing, the match that served to set ablaze the furnace whence came forth, at dawn, one of the most *spirituelle* little plays of Dumas' repertory."

It was, of course, physically impossible that Dumas should pen all his eight hundred volumes with his own hand; and hence the reports that he robbed his assistants of the credit which belonged to them, — that they were the real authors of most of his publications, he having only contributed a masterly touch here and there, with the name on the title-page. One of these *collaborateurs*, M. Maquet, claimed that he had had a large share in composing the best of Dumas' works, and even convinced some critics of the justness of this pretension. M. Wolff flatly contradicts all these charges, and shows that all the works of the great quadroon are distinguished by an unmistakable individuality. It was Dumas who gave to their unfinished pieces "the life and the movement which made their fortune;" and one has only to compare the works written conjointly with him, with those which his co-laborers produced unaided, to see that, though they might have moulded the limbs of his statues, he only could breathe into them a living soul. "Maquet," says a writer in the "Quarterly Review," "was avowedly employed by Dumas for twenty years to hunt up subjects, supply accessories, or to do for him what eminent portrait-painters are wont to leave to pupils; namely, the preparation of the canvas, the mixing of the colors, the rough outline of the figures, or the drapery. That Maquet was capable of nothing better or higher, was proved by his utter failure as a novelist whenever, both before and after the alleged partnership, he set up for himself."

The charge of plagiarism is one that is brought against authors upon pretexts so silly, that upon intelligent men it makes little impression. It is perfectly understood by all persons who are familiar with literary biography that originality, as some critics define it, is an impossibility. The greatest and most imperishable authors are not pure inventors, but have all borrowed from their predecessors. Shakspeare, Virgil, and Dante are debtors, to an incalculable extent, to the thoughts and verses of not only the great poets, but also of the army of obscure and unknown poets who preceded them. Homer could never have written the Iliad but for the nameless crowd of rhapsodists, who had wrought out a poetic language and depicted the deeds of the heroes in rough popular songs. If any Greek thinker was absolutely original, it was Socrates; yet his great dialectical "elenchus," — the conception of negative argument, or the reducing of an opponent *ad absurdum*, — has been traced to Parmenides and Zeno. As Newton could not have been Newton without the labors of Kepler; as Watt could not have invented the steam-engine if it had not been half invented by numerous predecessors; so the poet is not a creator, but a shaper of the thoughts and emotions that delight us in his works, — thoughts and emotions derived from innumerable sources. Sir Joshua Reynolds says, and says truly, that it is by being conversant with the thoughts of others that we learn to invent, as by reading the thoughts of others we learn to think. The water which is poured into a dry pump brings up the deeper water of the well. Virgil borrowed from Homer, Ennius, Lucretius, Catullus, Attius, Lucilius, Naevius, and many other poets. The most striking incidents of the second book of the Æneid — the story of Sinon, the legend of the wooden horse, the death of Priam, the untimely fate of Astyanax, the loss of Creusa, and the subsequent fortunes of Helen — were derived from two Cyclic poems, the Sack of Troy, and the little Iliad of Arctinus. The legend of Laocoön was taken from the Alexandrian poet Euphorion. Horace profoundly studied the epic, dramatic, and lyric poets of Greece, and imitated, adapted, and paraphrased their sentiments, epithets, and phrases, borrowing ideas and inspiration from Homer, Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, and especially from Pindar, Alcaeus, Anacreon, Sappho, and Tyrtaeus. Pope Gregory the Great is said to have burned the works of Varro, a writer of prodigious erudition, that Saint Augustine might escape from the charge of plagiarism, the saint, who was a great admirer of his learning, being deeply indebted to Varro's "Antiquitates Divinarum Rerum" for much of his (Augustine's) great work, "The City of God." Coleridge took the inspiration and the framework of his noble "Hymn to Chamouni" from Frederica Brun. Paley borrowed the well-known illustration of the watch, with which he begins his "Natural Theology," together with the plan and all the leading arguments of that work, from Nieuwentyt, a Dutch philosopher, whose work, designed "to prove the existence and wisdom of God from the works of creation," was published in Amsterdam in 1700, and translated into English in 1718–1719. The watch has even been traced to Matthew Hale. Milton is now accused of borrowing much of his epic from another Dutchman. Goldsmith's "Threnodia Augustalis," in memory of the mother of George III., informs the reader that

"Faith shall come, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps her clay;
And calm Religion shall repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there."

With the exception of a few words, these lines are copied literally from a well-known ode of Collins. "Glory should follow, not be run after," says Pliny the Younger. The same thought appears in a well-known speech of Lord Mansfield. Voltaire's "L'Ermite" in "Zadig" is a paraphrase of Parnell's poem. Balzac incorporates into one of his novels an entire chapter from Bulwer's "The Disowned." Bulwer, again, took the germ of many of the thoughts in "The Student" from Hazlitt, and "conveyed" one of the finest scenes in "Paul Clifford" (that of the trial, where the judge is the criminal's father) from Mrs. Inchbald. In "Zanoni" he has gathered so many ideas and sentiments from Plato, Schiller, Richter, and Goethe, that some critics have called the work a compilation, and almost intimated that if he were stripped of his pilferings, he would "stand before the world like our first parents, naked, but not ashamed." Nearly all the thought in Chalmers's famous "Astronomical Discourses" is said to have been borrowed from Andrew Fuller's "The Gospel its own Witness." Dr. Johnson's "London," written in imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal, owes some of its best passages to a previous version by Oldham. Sheridan was indebted to Farquhar for his "Trip to Scarborough," and Fielding's Tom Jones and Blifil unconsciously suggested the Charles Surface and Joseph Surface of the "School for Scandal." Burgoyne, in "The Heiress," borrowed an image of Ariosto's and Rousseau's, and Byron, an unhesitating thief of ideas, used it in his Monody on Sheridan: —

> "Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
> And broke the die, in moulding Sheridan."

Scott copied a scene in "Kenilworth" from the "Egmont" of Goethe. A writer in the "Atlantic Monthly" accuses Owen Meredith of "conveying" in his "Lucile" not only the situations, but whole pages of the most animated epigrammatic dialogue, word for word (except where the exigencies of rhyme or metre exact a deviation from the original), from "Lavinia," an old and half-forgotten tale by George Sand.

In view of these facts it is useless to accuse Dumas of borrowing his materials from a hundred originals; the question is, Did he borrow *in forma pauperis*, or did he repay what he borrowed with compound interest? Did he return the grain which went into his mental mill as corn, or did his powerful and active mind grind it into flour? Does what he appropriates from others become so mingled with his own creations as to form with them a homogeneous whole, or does it lie "like lumps of marl upon a barren moor, encumbering what they cannot fertilize"? In spite of all the defences of Dumas, ingenious as they are, it seems to us that while many of his literary appropriations are legitimate, many others are unjustifiable larcenies. Great as he was in everything, he was immense in plagiarism. In helping himself to other men's literary property, he seems to have had no delicacy or scruple. From the cool, unblushing bodily appropriation of an entire tale or novel, to the avowed reproduction of certain chapters, and the perpetual unavowed transference of plots, scenes, images, and anecdotes to his own multiform pages, this Briareus of fiction was the boldest, most unscrupulous, and most wholesale of literary borrowers. It was said of Horace that, numerous as are his imitations of the Greek poets, they are never mere plagiarisms or purple patches, but are made so completely his own, and are invested with so much novelty and originality, that, when we compare them with the originals, we derive additional gratification from the resemblance. The very contrary is true of a large proportion of Dumas' borrowings. He resembled not so much the broom-maker who stole the materials, as the one who stole the brooms ready made. He used to boast that, like Molière, he repossessed himself of his property wherever he found it, and if charged with theft, he simply laughed. In "Conscience l'Innocent," he took two entire chapters from a novel of Conscience, the Flemish novelist, repaying him for the theft by taking his name for that of his hero; and also "conveyed" half a volume from Michelet's "Peuple," dedicating the book to his victim, and begging him not to claim *all* that it contained as his own! Of another romance, "Le Pasteur d'Ashbourn," two entire volumes out of four were "repossessed," with trifling alterations, from Augustus Lafontaine, whose novel, "Family Pictures," the great French romancer swallows in his own pages with as little compunction as a boa-constrictor would swallow a goat! When accused of the theft, he indignantly repudiates the charge. Petty thieves, he protests, are guilty of stealing; not so with the Alexanders and Napoleons of letters, like himself. Mighty conquerors, they invade the domain of other authors, and *annex* to their own whole realms of thought!

THE WEAKNESSES OF GREAT MEN.

The greatest clerks ben not the wisest men. — CHAUCER.

THE imperfection of human nature, even in its noblest specimens, is known to every student of biography. Not only the brown ware of humanity, but its porcelain, betrays strange rents and chips, cracks and flaws, which are so much more glaring in the one case than in the other as almost to reconcile the humbler ware to its unenamelled condition. In every civilized country, and in every age of civilization, we find philosophers without practical talent or knowledge, poets without feeling, moralists without principle, philanthropists who are domestic tyrants, and scientists who are victims of the grossest delusions. Yet these very weaknesses of great men are often the traits of character which have the most interest for the student of human nature; and it is to supply the demand for such information that diaries, letters, chronicles, and loose scraps of every kind are ransacked by biographers, who consider no personal details, however minute or homely, as valueless that will flash light upon character. These details, which in narratives of great public affairs were once thought to be beneath "the dignity of history," are now sought for more eagerly, and read with keener zest, than the pages in which this disagreeable dignity is stiffly and imperiously maintained. The Roman historian who deprecates the censure of his readers because he tells them who it was that gave music-lessons to Epaminondas, and informs them that the Theban general danced gracefully and played finely on the pipe, would have no occasion to apologize to-day. It is just such facts which the modern reader prizes. That Julius Cæsar was the greatest general of his age; that he conquered Gaul, defeated Pompey, and became "the foremost man of all the world," — are facts undeniably of great moment; but, as it has been well said, "they are, after all, only the dry bones of history." The general reader is much more interested to learn that he was a tall, pale-faced, soft-skinned man, with dark, sparkling eyes, and subject to head-complaints and epilepsy; that he was bald, — for which his soldiers jeered at him in his Gallic campaigns; that he tried to hide this defect by bringing forward his hair; that of all the honors conferred upon him by the Senate, that which most delighted his heart was the right of continually wearing a laurel-wreath around his brows, — thus partially concealing his defect; that, though he shaved carefully, and was fond of jewels, he was, in youth, at least, very careless of dress, — in reference to which Sylla urged the aristocracy to beware of that "ill-girt boy" (*puerum male præcinctum*); that he spoke in the Senate with a shrill voice and used much gesture, but with great gracefulness; that in his military expeditions he slept in chariots or on litters, making, as Plutarch says, even his repose a kind of action; and that, being once, on a journey, compelled by a storm to seek shelter in a poor man's hut which had but one chamber, and that hardly large enough for one person, he bade Oppius lie down, while he slept in the porch. So with the Cæsar of the nineteenth century. However keen the tingling interest with which we watch his victories, and whatever our admiration of his Code and the other products of his genius, it is the Napoleon of Las Cases and O'Meara, of Bourrienne and Madame de Rémusat; the Napoleon pictured by Sir Neil Campbell in his cabinet at Fontainebleau, dressed in his old green uniform, with gold epaulets, blue breeches, and red-top boots, unshaven, uncombed, with particles of snuff scattered profusely upon his upper lip and breast, impatiently pacing the length of his apartment, and shrinking in his soul from his fate, — that most profoundly interests us.

To say that such details are mere tittle-tattle and gossip; that the taste for them is a petty taste, the taste of valets, — is simply to denounce one of the instincts of our nature, the instinct which, as Moore says, "leads us to contemplate with pleasure a great mind in its undress, and to rejoice in the discovery, so consoling to human pride, that even the mightiest, in their moments of ease and weakness, resemble ourselves." But, in truth, these personal matters are not mere tittle-tattle and gossip. Our interest in them is due not simply to the instinct of which Moore speaks, but also to the consideration that they have often influenced the destinies of nations and the world. Who does not know that the history of the Roman empire might have been wholly different from what it was if, at an intensely critical period, the royal diadem of Egypt had not been placed on the brows of a woman of the most marvellous accomplishments, and mistress of the most witching arts of pleasing, persuading, and seducing, — a sorceress whose chain

> "Around two conquerors of the world was cast,
> But, for a third too feeble, broke at last;"

and that the religious Reformation in England might have been delayed for many a year, though it could not have been averted, had not the

> "Gospel light first beamed from Bullen's eyes"?

The pedants who scorn what they call the "gossip of history" forget that character manifests itself in little things, just as a sunbeam finds its way through a chink. The jest-book of Tacitus; the medicated drinks of Bacon, and the entry in his diary "to have in mind and use the Attorney-General's weakness;" the guitar of Luther; the preparatory violin of Bourdaloue; the inspiring damsons of Dryden; Voltaire's fifty cups of coffee a day; Byron's gin; and the fancy-lighting scarlet curtains and rotten apples of Schiller, — all these are "biography in hieroglyphics, the errata of genius that clear up the text." It is doubtless true that the publication of such facts tends to lessen hero-worship. It is not easy to preserve our reverence for genius while spying out the secrets of its domestic life. But what can be more significant than these trifles, which sometimes illuminate character more than the most elaborate portraiture? It is not in natural history only that a Cuvier may find scope for his genius; biography has its comparative anatomy, and a saying or a sentiment enables a skilful hand to construct a skeleton. It is for this reason, quite as much as from a love of gossip, or because "the defects of great men are the consolations of dunces," that the accounts of personal traits are read with such avidity in biographies; that people dwell with such a feeling of piquancy on the reputed gloominess of Molière, the fatness and laziness of Thomson, the silence and shyness of Gray, Pope's irritability and after-dinner nap, Goldsmith's vanity and delight in low company, Dryden's fondness for snuff, Hobbes's habit of locking himself up to smoke and think all day with his shutters closed, and of carrying in the head of his cane, when he walked, a pen and an inkhorn, as well as a note-book in his pocket, that he might not lose a thought, and the conversational poverty of Cowley, Hume, Descartes, Rousseau, Molière, and La Fontaine.

That subtle critic, Sainte-Beuve, declares that to become acquainted with a man you must ask yourself a certain number of questions, and answer them satisfactorily; otherwise you cannot be sure of possessing him entirely. Among these questions are the following: What was he in his dealings with women, and in his feelings about money? What was his regimen? What his daily manner of life? *What was his besetting vice or weakness? for every man has one.* There is not one of these questions, Sainte-Beuve asserts, that is without its value in judging an author or his book, unless it is a treatise on mathematics. To know, therefore, that Tasso found inspiration in malmsey, Sheridan in madeira, and Byron in gin, grog, and laudanum; that Burns sometimes saw two moons from the top of a whiskey barrel; that Coleridge had to be dogged by an unemployed operative to keep him out of a druggist's shop; that Boswell's scrofulous hero stood in the rain to do penance for disobedience to his father, and had a trick of touching the door-posts as he walked, and of picking up and treasuring pieces of orange-peel; that Robert Hall charged a lady to inculcate in her children a belief in ghosts; that Locke carried a note-book in his pocket to catch the scintillations of every common conversation; that the little crooked thing that asked questions, drank tea by stratagem, and translated the Iliad on the backs of old letters, always kept a candle burning at his bedside in order that, if a happy thought struck him in the night, he might spring up at once and note it down; that Carlagnulus, as his friends endearingly called the gentle, stammering Lamb, took too much egg-flip hot, and found in tobacco "his morning comfort and his evening curse;" that Byron shaved his brow to make it seem higher than it was, ate only a little potato and vinegar at a literary dinner to give the impression that he was abstemious, and afterward was found gorging himself at a restaurant; that Salmasius, the champion of kings, shivered under the eye and scourge of his wife; that Sobieski, who saved Vienna from the Turks, brought ridicule, by a similar subjection, on his illustrious name; and that Napoleon, who played for a world, could cheat one of his own officers at whist, — to know all these facts not only gratifies a natural curiosity, and enhances the charm and picturesqueness of biography, but gives us a deeper insight into character than any other method but these unconscious self-revelations will afford. Such personal details have been compared to "those pen-and-ink sketches of Leech, where the whole character of a man is condensed in a single stroke of the pencil." What would we not give for a few such items about Homer or Shakspeare?

Here let us note that the gossip of biography, if it tends to lower some great men in our esteem, helps, on the other hand, to exalt others. The private characters of authors, while they sometimes destroy the illusion caused by their books, sometimes also neutralize the repelling impressions made by their works. The Count Joseph de Maistre, for example, the great Ultramontanist and champion of the Catholic Church, defends the Inquisition and proclaims the hangman the keystone of the social edifice. He declares that the English Church is among Protestant Churches like the orang-outang among apes. He deliberately asserts that contempt of Locke is the beginning of wisdom, and that the title of the "Essay on the Human Understanding," which is dry as the sands of Libya, without the smallest oasis, is a misnomer, and that the true title would be "An Essay on the Understanding of Locke." He pronounces Bacon a charlatan, and the "Novum Organum" simply worthy of Bedlam. It would be hard to name another writer of equal genius who continually startles his reader with so much dogmatism, illiberality, prejudice, and arrogance in his principal works; and yet his letters to the members of his family, to the Protestant lady Madame Huber, and others, — letters many passages of which Madame de Sévigné might have envied, — abound with evidences of a genial, loving nature, of candor, liberality, and Christian charity. His correspondence clearly shows that, as Sainte-Beuve has happily suggested, his fierceness, his bursts of sarcasm, his raillery, transpired, so to speak, only in the upper region of his intellect; that they were the sallies, the flashes, and, as it were, the thunderbolts of talent, — of a talent too rich, superabundant, and solitary. With what kindly pleasantry he speaks in one of his letters of his attack on Bacon: "We have boxed like two strong men in Fleet Street; and if he has pulled out some of my hair, I am quite sure that his wig is no longer in its place!"

Having thus shown the interest and value of such details, let us proceed to consider some of the most noteworthy weaknesses and follies of great men. It is a popular notion that such men are always modest; but, in spite of the assertions of "goody" books, the truth is that the great majority of famous men have been not only conscious of their ability, but ready to proclaim that consciousness to the world. Cicero's chief weakness was a girlish vanity; he had an insatiable desire for human applause: yet he says that "if ever a man stood at the utmost remove, both by his natural disposition and by the conclusions of his judgment and reason, from the vainglorious desire of the praise of the vulgar, I think I may truly say that I am that man." "I spoke with a divine power in the Senate," he writes one day to Atticus; "there was never anything like it." Epicurus wrote to a great minister: "If you seek glory, nothing will secure it so effectually as the letter I am writing." William Rufus had the hardihood to say that "If he had duties toward God, God had also duties toward him." Not less irreverent and egotistic was the thought of Alfonso the Wise, of Castile, who, after drawing up his astronomical tables in accordance with the scientific theories of the day, and placing the earth in the centre of the universe, observed that, had he been consulted, he should have placed the sun in the centre. A famous French lawyer, Charles Dumoulin, used to write at the top of his opinions: "I, who yield to no man, and who have from no man anything to learn." Messieurs Gaulmin, De Maussac, and Saumaise (the "Salmasius" of Milton), being together in the Royal Library of Paris, "I think," said Gaulmin, "that we three can match our heads against all that there is learned in Europe." To this Salmasius replied: "Add to all that is learned in Europe yourself and M. de Maussac, and I can match my single head against the whole of you." Balzac (Jean-Louis de) was so intensely vain that he always took off his hat when he spoke of himself, — which, his contemporaries said, accounted for his frequent colds in the head. Explaining why he had not married, "I do not want," said he, "to be obliged to count every day the hairs of my wife, in order to feel quite sure that she is faithful."

Voiture was a vintner's son, and was so mortified by any reminder of his early occupation that it is said that wine, which cheered the heart of other men, sickened his. Rousseau, "the self-torturing egotist," was a cobbler's son, and was so ashamed of his humble birth that when his honest father waited at the door of the theatre to congratulate him on the success of his first play, the son repulsed his venerable parent with insult and contempt. When Rousseau was in the full bloom of his celebrity in England he went to see Garrick act. It was known that he was to be there, and the theatre was crowded by persons who desired to see him. Rousseau was greatly pleased. But Mrs. Garrick, who sat by him, afterward reported to her friends that she had never passed a more uncomfortable evening; for the recluse philosopher was so very anxious to display himself, and hung so far forward over the front of the box, that she was obliged to hold him by the skirt of his coat, that he might not fall over into the pit. The poet Akenside always regarded his lameness as an insupportable misfortune, since, having been caused by the fall of a cleaver from one of the blocks of his father, a butcher, it continually reminded him of his origin. The inscription under Boileau's portrait, extolling his character with praise "thick and slab," and expressing his superiority to Juvenal and Horace, is unfortunately known to have been written by — Boileau. Chateaubriand's enormous vanity is well known. Talleyrand said that the author of the "Génie du

Christianisme" lost his sense of hearing about the time when the world left off talking of him. Let us remember, however, to the credit of Chateaubriand, the fact we have already stated, that after Napoleon's murder of the Duc d'Enghien, he refused to serve the power that could do an act so brutal. Queen Elizabeth, who had a hard face, full of harsh lines, a hooked nose, thin lips, bad teeth, and sandy hair, had an intense admiration for her own fancied beauty. She was especially proud of her narrow hands, with their long fingers. Before company she was continually pulling her gloves off and on, and her fingers were decorated with rings and precious stones, in order to call attention to their symmetry. Sir Robert Naunton tells us that her wonted oath was "God's death;" but she had an abundance of others, and swore with an energy becoming her character.

Milton loved to contemplate his own person, and four iambics express his indignation because the engraver of his portrait did not reach the epic poet's "ideal grace." When a poet who had written a cantata for Handel had the temerity to say that the music did not fitly express the meaning of the words, — "What!" burst out the wrathful composer, "my music not good? It is good, very good! I tell you that it is your words that are good for nothing! Go, and make better words for my music!" It is said of the late Richard Wagner that he expected every visitor to his "Wahnfried" to offer him a tribute of well-coined compliments; and he would let you know, in a tone of gentle reproof, if he thought that the tribute fell short of what was due. He loved to dazzle; and when he travelled, the courier who preceded him, engaged, if possible, the suites of apartments in leading hotels which are generally reserved for crowned heads. At his villa in

Bayreuth he collected a vast number of fine things presented to him by his admirers; and among the tokens of their affection was a huge mausoleum, in gray granite, which adorned a corner of his garden, and bore his name carved in deep letters. "I shall be buried there," Wagner used to say. In speaking of this tomb, Wagner often referred to a grandiose march which he had composed for his own obsequies; but it was not to be performed unless it could be rehearsed during his lifetime. "And how can it be rehearsed," he would say, "without overwhelming my wife and children with grief?" Sir Peter Lely's vanity was so noted that a malicious wag, wishing to see how large a dose of flattery he would swallow, told him one day that if the Author of mankind could have had the benefit of his opinions upon beauty, we should all have been materially improved in personal appearance. "For Gott, sare," echoed Sir Peter, "I believe you 're right!" Sir Godfrey Kneller, as he lay upon his death-bed, dreamed of distinctions in heaven, and very complacently reported to his friends the effect his name produced when announced at the august portals: "As I approached, Saint Peter very civilly asked my name. I said it was Kneller. I had no sooner said so than Saint Mark, who was standing just by, turned toward me and said with a great deal of sweetness, 'What! the famous Sir Godfrey Kneller, of England?' 'The very same, sir,' says I; 'at your service.'" The vanity of Ben Jonson is well known. When he visited Drummond of Hawthornden, his free and easy manners and swaggering conversation, his magisterial opinions, broad jests, impatience of contradiction, and fondness for the cup, disgusted the shy sonneteer, who set down his private impression of old Ben in a few pithy words, which have stuck like a barbed arrow in his reputation. The dramatist was always bearding his censors in his plays, or in their prologues or epilogues. In one of his prefaces he calls the public "that many-mouthed, vulgar dog;" and in some lines appended to the "Poetaster" he speaks of his as a

> "most abstracted work, opposed
> To the stuffed nostrils of the drunken rout."

Lawrence Sterne was an intense egotist. His first act on entering a drawing-room was to take from his pocket a new volume of "Tristram Shandy" and read from it to the company. A similar weakness characterized Wordsworth, who was indifferent to every modern production but his own poetry. When "Rob Roy" was published, some of Wordsworth's friends made a picnic, and proposed to amuse themselves with the new novel. Wordsworth accompanied them to the spot, joined them at luncheon, and then said: "Now, before you begin, I will read you a poem of my own on Rob Roy. It will increase your pleasure in the new book." Having recited the verses, "Well," he said, "now I hope you will enjoy your book;" and walked off, to be seen no more during the afternoon.

After General Wolfe had been appointed to command the expedition against Quebec, he was invited by Pitt to dinner. In the course of the evening Wolfe broke forth into a strain of gasconade. Drawing his sword, he rapped the table with it, flourished it round the room, and talked of the mighty things that sword was destined to achieve. Pitt and his other guest, Lord Temple, sat aghast at this vaingloriousness; and when Wolfe had taken his leave, and his carriage was heard to roll from the door, Pitt lifted up his eyes and arms and exclaimed: "Good God! that I should have intrusted the fate of the country and of the administration to such hands!" The heroic Nelson loved to be called "great and glorious" to his face; and when invited, in 1800, when bread was frightfully dear, to a dinner at which it was expected that the guests, in accordance with a fashion that had consequently prevailed, would bring their own bread, he made quite a scene, called his servant, and, before the whole company, gave him a shilling and ordered him to go and buy a roll, saying aloud: "It is hard that, after fighting my country's battles, I should be grudged her bread." Napoleon, that colossus of fame, could not bear any allusion to Cæsar in his bulletins; he was even vain of his small foot. Buffon said that of the great geniuses of modern times there were but five: "Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, and myself." The principal weakness of Charles Dickens was his overweening vanity. Always craving for praise, present and posthumous, he was continually supplicating his fellow-men for their *plaudite*, and begging Mr. Forster to be sure and put so and so into his biography.

Lord Erskine, the greatest of forensic advocates, had a craving and ravenous vanity. He talked so much of himself that he was nicknamed "Counsellor Ego." The editor of the "Morning Chronicle" apologized for giving only a partial report of one of Erskine's public-dinner speeches by saying that his stock of capital I's was exhausted. Byron, who once sat next to the famous advocate at dinner, declared him intolerable when he got upon "Trial by Jury" and repeated his public speeches. William Hazlitt confessed that he felt the force of Horace's *digito monstrari;* that he liked to be pointed out in the street, or to hear people ask, in Mr. Powell's court, "*Which is Mr. H——?*" "Your name, so repeated, leaves an echo like music in your ear; it stirs the blood like the sound of a trumpet." Miss Martineau, speaking of the pity expressed by men for women's vanity, says that when she went to London she saw vanity in high places that was never transcended by women in their lowlier sphere. As examples of this weakness she names Babbage and Jeffrey; Brougham, "wincing under a newspaper criticism, and playing the fool among women;" Whewell "grasping at praise for universal learning;" and Landseer "curled and cravatted, and glancing round in anxiety about his reception." "There was Bulwer on a sofa, sparkling and languishing among a set of female votaries, he and they dizened out, perfumed, and presenting the nearest picture to a seraglio to be seen on British ground. . . . There was Campbell, the poet. . . . He darted out of our house and never came again, because, after warning, he sat down in a room full of people (all authors, as it happened) on a low chair of my old aunt's which went very easily on castors, and which carried him back to the wall and rebounded, — of course making everybody laugh. Off went poor Campbell in a huff; . . . and I was not very sorry, for his sentimentality was too soft, and his craving for praise too morbid, to let him be an agreeable companion." Vainer than any of these eminent men who disgusted Miss Martineau, was the poet Thomas Moore. He had an Argus eye for all complimentary notices of himself, and he reproduces them in his journals and letters *ad nauseam*. "There was a flourishing speech of Sheil's," he records, "about me in the Irish papers; he says I am the first poet of the day, and join the beauty of the bird-of-paradise plumes to the strength of the eagle's wing." Again, at a fancy-ball which Moore attended, "there was an allusion to me *as Erin's matchless son;* which brought down *thunders of applause and stares on me.*" Once, at an assembly at Devonshire House, "the Duke," he says, "in coming to the door to meet the Duke of Wellington, near whom I stood, turned aside first to shake hands with *me,* though the great captain's hand was ready stretched out." Theodore Parker is said to have been influenced all his life by the fact that his grandfather was distinguished as the man who captured the first musket in the War of Independence, and by his pride in the distinction. His musket stood at the door of his study, and "probably suggested the idea of the pistol which graced his pulpit cushion and added such effect to his pulpit eloquence."

Fondness for dress has been one of the commonest, and perhaps one of the most pardonable, weaknesses of great men. The slender, spindle-shanked Aristotle wore several rings on his philosophical fingers, and shaved himself and trimmed his hair with great care. He loved rich apparel also, and had his shoes adorned with precious materials. Mæcenas, an egregious dandy, is said to have ruled the Roman empire with rings on his fingers. Sir Walter Raleigh was one of the greatest exquisites of modern times. On court days he wore shoes so gorgeously and heavily adorned with precious stones that he could scarcely walk in them. Their value is said to have exceeded six thousand guineas; he had also a suit of armor of solid silver, with jewelled sword and belt,—the whole of enormous value. When Haydn was about sitting down to compose, he always dressed himself with the utmost care, had his hair nicely powdered, and put on his court-suit. Frederic the Great had given him a diamond ring; and the great composer declared that if he began without it, he could not summon the ghost of an idea. Haydn could write only on the finest paper, and was as particular in forming his notes as if he had been engraving them on copper-plate. The great Descartes, who revolutionized metaphysics, was fastidious about his wigs, keeping on hand four at a time; and Sir Richard Steele never spent less than forty guineas upon one of his large black periwigs. Buffon used to put on lace ruffles and cuffs when he wrote. When Honoré de Balzac sat down for a spell of hard work, he always wore a monk's cowl and robe. Richardson the novelist could write only in a laced suit and with a diamond on his finger. Wesley, busy as he was, was remarkable for the studied neatness of his appearance amid all his long journeyings and strange adventures. Erskine never came before any of the crowded audiences which he kept waiting for him in the court-room, except with a fine wig and a pair of new and bright yellow gloves. William Pinkney, the giant of the American Bar, was even more attentive than Erskine to the details of his personal appearance. He changed his toilet twice a day, and even used cosmetics to smooth the roughnesses of his face. Bacon, who was luxurious in all his tastes, was fond of fine apparel. John Foster used to preach in a blue coat with brass buttons, and top-boots, — but this was from eccentricity, not from fondness for display.

Goldsmith, when he sought to take orders in Ireland, tried to dazzle his bishop by a pair of scarlet breeches. When he was studying medicine in Edinburgh he wore "rich sky-blue satin," "fine sky-blue shalloon," and silver hat-lace. Before Johnson, Reynolds, and Garrick he strutted about, bragging of his bloom-colored coat; and when his reputation had been made by the "Traveller" and the "Deserted Village," he blazed forth in purple silk small-clothes, a scarlet great-coat, and a physician's wig. He carried a gold-headed cane, and a sword hung by his side, — a weapon so disproportioned to his diminutive stature that a coxcomb, who passed him in the Strand, called to his companion "*to look at that fly with a long pin stuck through it.*" It is said that Napoleon had a weakness for white kerseymere breeches, upon which, when engrossed with the cares of State, he would continually spill ink, gravy, or coffee, — a mishap which occurred so often that he had to pay the imperial tailor over twenty thousand francs a year! It is hard to believe that Charles James Fox, who was such a sloven in manhood, was a dandy in his youth; yet Rogers and others declare that, when a young man, he wore a little odd French hat, and shoes with red heels, and that he and Lord Carlisle once travelled from Paris to Lyons for the express purpose of buying waistcoats, and talked of nothing else during the whole journey. The same Fox, during a session of Parliament, when, at one o'clock in the afternoon, his friends would call and find him in bed, or lounging about in his night-shirt, would look extremely unkempt and dirty. "A conversation would follow; plans would be arranged; and by and by, his toilet done, and a cup of tea swallowed, Fox would stroll down, fresh and vigorous, toward St. Stephen's, to speak as no other orator ever spoke since Demosthenes." The foppishness of Chatham, scrupulously crowning himself with his best wig when intending to harangue the House of Lords; of Horace Walpole, wearing a cravat of Gibbons's carvings; the bare throat of Byron; the Armenian dress of Rousseau; the scarlet and gold of Voltaire; the prudent carefulness with which Cæsar scratched his head, so as not to disturb the locks arranged over the bald place, — are known to all.

Disraeli, in his early Parliamentary days, dressed in the extremest style of foppery. An observer describes him as "having been arrayed in a bottle-green frock-coat and a waistcoat of white, of the Dick Swiveller pattern, the front of which exhibited a net-work of glittering chains; large fancy-pattern pantaloons and a black tie, above which no shirt-collar was visible, completed the outward man. He had a countenance lividly pale, set out by a pair of intensely black eyes, and a broad but not very high forehead, overhung by clustering ringlets of coal-black hair, which, combed away from the right temple, fell in bunches of well-oiled small ringlets over his left cheek." Disraeli's manner was in keeping with his personal appearance; it was intensely theatric, his gestures being wild and extravagant. Of Richard Wagner's dress and manner, it has been said that to call upon him for the first time, without having been informed of his peculiarities, was to experience a mild shock. Entering the room where his visitor was seated, he would throw the door wide open before him, as if it were fit that his approach should be heralded like that of a king; and he would stand for a moment on the threshold, — a curious mediæval figure in a frame. The mystified visitor, rising from his seat, would behold a man richly clad in a costume of velvet and satin, like that of the early Tudor period, and wearing a bonnet like that seen in portraits of Henry VI. and of his three successors. Wagner had his composing costume, — that of a Meistersinger, — or rather several costumes; for he would vary his attire, not only according to his own moods, but according to the faces of the people who came to see him. He would not commit the incongruity of sitting down in scarlet to converse with a man whose features denoted that he was in "a brown study;" he would prefer to leave such a one for an *Augenblick*, while he hurried out to slip on some "arrangement" in subfusc hues. It should be added, however, that dress was a real help to Wagner in composition. Genius often has recourse to mechanical appliances for stimulating thought; and in his slashed doublets there was nothing more ridiculous than in Handel's bag-wig and ruffles, or Haydn's finger-ring.

Great men have probably been as often distinguished for slovenliness as for dandyism; and of the two extremes the former is the less pardonable, — especially when it is so offensive as in the case of the saintly Thomas à Becket, who, we are told, "swarmed with vermin." Frederic the Great had a kingly contempt for "the linen decencies of life." He had but one fine gala-dress, which lasted him all his life. The rest of his wardrobe consisted of two or three old coats fit for a second-hand clothes-shop, yellow waistcoats soiled with snuff, and huge boots embrowned by time. If one of his courtiers was fond of dress, he would fling oil over his richest suit. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's neglect of the graces of dress furnished Pope and Horace Walpole with materials for coarse satire. Thomson the poet was one of the most untidy of mortals, and kept his money strewed about among his clothes and papers. On one occasion a friend discovered bank-notes bundled up with the poet's old stockings. Dr. Johnson, who exacted the utmost propriety of appearance in others, — the same Johnson who once visited Goldsmith in a new suit of clothes, in order to teach him, who, he said, "was a great sloven," to be less careless about his dress; the same Johnson who, as Mrs. Piozzi tells us, in spite of his miserable eyesight, noticed the misplacement even of a ribbon in a lady's dress, — was himself a sloven. In answer to the declamations of Puritans and Quakers against showy decorations of the human figure, he once exclaimed: "Oh! let us not be found, when the Master calls us, ripping the lace off our waistcoats, but the spirit of contention from our souls and tongues. Alas! sir, a man who cannot get to heaven in a green coat, will not find his way thither the sooner in a gray one." Coleridge dressed so shabbily that it is said Dorothy Wordsworth, on his first visit to the Lake country, mistook him for the Southeys' groom or gardener. The Southeys had desired to send a message to Wordsworth, and Coleridge, who was their guest, volunteered to carry it. He met Miss Wordsworth (who dressed as carelessly as himself) at the back door, and did his errand, believing her to be the cook. She, mistaking him for a servant too, offered him some beer. The mistakes were not explained until Coleridge was formally introduced to the lady later in the day.

Sir Isaac Newton was utterly neglectful of care in dress. When at Cambridge, he would sometimes go to dine at Trinity Hall with shoes down at the heels, stockings untied, surplice on, and his hair scarcely combed. Professor Wilson would go to his class-room in Edinburgh, with a week's beard on his chin, to lecture on moral philosophy. Beethoven often ignored the barber, and once let his beard grow till it was two feet long. His hair was equally neglected, becoming so thick and stiff that he could hardly keep his hat on, while his shaggy clothes made him look like a bear.

Great minds, that have been singularly free from other weaknesses, have boasted of their descent, and shown a strange love of titles, stars, ribbons, and garters. Occasionally we find that an eminent man thinks it better to be the founder of a great house than its disreputable survivor. When a Marshal of France, Duke of Abrantes, and Governor of Paris, was taunted with the obscurity of his birth, he proudly replied: "Moi, je suis mon ancêtre" (I am my own ancestor). Lord Chesterfield, not subscribing to the saying of his maternal grandfather, Lord Halifax, that "the contempt of scutcheons is as much a disease of this age as the over-valuing them was in former times," delighted in ridiculing pedigree and heralds. He wrote against birth in the "World," and hung up among his ancestors two portraits, "Adam de Stanhope" and "Eve de Stanhope." The same philosophic indifference to the distinction of birth was manifested by Sydney Smith, who, in reference to Lockhart's attempt to make out an irreproachable pedigree for Sir Walter Scott, said: "When Lady Lansdowne asked me about my grandfather, I told her he disappeared about the time of the assizes, and we asked no questions." But such a contempt for blue blood is rare even among men who in other things are the very types of good sense. Julius Cæsar Scaliger, one of the vainest of learned men, claimed to be descended from a princely house; and his son Joseph glorified the family so highly in a short biographic notice, that their antagonist, Scioppius, called "the grammatical cur," professed to have counted 499 lies in a work of about fifteen pages. The Emperor Maximilian had a mania for being traced to Noah. Sages remonstrated, and counsellors coaxed in vain, till he was cured by his cook, who said: "As it is, I reverence you as a kind of god; but if you insist on being derived from Noah, I must hail your majesty as a cousin." The rugged Puritan, Cromwell, whose massive and masculine mind had no superior in his day, longed to be called king. Macaulay's asthmatic hero, William III., took a childish pleasure in wearing the crown of the kingdom and the royal robes. Louis Philippe was greatly dissatisfied because he was not permitted to style himself Louis XIX., and to be hailed king of France and Navarre, instead of simply king of France. His ruffled feelings were smoothed somewhat when the Queen of England conferred on him the Order of the Garter. Morgagni, the anatomist, could not forgive a professional brother who had quoted from him without prefixing to his name the address *illustrissime.* In one of his medical works the celebrated Haller cited a large number of authors worthy of reference, and indicated the comparative value of their respective works by the presence or absence of one or more stars. There is no telling, says a distinguished physician, how many authors were amazed and irritated because no stars were attached to their names.

Sir William Hamilton spent a great deal of time and pains in establishing his claim to a baronetcy. Writing to his mother, he says: "I wish you would give me a genteeler appellation on the back of your next letter;" and ends with, "Your affectionate son, W. S. Hamilton, *Esq.* Remember that." Finding by her next letter that his mother did not "remember that," he threatens, if the neglect be repeated, to direct his letters to her, *Elizabeth Hamilton*, without any ceremony. Perhaps if he had devoted the time thus wasted to metaphysical study, the philosophy of the Unconditioned Infinite, or Absolute, would not have fallen into such a maze of contradiction as it did. Lord

Byron had no patience with the magistrate who forgot to give him his title of peer of England. Even when titles have been scorned by those to whom they have been offered, the refusal has often betrayed as much vanity as has prompted others to parade them. This affected humility reminds one of the saying of Alexander when some one in his hearing praised Antipater, because he wore black, while his colleagues wore purple: "Yes, but Antipater is all purple within." Baron Steuben probably did not affect the deadly fear he manifested lest some American college should make him a Doctor of Laws. Having to pass through a college town in which Lafayette had been thus dubiously honored, the old warrior halted his men and said: "You shall spur de horse vel, and ride troo de town like de debbil; for if dey catch you, dey make one doctor of you." When Pope Alexander VI., in order to silence Savonarola, offered him the archbishopric of Florence, with the prospect of a cardinal's (red) hat, the monk was no doubt sincerely indignant; but there is a shade of vainglory in his reply, thundered from the pulpit: "I will have no hat but that of the martyr, red with my own blood!" What Bacon so finely says of noble birth, applies to all titles and distinctions: "Nobilitatem nemo contemnit, nisi cui abest; nemo jactitat, nisi cui nihil aliud est quo glorietur." A recent writer observes that "the virtue of some persons is unpleasantly ferocious. One cannot help regretting, for instance, that Bentham, when the Czar sent him a diamond ring, did not decline it — if he must have declined it — with less of a flourish of trumpets. There is something that jars on one's mind in that message about its not being his mission to receive diamond rings from emperors, but to teach nations the lessons of wisdom, — or words much to that effect. Who had ever supposed that it was his mission to receive diamond rings from anybody?"

A volume would not suffice to enumerate all the varieties of self-indulgence to which great men have been addicted, especially in regard to things edible and potable. Here the extremes of humanity meet; the weaknesses of great men showing little difference from those of little men. Among the ancients, Plato, Socrates, Aristophanes, Euripides, Alcæus, and Horace drank wine freely; and we are told by the last-named that even the austere old Cato is related to have often warmed under the influence of wine:

> "Narratur et prisci Catonis
> Saepe mero caluisse virtus."

Tasso, in spite of the remonstrances of his physicians, aggravated his mental irritability by his potations. Goethe was fond of wine, and drank daily his two or three bottles. He sat a long while over his glass, chatting gayly, and then either received friends, or went to the theatre, where at six a glass of punch was brought to him. Schiller, who was a night-worker, wrote at one time under the influence of a bottle of Rhenish and strong coffee, at another time under that of champagne, with which he would lock himself up in the evening, and stimulate his jaded brain during the hours of the night. He used also to munch bread continually while composing. Ben Jonson was a hard drinker, and it is estimated that every line of his poetry cost him a cup of sack. Canary was his favorite drink; after drenching his brain freely with which, he would, according to Aubrey, "tumble home to bed," and, "when he had thoroughly perspired, would then to study." James I.

gave him, besides his salary as poet-laureate, a tierce of his favorite wine, his fondness for which won for him, at last, the nickname of "Canary-bird." Aubrey says of Prynne's "manner of studie," that "about every three hours his man was to bring him a roll and a pott of ale, to refocillate his wasted spirits; so he studied and drank, and they maintained him till night, when he made a good supper." The poet Savage often spent in a night's revelry the borrowed money which would have saved him from privation and annoyance for a week. Churchill drank stimulants to excess, and Hogarth has satirized his love of porter by picturing him as a bear with a mug of that liquor in its paw. Addison bounded his walk at Holland House by a bottle of port at each end, and sometimes lingered so long over the bottle that he was compelled to apologize for his writing, rendered illegible by his shaky hand. The only excuses that can be given for his intemperance are, that he was of a cold temperament, and that he was married to a middle-aged shrew who looked upon him as a being utterly beneath her, and hardly showed him more respect than she showed to her footman.

Pitt and Fox both drank wine to excess. The favorite stimulant of the former was port wine; it was perhaps in his case a needful tonic, and his head was so strong that neither the public business nor his public speeches often suffered from the indulgence. Only once did his friends discover an excess of vinous excitation in his oratory, and that was when he replied one evening after dinner to a personal attack upon himself. Next day the clerk assistant of the House told the Speaker that Pitt's extravagance of the night before had given him a violent headache. On hearing this, Pitt laughingly declared it to be an excellent arrangement: "I had the wine, and the clerk got the headache." Sheridan was fond of claret, and we owe the completion of one of his most brilliant plays, the "Critic," to the inspiration it afforded. The piece had been advertised for performance at Drury Lane Theatre, but had not been finished, much less rehearsed. The managers were impatient, but their importunities were unavailing. Finally, by a clever trick, the rest of the play was coaxed out of him at the eleventh hour. After dinner Sheridan was decoyed into the managers' room, and then locked up in company with writing materials, a good fire, a tray of sandwiches, and two bottles of claret; his persecutors whispering through the key-hole their intention to keep him prisoner till he should have finished both the wine and the farce. Under this *lene tormentum* he scribbled away far into the night, finished the farce, and wound up the night with a fresh carousal among his colleagues. Blackstone wrote his "Commentaries" under the influence of successive bottles of that wine (port) which, Bentley said, claret would be if it could. The frigid, cautious author of the "Pleasures of Hope" was, according to Barry Cornwall, "very vivacious, not to say riotous, in his cups." Rogers, after going to see his statue, observed: "It is the first time that I have seen him stand straight for many years." Porson, the giant of classic lore, "the greatest philosopher of the age," as Macaulay calls him, was often tipsy with drink. Byron, who saw him at Cambridge, says: "I can never recollect him except as drunk or brutal, and generally both, — I mean in an evening. . . . He used to recite, or rather vomit, pages of all languages, and could hiccough Greek like a Helot; and certainly Sparta never shocked her children with a grosser exhibition than this man's intoxication." "I met him at various hours," says Rogers, the poet, "when he got completely drunk. He would not scruple to return to the dining-room, after the company had left it, pour into a tumbler the drops remaining in the wine-glasses, and drink off the omnium-gatherum." Once at a supper-party he sat till the bottles were drained and the lights went out; when he rose and muttered, *οὐδὲ τόδε οὐδὲ τ' ἄλλο*, — the point of which persons familiar with Greek will at once perceive. Fielding, Steele, and Sterne sat too long over their cups. Byron sought his inspiration in a bottle of Hollands. Poor Keats, stung by the ridicule of the envious, flew to dissipation for relief. For six months, if we may believe Haydon, the painter, he was hardly ever sober; "and to show you what a man of genius does when his passions are roused, he told me that he once covered his tongue and throat, as far as he could reach, with cayenne pepper, in order to enjoy 'the delicious coolness of claret in all its glory.' The last time I saw him was at Hampstead, lying on his back in a white bed, helpless, irritable, and hectic. . . . He muttered, as I stood by him, that if he did not recover, he would 'cut his throat.' . . . Poor dear Keats!"

Instead of in wine and stronger alcoholic stimulants, many eminent men have sought refreshment or inspiration in tea and coffee, — beverages which the amiable William Cobbett denounces as "slops." Voltaire was excessively fond of coffee, and in his old age drank fifty cups a day, — which greatly hurt his digestion, and hastened his death. The abstemious Balzac was fond of the same drink, though it seems to have acted upon his temperament very much as laudanum upon others. When he sat down at his desk, which was at midnight, his servant used to place coffee within his reach; and upon this he worked till his full brain would drive his starved and almost sleepless body into such self-forgetfulness that he often found himself at daybreak, bare-headed and in dressing-gown and slippers, in the Place du Carrousel, not knowing how he came there, and miles from home. Sir James Mackintosh had such a fondness for coffee that he went so far as to say that the powers of a man's mind would generally be found to be proportioned to the amount of that stimulant he drank. The illustrious Kant always took a single cup of tea and half a pipe after rising at five in the morning, and over them laid out his plan of work for the day. Sir James Scarlett once saw Porson drink sixteen cups of tea, one after another, at Baynes's chambers in Gray's Inn; but this was an innocent beverage, compared with others that he indulged in. Dr. Parr, having been asked, after he had drunk a dozen cups of tea at the table of a lady friend, if he would have another, replied, in the language of Catullus: "Non possum *te*cum vivere, nec sine *te*." It was said of Dr. Johnson that his tea-kettle was never dry. The teapot he generally used was a huge one, holding not less than three quarts. It was of old Oriental porcelain, painted and gilded, and from its capacity was well suited to the demands of one "whose kettle had no time to cool, who with tea solaced the midnight hour, and with tea welcomed the morn." Tea to him was like sack to Falstaff; it "ascended him into the brain," made it "apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes;" and his learning "was a mere hoard, kept by a devil," till tea unlocked it and "set it in act and use." But of all tea-drinkers, William Hazlitt, the writer and critic, was the most intemperate. He would, according to Douglas Jerrold, sit over his breakfast, of exceedingly strong black tea and a toasted French roll, four or five hours, silent, motionless, and self-absorbed, like a Turk over his opium-pouch. It was the only stimulant or luxury he ever took, and he was very fastidious about its quality, using always the most expensive kind, and consuming, when he lived alone, about a pound a week. He always made his tea himself, — half filling the teapot with tea, pouring boiling water upon it, and then almost immediately pouring it out, and mingling with it a great quantity of sugar and cream. Such a brewage must have been delicious, — indeed Jerrold says there was fascination in it, — but as a daily stimulant it must have been most deleterious; and as Hazlitt died from a disease of the digestive organs, it probably hastened his death. "*Te* teneam, moriens," he might have said, "deficiente manu." Cowper's fondness for "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates," has given us one of the most pleasing pictures in the "Task."

Illustrious as is the roll of tipplers, it is hardly longer than that of the illustrious *bons vivants* and gluttons. A celebrated French lady had the courage to say that she would commit a baseness for the sake of fried potatoes. An English king died of eating lampreys, who was one of the most noted statesmen and warriors of his age. Philip II. of Spain ruined his digestion by excessive indulgence in pastry. Louis XIV. had the appetite of an ogre; and so had Anne of Austria, who, according to a female writer of royal blood, ate in a manner perfectly frightful four times a day. To her voracity some authorities have ascribed the disease of which she died. The Empress Elizabeth of Russia was both a glutton and a drunkard.

Ariosto had a ravenous appetite for turnips. Handel ate enormously, and when he dined at a tavern, always ordered dinner for three. When told that the meal would be ready as soon as the company should arrive, he would exclaim: "Den pring up de dinner prestissimo; I am de company." Beethoven, who was far from epicurean in his tastes, yet had strange whims at the table and over his food. He always made his coffee himself, in a glass apparatus, and religiously counted sixty beans to each cup. Soup was his favorite dish; but it was hard to make it so as to please him, and he said of a servant who had told him a falsehood, that she was not pure at heart, and therefore could not make good soup. He punished his cook for the staleness of some eggs by throwing the whole batch at her one by one. Fontenelle thought strawberries were the most delicious of all edibles, and during his last illness was constantly exclaiming: "If I can but reach the season of strawberries!" Goethe had an immense appetite, and ate more than most men even on the days when he complained of not being hungry. It should be added, however, that except a cup of chocolate at eleven, he took no refreshment till two o'clock. Bolingbroke was a moderate eater; but an over-roasted leg of mutton would strangely disturb and ruffle his temper. Pope was more epicurean in his tastes, and when staying at Bolingbroke's house, would lie in bed for days together, unless he heard there would be stewed lampreys for dinner, when he would at once get up and appear at the table.

Dr. Johnson had a keen relish for a leg of mutton, and for a veal-pie with plums. "At my Aunt Field's," he once said, "I ate so much of a leg of mutton that she used to talk of it." Being once treated to a dish of new honey and clouted cream, he indulged his appetite to such an excess that his entertainer was alarmed. Dr. Parr had a voracious appetite for hot lobsters with shrimp sauce. Byron was particularly fond of eggs and bacon, to which he would treat himself, though he knew the inevitable result would be an attack of indigestion. Leigh Hunt loved late suppers, at which he would indulge in the most indigestible food, notwithstanding he had repeatedly suffered from it. A friend of his states that he called on him one evening at nine, when Leigh Hunt saluted him thus: "I am eating my supper, you see. Do you eat supper? If you do, take my advice, and have regularly every night, at nine o'clock precisely, three eggs boiled hard, with bread and butter. There is not, I assure you, anything more wholesome for supper. One sleeps so soundly, too," etc. The next Friday evening his friend called again, and found that he was eating a Welsh rarebit, with mustard, etc. "How are you?" exclaimed Hunt. "I am just eating supper, you see. Do you ever eat supper? If you do, I pray you *never* take boiled eggs; they are, without any exception, the most indigestible, nightmare-producing things you can eat. They have nearly killed me. No; the lightest and most palatable supper I have ever taken is a Welsh rarebit with some Scotch ale. This is the second day I have taken it, and I do assure you," etc. On Monday next it would be liver and bacon, or what you will.

The amusements of eminent men have been in many cases odd and eccentric to the last degree. One of the kings of Macedon spent his leisure in making lanterns, and Louis XVI. delighted in making locks. Domitian spent hours in killing flies. Cardinal Richelieu, when tired of contending with the French nobles and baffling hostile plots, amused himself with violent exercise, and would contend with his servant to see which could jump the higher. Oliver Cromwell is said to have occasionally relaxed his puritanic severity, and played blind-man's-buff with his daughters and attendants. The great metaphysician and theologian, Dr. Samuel Clarke, in the intervals of the time spent in confuting Hobbes, Leibnitz, and Spinoza, would leap over the tables and chairs in his study, or play at all fours with children. Once, seeing a pedant approaching, he exclaimed: "Now we must leave off, for a fool is coming!" The favorite recreation of Spinoza was to catch spiders and see them fight; and when he had learned how to make them as angry as gamecocks, he would, all thin and feeble as he was, break out into a roar of laughter, and chuckle to see his champions engage, as if they, like men, were fighting for honor! Anthony Magliabecchi, the famous linguist, was also fond of spiders, and while sitting among the piles of books in the Duke of Tuscany's library, would tell his visitors "not to hurt his spiders." The Italian poet Alfieri had a passion for horses, of which he at one time bought fourteen in England. He ranked this as third in intensity among his passions, the Countess of Albany being first, and the Tragic Muse second. His tone and humor for the day are said to have depended on the neigh or whimper of the favorite horse, which he fed every morning with his own hand. Dr. Paley's favorite amusement was angling, and he had his portrait painted with a fishing-rod in his hand. The heroic Nelson, and Daniel Webster, who "in bait and debate was equally persuasive," sought relief from "carking care" in fishing. Gray the poet thought the ideal of earthly happiness was to be always lying on a sofa, reading eternally new novels of Marivaux and Crébillon. Shelley took a boyish delight in floating little paper boats on lakelets or little ponds. A pond on Hampstead Heath often bore his tiny craft; and it is said that one day, as he stood by the Serpentine, having no other paper with which to indulge his passion, he actually folded a Bank of England note for fifty pounds into the shape of a boat, launched the little vessel upon its voyage, watched its steady progress with anxious delight, and finally walked round and received it safely on the opposite side.

The anecdotes told of the oddities, eccentricities, and absence of mind of great men sometimes almost stagger belief. Archimedes, at the taking of Syracuse, was so absorbed in a geometrical problem that, when a soldier was about to kill him, he simply exclaimed: "Noli turbare circulos meos." Joseph Scaliger was so engrossed with the study of Homer during the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, that it was only on the next day that he was aware of his own escape from it. Vieta, the great mathematician, was so lost in meditation that he was utterly unconscious of what was going on around him, and for hours seemed more like a dead person than a living. Sir Isaac Newton often forgot to dine; and when reminded of it, would say: "Have I?" and then would eat a bit or two standing. When he had friends to entertain, he would sometimes go into his study to fetch a bottle of wine, and then forget them. Once, when he was going home to Cottersworth from Grantham, he led his horse up the steep Spittlegate hill; but when he turned to remount, he found that the horse was not to be seen. Taking advantage of his master's revery, the sagacious steed had slipped the bridle and gone off without his knowledge, leaving only the bridle in his hands.

On another occasion Newton used a lady's finger as a tobacco-stopper. Another absent-minded man, whom La Bruyère would have delighted to portray, was Dr. Robert Hamilton, one of the profoundest philosophical thinkers of his day. He was at times so completely absorbed in his own reflections as to lose the perception of external things, and almost the consciousness of his own identity and existence. One of his most notable works was an essay on the National Debt, which is said to have fallen like a bombshell upon the English Parliament, or rather to have risen and illuminated its darkness like an orient sun. In all his writings one knows not which most to admire, the profound and accurate science, the logical arrangement, or the lucid expression. Yet in public, it is said, the man was a shadow. He pulled off his hat to his own wife in the streets, and apologized for not having the pleasure of her acquaintance; went to his classes in college, on dark mornings, with one of his wife's white stockings on one leg, and one of his own black ones on the other; often spent the whole time of the session in moving from the table the hats of the students, which they as constantly returned; sometimes invited the students to call upon him, and then fined them for coming to insult him. He would run against a cow in the road, turn round, and say, "I beg your pardon, madam, I hope you are not hurt;" at another time he would run against a post, and chide it for not getting out of his way; and yet we are told that his conversation was "perfect logic and perfect music." The great Budæus actually forgot his wedding-day, and, when sought for, was found buried deep in his Commentary.

One of the most absent-minded men that ever lived was Beethoven, — a peculiarity which involved him in many troubles. Once a crowd was found under his window, watching him with wonder and merriment. Beethoven had risen from bed, and was standing at the window in his night-shirt, meditating chords and discords, until the noise of the spectators below roused him from his revery. At another time he was strolling upon the ramparts of Vienna, with his hands clasped behind him, lost in thought, and was roused from his abstraction only by the laughter and shouts of a party of schoolboys. For some time he was puzzled to know what made the boys so merry. The fact was, he had come from home to think over a composition upon which he was engaged, and though the weather was rough and blustering, he had left his hat upon the table, and never missed it till the boys reminded him of its absence. At times he would even forget his invited guests, and dine at the hotel while they were vainly waiting for him at his quarters. He once wanted to pay for a dinner which he had neither ordered nor eaten, and he forgot that he owned a horse until a bill was presented to him for its keeping. When he had occasion to take a bath, he would stand before his bowl and compose at the same time that he was washing himself. Sometimes he would pour pitcher after pitcher of water over his hands or body, and all the while keep screaming up and down the scale. Presently, with eyes rolling, he would stride across his chamber and note down something, perhaps on the window-shutter; and then the bathing would re-begin. In moments of profound thought he would pour floods of water over the floor, yet be wholly unconscious of what he had done, until the landlord below would hurry up-stairs to protest against the deluge that was ruining his ceiling; upon which a warm conflict would ensue, that would result in the composer's removal to other quarters. Beethoven had a singular and intense hatred of etiquette. He once even abandoned a lodging for which he had paid a heavy rent in advance, because the landlord insisted on bowing to him whenever they met. The absent-mindedness of Adam Smith, the father of political economy, was something amazing. Having once to sign an official document, he produced, not his own signature, but an elaborate imitation of the signature of the person who had signed before him. On another occasion, having been saluted in military fashion by a sentinel on duty, he astounded and offended the man by acknowledging it with a copy — a very clumsy copy, no doubt — of the same gestures.

It is told of a noted Glasgow clergyman, Mr. McLaurin, that having chanced one evening, at his son-in-law's, to see the word TEA inscribed in large letters on a canister on the sideboard, he stared at the mystical word for some time without having the slightest idea of what it meant. He then began to spell it audibly, TEA — T-E-A; but all to no purpose. At last, utterly baffled, he turned to Dr. Gillies. "John," he said, "what Greek word is that?" None of the absent fits we have noted surpassed those of Coleridge's father, of whose eccentricities the son used to tell till the tears ran down his cheeks. Having once to go from home for several days, the old gentleman was aided in his preparations by his wife, who packed his portmanteau with a shirt for each day, charging him to be sure to use them. Finding no shirts in the portmanteau after his return, she found, on inquiry, that he had duly obeyed her commands, and had put on a shirt every day, but never taken one off. There were all the shirts, not in the portmanteau, but on his own back. In a Latin grammar which he composed, he changed the case which Julius Cæsar named, from the Ablative to the Quale-Quare Quiditive, — as the Highgate philosopher might have done had he prepared a grammar. The moods of abstraction in which Macaulay not infrequently indulged are not generally known. When he strode through the streets of London, he was usually so absorbed in thought that his lips moved and muttered unconsciously, and he heeded none that he passed, though persons gazed curiously at him, and stopped to stare when he had gone by. He used to carry an umbrella, which he swung and flourished, and battered on the pavement with mighty thumps. Once, when dining alone in the Trafalgar Hotel at Greenwich, the attention of other guests was attracted by his peculiar muttering and fidgetiness, and by the mute gestures with which he ever and anon illustrated his mental dreamings. Suddenly he seized a massive decanter, held it a moment in the air, and then dashed it down upon the table with such violence that the solid crystal flew about in fragments. Calling loudly for his bill, which he paid, he pulled with a couple of jerks his hat and umbrella from the stand, and stalked away as if nothing unusual had happened. It is told of the late Dean Stanley, who made no gestures while preaching, and stood quite still, that one Sunday, after returning from church, he asked his wife why the congregation looked so intently at him during the service. "How could they help it, dear," she replied, "when one of your gloves was on the top of your head all the time?" It had dropped from his hat. Jonathan Edwards was a very absent-minded man. For the sake of the exercise, he used to drive his cows to pasture. As he was going for them one day, a boy opened the gate with a respectful bow. Edwards acknowledged the kindness, and asked the boy who he was. "Noah Clark's boy," was the reply. Shortly afterward, on the theologian's return, the same boy was at hand, and opened the gate for him again. "Whose boy are you?" Edwards again asked. The reply was: "The same man's boy I was a quarter of an hour ago, sir."

Pascal, in his "Thoughts upon Religion," observes that the soul of the greatest man living is not so independent but it is liable to be disturbed by the least bustling about him. "Do not be surprised if you hear him argue a little incoherently at present; he has a fly buzzing at his ears, and that is enough to make him deaf to good counsel. If you would have him informed of the truth, you must drive away this animal, which holds his reason in check, and discomposes that wonderful intellect which governs cities and kingdoms." Biography teems with illustrations of this weakness of human nature, some examples of which the reader will find on page 249. Bayle was thrown into convulsions whenever he heard water issuing from a spout. Schopenhauer found noise so insupportable that he declares that the amount a man can support with equanimity is in inverse proportion to his mental powers. "If I hear a dog barking for hours on the threshold of a house," he says, "I know well enough what kind of brains I may expect from its inhabitants." Wallenstein had an equal dislike for the barking of dogs, and even the clatter of large spurs annoyed him. Dickens had on his desk some little bronze figures, which were as indispensable for the easy flow of his writing as blue ink or quill pens. Alfieri was an exception to most intellectual men, especially authors, in this respect. His ideas flowed most freely while he was listening to music or galloping on horseback. Montaigne tells of a scholar whom he found at Padua, "one of the most learned men of France," whom he saw studying in the corner of a room, cut off by a screen, surrounded by a number of riotous servants. "He told me — and Seneca says much the same of himself — that he worked all the better for this uproar, as though, overpowered by noise, he was obliged to withdraw all the more closely into himself for contemplation, while the storm of voices drove his thoughts inward. When at Padua, he had lodged so long over the clattering of the traffic and the tumult of the streets that he had been trained not only to be indifferent to noise, but even to require it for the prosecution of his studies."

All readers of Addison are familiar with his story of the barrister who was accustomed, when pleading in court, to wind a string about one of his fingers, and who, when a cunning adversary stealthily took the string from him, was disconcerted, and unable to proceed. Dr. Andrew Fuller used to rise up to preach with his gloves on, and with his hands thrust into the pockets of his trousers. As he advanced with his discourse, one hand was drawn from its hiding-place, and in a few minutes the other; a few minutes more and a glove was drawn off, the other shortly following it to the pulpit floor. When in the full tide of exhortation or argument, he would unconsciously twist off a coat-button, which habit became so confirmed that among his intimate friends he would speak of a season of great enjoyment in preaching as "a button-time." The peculiarities of Dr. Fuller were trivial compared with the eccentricities of the Rev. Rowland Hill, whose ministry at Surrey Chapel, where he preached for fifty years, Sheridan often attended, because, as he said, "his [Rowland Hill's] ideas come red-hot from the heart." It is said that when notices were given him, he used generally to read them aloud. When once an impudent fellow placed a piece of paper on the desk, just before he was going to read prayers, he took it and began: "'The prayers of the congregation are desired' — umph — 'for' — umph — well, I suppose I must finish what I have begun — '*for the Reverend Rowland Hill, that he will not go riding about in his carriage on a Sunday!*'" Looking up with the utmost coolness, the preacher said: "If the writer of this piece of folly and impertinence is in the congregation, and will go into the vestry after service, and let me put a saddle on his back, I will ride *him* home, instead of going home in my carriage." He then went on with the service as if nothing had happened. One of the oddest of modern literary men was William Hazlitt, who, with all his acuteness, was the prey of the craziest fancies. Even to his oldest friends he manifested the shyness of a recluse. Mr. Paterson records that he would enter a room as if he had been dragged there in custody; and after saying, "It is a fine day," lapse into dreary silence, and apparently resign himself moodily to his fate. If the talk did not please him, he would sit half-absorbed and indifferent, and then suddenly start up, and with an abrupt, "Well, good morning!" shuffle to the door and blunder his way out. His favorite haunt for his great talks was the Southampton Coffee-house in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. Any small slight, or the mere fact that the bill was brought to him before he asked for it, scared him from a chop-house or tavern for years. Odder and more eccentric even than Hazlitt, was Charles Mathews, the comic actor, who, though he entertained crowded houses nightly, was one of the shyest of men. To avoid recognition he would, lame as he was, make long circuits through the bye-lanes of

London. His wife says, in her Memoir of him, that he looked "sheepish" and confused if recognized, and that his eyes would fall, and his color would mount, if in passing along the street he heard his name even whispered. Possessing many of the noblest traits of character, he had at the same time a nervous whimsicality, an irritability about trifles, and antipathies to particular persons, places, and objects, which made him obnoxious to ridicule and censure. "I have seen him scratch his head," says Julian Charles Young, "and grind his teeth and assume a look of anguish, when a haunch of venison had been carved unskilfully in his presence. I have seen him, though in high feather and high talk when in a sunny chamber, if transferred to a badly lighted room withdraw into a corner and sit by himself in moody silence." When giving his entertainments in the country, he had always a secretary to take the money at the doors. "I hope and believe he is honest," said Mathews: "but even if he is not, I could not wrangle about money, I do so hate the very touch of it." "What!" exclaimed a friend incredulously, "hate money?" "I did not say that I hated money," was the reply, "but that I hated *the touch* of money, — I mean coin. It makes my skin goosey."

Great men often appear to their inferiors to be freezing aristocrats, when they have hearts full of kindness, and are distant and reserved only from constitutional shyness. Robert Chambers speaks of a gentleman, holding one of the highest offices in Great Britain, who was so shy that whenever, in a country walk, he found himself about to encounter his colleague in office, he would deliberately quit the footpath and cross to the opposite side of the road, where he would stand looking over the hedge and affecting to enjoy the landscape, until his friend had passed, when he would return to the footpath and resume his walk. Archbishop Whately, when young, was tormented with self-consciousness, and suffered, as he says, "all the agonies of extreme shyness." Finding that he "must be awkward as a bear all his life," he resolved to think as little about it as a bear, and from that time got rid of most of the personal suffering of shyness, and of most of the faults of manner which consciousness produces; but his natural roughness and awkwardness clung to him through life. He had also certain eccentricities of manner which would hardly be credited if not vouched for by his biographer. When attending the meetings of the Irish Privy Council his favorite attitude in winter was standing before the fire with his coat-tails held up; in summer, sitting upon a chair which he balanced upon its hind legs, with his own legs thrown over the back of another chair. Referring to this practice, and to the rudeness of another member of the council, who in cold weather would sometimes wear his hat at a meeting, a wag observed: "The prelate in council uncovers what ought to be hid, and the peer hides what ought to be uncovered." Whately was not less boorish in the Castle drawing-room. Once while waiting there — one of a large party — till dinner should be announced, he deliberately took a pair of scissors out of a case which he carried in his pocket, and pared his nails; at another time, under similar circumstances, he was seen to throw himself into an easy-chair, and drawing another near him, to swing one of his legs over its back! Even Sydney Smith, before he became "a diner-out of the highest lustre," who could at will set the tables in a roar, was shy in general society. "It was not very long," he told a friend later in life, "before I made two very useful discoveries: first, that all mankind were not solely employed in observing me, — a belief that all young people have; and next, that shamming was of no use, that the world was very clear-sighted, and soon estimated a man at his just value. This cured me of my shyness, and I determined to be natural."

The name of Lord Chatham suggests one of the most frequent weaknesses of the great. It is said that he was an admirable reader of poetry, especially of Shakspeare's historical plays; but when he came to an episode of comedy, he always handed the book to a relative. How finely this incident combines with the public appearance of the great statesman — the crimson drapery, the tie-wig, the well-managed crutch, the flannels "arranged with the air of a Grecian drapery," the statuesque attitude, and the direction to his under-secretaries never to sit down in his official presence — to reveal his weakness off the stage! Probably there never was another instance of a man of such genius, with so lofty and commanding a spirit, who was so utterly lacking in simplicity of character. Lord Bacon, Louis XIV., and Napoleon were consummate *farceurs*. All the actions of Bacon were characterized by a most inordinate love of pomp. His servants wore liveries with his crest, and he even went in his State-robes to cheapen and buy silks at a mercer's. Alexander Pope was an inveterate poser; he was always pretending an indifference to poetical reputation and to criticism, though he was "a fool to fame" to the latest hour of his life. Jean J. Rousseau at one period was also a poser. He was constantly writing, and constantly affecting to despise literature; constantly scoffing at the fashionable world, and constantly in society. Byron was the prince of posers. He was always wearing his heart on his sleeve, and parading his woes before the public, — describing himself as a man whose heart was withered, whose capacity for happiness was gone and could never be restored, and whose defiant spirit, alike insensible to fame and obloquy, heeded " nor keen reproof nor partial praise." It is ridiculous to imagine, says Macaulay, "that a man whose mind was really imbued with scorn of his fellow-creatures would have published three or four books every year in order to tell them so; or that a man who could say with truth that he neither sought sympathy nor needed it, would have admitted all Europe to hear his farewell to his wife, and his blessings on his child." So far was Byron from feeling the indifference he affected to the praise of his fellow-men, that he was childishly elated by the compliments paid to his maiden speech in the House of Lords.

An adequate account of the inconsistencies and contradictions of great men would fill volumes. Who is not familiar with the history of Seneca, who in his elegant pages "raises altars to Poverty," and denounces with burning indignation the corruption of Rome and the extortion in the provinces, yet amassed by extortion and usury a fortune of fifteen million dollars; who wrote a work on clemency, yet had a large part of Nero's atrocities upon his conscience? With what admiration we read of the noble and philosophical Cato, who, before putting an end to his life, spent some time in meditating with Plato on the immortality of the soul; yet what a shock we feel, when we learn that just before doing this he gave his attendant a blow on the mouth, because he had removed his sword from fear that his master was about to do himself harm! The effect upon our minds is like that we experience when we read that the accomplished and bewitching

Queen of Egypt, who captivated Julius Cæsar and Mark Antony by her charms, flew, even in the presence of Octavius, at one of her slaves and tore his face with her nails. One of the greatest geniuses the world has ever known was Leonardo da Vinci. Nature showered upon him a multitude of the choicest gifts in her storehouse, yet enviously withheld others which she bestows upon common men. Destitute, apparently, of patriotism and of political sense, as well as of independence of spirit, he was throughout his life a virtual slave. Lacking thrift, and the means of support which it gives, he was compelled to place his magnificent gifts at the disposal of others, — first, of Lodovico Sforza of Milan, next of the infamous Cæsar Borgia, and lastly of Louis XII. of France, the enemy of his country. Rousseau was a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions. One day he would declare his certainty that God exists of himself; a few days after, he would say: "Frankly, I confess that neither the *pro* nor the *con* [on the existence of God] appears to me demonstrated." He wrote against dramatic performances, and composed several operas; invoked parental care for infancy, and sent his own children to a foundling hospital; confessed a hundred acts of baseness, yet vaunted himself as a paragon of men. At one time he apostasized for the sake of gain, that he might live on the bounty of his friends; at another, too proud to receive any one's bounty, he condemned himself to copy music at six sous a page. Of Dean Swift it has been said that, intellectually and morally, physically and religiously, he was a mass of contradictions. Suffering all his life from disease, he was yet capable of great endurance, and lived to a good age, though he spoke but twice during his last three years. Though he hated Ireland, where he died "like a poisoned rat in a hole," he defended the rights of "the scoundrel isle" when his courage might have cost him his head. Economical and saving to the last degree, he yet was liberal to the poor and indigent; begrudging the food and wine consumed by a guest, he never took any pay for his writings, and bequeathed all his fortune to a charitable institution. Maintaining Steele by his influence in an office of which the Government was about to deprive him, he soon after by his pen caused him to be expelled from the House of Commons; ambitious to be a bishop, he wrote a work which effectually prevented his rising to dignity in the very Church which his book sought to exalt. Laying the foundations of fortune for upward of forty families, who rose to distinction by a word from his lips, he could not advance himself in England a single inch.

Like Swift, the poet Young aspired to a bishopric, which, with a malicious ingenuity that must have keenly irritated him, was refused by the minister on the ground of the devotion to retirement so often expressed in his works. Through nearly all his life he was an inveterate place-hunter, and, to secure preferment, veered with the wind and trimmed his sail to every breeze; yet he never got anything save the appointment of chaplain to George II., and clerk of the closet to the princess-dowager. When appointed to the chaplaincy, he withdrew his play of the "Brothers," then in rehearsal at a London theatre, and suddenly professed a profound aversion for the stage; yet afterward returned to it again. After having spent his best days in toadying and place-hunting, he passed his old age in satirizing the pursuits in which he had failed, and the dignities to which he could not attain. Few persons could write more admirably on politeness than Dr. Johnson; yet if opposed in discussion, the prompt and blunt "You lie, sir!" "You don't understand the question, sir!" were his favorite modes of silencing an adversary. Dr. Parr states that he was once disputing with Johnson about the liberty of the press. "While he was arguing," says Parr, "I observed that he stamped. Upon this, I stamped. Dr. Johnson said: 'Why do you stamp, Dr. Parr?' I replied: 'Sir, because you stamped; and I was resolved not to give you the advantage even of a stamp in that argument.'" More inconsistent, if possible, than Swift, Young, or Johnson, was Robert Southey. It is doubtful if any other human being of equal eminence ever held during his life so many contradictory opinions as the author of "Kehama." A freethinker and a Unitarian; an orthodox believer and a heterodox Churchman; a socialist and a republican; an opponent of Catholic rights and a stickler for the rights of conscience, — he branded Byron as chief of the Satanic school, yet wrote his own "Vision of Judgment," which in irreverent handling of Heaven's mysteries out-Byrons Byron. Declaring in his "Life of Cowper" that the author of the "Task" is the most popular poet of his generation, he asserts in a letter that Cowper's popularity is owing to his piety, not to his poetry, and that his piety is craziness. Groaning continually over the popular ignorance, he was eternally denouncing the London University and mechanics' institutes.

Colton, the author of "Lacon," was a desperate gambler, and ran deeply in debt for diamonds, jewels, and rare wines. Preferring suicide to the endurance of a painful surgical operation, he in 1832 blew out his brains at Fontainebleau; and this was the act of the man who, in his sententious book, had published this aphorism: "The gamester, if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss, and by the act of suicide renounces earth to forfeit heaven!" In Napoleon Bonaparte we find a strange assemblage of opposite qualities, such as few ancient or modern despots exhibit. Possessing the keenest and coldest of intellects and the most inflexible of iron wills, he was yet at times as capricious as a woman and as fretful as a child. At one time organizing and executing with the utmost wisdom and energy stupendous and complicated schemes, he falls at another time into blunders which the most commonplace intellect might have avoided. Full ordinarily of coolness and self-possession in moments of imminent peril, he sometimes in such crises relapses into an unaccountable *ennui*. When the Allies, before the battle of Leipsic, were gathering around him in their utmost strength, he was wavering and uncertain in his purposes, and reluctant to decide on a retreat. An eye-witness relates that he saw him seated on a sofa beside a table on which lay his charts, totally unemployed, unless in scribbling mechanically large letters on a sheet of white paper, — and that at a time when, to use his own words, "nothing but a thunderbolt could have saved him."

The weaknesses of great men which we have thus far noticed are comparatively venial; but what shall we say of the absolute lack of truthfulness and of principle which some celebrated men have exhibited? Pythagoras, the influence of whose teaching endured in Greece for six centuries, has been called "a demi-god in his ends, and an impostor in his means." He persuaded his followers that he had a golden thigh, and that, agreeably to his doctrine of the transmigration of souls, his soul had animated the body of Æthalides, and in the Trojan war that of Euphorbus. He even, in the temple of Juno at Argos, pointed to the shield which, as Euphorbus, he had borne in battle. The Rev. Whitwell Elwin, one of the latest and ablest biographers and editors of Pope, has shown that he was even a worse liar and hypocrite than he was before supposed to be; and Mr. Lee shows the author of "Robinson Crusoe" bowing in the house of Rimmon, and rivalling as a political turncoat the most unprincipled politicians of our own times. Mr. Minto, in his still later Life of De Foe, comes reluctantly to the conclusion that "he was a great, a truly great liar, perhaps the greatest liar that ever lived." Of Sir Richard Steele, who wrote such admirable moral essays in the "Spectator," it has been said that his life was spent in sinning and repenting; in inculcating what was right, and in doing what was wrong. "In speculation," says Macaulay, "he was a man of piety and honor; in practice he was much of the rake, and a little of the swindler." He would write a treatise against drinking, and leave it unfinished while he got drunk with a friend at an ale-house, or slept in an armchair with two empty bottles beside him. Swift said of him that he was the worst company in the world till he had a bottle of wine in his head. "Do Steele a good turn," said the Dean, "and he is your enemy for ever." It is well known that he lampooned the minister who had made him "gazetteer" and raised his salary from £60 to £300 a year. When Steele was once reproached by Mr. Whiston for having given in the House of Commons some votes contrary to his formerly professed opinions, he coolly replied: "Mr. Whiston, you can walk on foot, but I cannot." A coach had become to Steele so indispensable, that rather than do without it he would abandon some of his most cherished principles and expose himself to the most odious imputations. It is hard to believe that Dr. Paley, notwithstanding the "expediency" doctrine of his "Moral Philosophy," could have advocated, in his coarsely provincial dialect, the use of "braibery and corrooption;" but so he appears to have done at the Hyson Club, a liberal association at Cambridge. "Why," said he, when challenged for his reasons, "no one is so mad as to wish to be governed by force, and no one is such a fool as to expect to be governed by virtue; so what remains, tell me, but 'braibery and corrooption'?" Paley was, on principle, slow to pay debts. "Never pay mooney," he used to say, "till you can't help it; soomething may happen." On the other hand, he always made his wife and daughters pay ready cash. "It's of no use," he used to say with a patient shrug, "to desire the women to buy only what they want; they will always imagine they want what they wish to buy; but that paying ready mooney is such a check upon their imagination!" When Paley rose in the Church he set up a carriage, and by his wife's directions his arms were painted on the panels. They were copied from the engraving on a silver cup which Mrs. Paley supposed to be the bearings of his family. Her husband thought it a pity to undeceive her; but the truth was that he had purchased the cup at a sale.

One of the most deplorable weaknesses of a great man which biography reveals, was the *liaison* of Lord Nelson with the wife of Sir William Hamilton. The slave of an overpowering infatuation, he seems never for a moment to have believed himself culpable, though in January, 1801, Lady Hamilton gave birth to a daughter who was named Horatia, and whose father was Lord Nelson. The delinquencies of Coleridge — his addiction to opium, his ingratitude to his friends, and neglect of his parental and conjugal obligations — are well known. A giant in intellect, he was a moral dwarf. Engaged to dine with an acquaintance, he stayed at home; engaged to deliver a lecture on the Decline of the Roman Empire, for tickets to which he had received the money, he sat smoking in his room, oblivious of both audience and subject; engaged to furnish Cottle with "copy," he never had it ready in time, — in short, in the ordinary affairs of life he was a man of infinite promises, and of infinitesimally small performance. Few persons have had more intense and violent prejudices. One of his antipathies was an insuperable aversion to *la grande nation*, which he never cared to conceal. "I hate," he used to say, "the hollowness of French principles; I hate the hostility of the French people to revealed religion; I hate the artificiality of French cooking; I hate the acidity of French wines; I hate the flimsiness of the French language, — my very organs of speech are so anti-Gallican that they refuse to pronounce intelligibly their insipid tongue." In justification of his invectives against the hollowness and immorality of the French character, especially that of the women, he told Julian Charles Young, the actor, an anecdote of the duplicity of Madame de Staël. As he was sitting one day with that lady in London, her man-servant entered the room and asked if she would receive Lady Davey. Raising her eyebrows and shrugging her shoulders, she seemed to shudder with nausea as she replied: "Ah, ma foi! oh, mon cher ami, ayez pitié de moi! Mais quoi faire? Cette vilaine femme! comme je la déteste! Elle est, vraiment, insupportable!" Yet on the entry of the "vilaine femme" Madame de Staël flung her arms around her, kissed her on both cheeks, pressed her to her bosom, and told her that she was more than enchanted to behold her. Who, in reading the story of Napoleon's campaigns, has not been thrilled by the accounts given of the fiery and heroic courage, always most stubborn in the most desperate circumstances, of Marshal Ney? Yet in the degree that we have admired his matchless valor must we be pained to learn that he who, after having had five horses shot under him at Waterloo, led the last desperate charge of the Guard with unflinching intrepidity, had previously taken an oath to support Louis XVIII., and sworn to that monarch that he would drag Napoleon to him in an iron cage.

A story is told of Berryer which shows a contempt for truth that is almost incredible in the statesman and advocate who dared to defend Ney at his trial, and to oppose the *coup d'état* of 1852. It is said that, when a young man, with fame and fortune yet to win, he was at a loss whether to range himself on the side of the Church and King, or for the principles of '89. Unable, after much inward debate, to decide between the arguments for atheism and republicanism on the one hand, and those for religion and legitimism on the other, he gave up the task in disgust, and decided the course of his life in a strange and unparalleled way. He took a louis-d'or from his pocket and tossed it up, saying: "Heads, king; tail, republic." Heads it proved; and from that moment Berryer became the sworn champion of legitimism, which he supported to his dying day. The immorality of Berryer's decision was hardly greater than that of the advice said to have been given by Keble to Arnold when the latter was troubled with doubts concerning the doctrine of the Trinity. Keble counselled his friend to take a living, and preach incessantly to his parishioners the doctrine in which he only half believed, by way of strengthening his own faith. Keble's faith was so unquestioning that he probably could not conceive of another's doubt as sincere and well-founded.

Meanness, avarice, and penuriousness have been too often associated with genius and fame. It has been said of Lord Bacon that in him the intellect of a Solomon was yoked to the spirit of a slave and the conscience of a housemaid. Where, indeed, shall we find elsewhere a genius so lofty, so insatiable a thirst for knowledge, and so honorable a desire for peaceful and studious retirement, united to an ambition so servile and a baseness so repulsive? That the same hand that wrote the "Novum Organum" could commit to paper some of the most fawning adulation that biography records; that he who had received such favors from Essex could, as queen's counsel, not only show no reluctance in exposing his friend's guilt, but even go out of his way to prove it blacker than it actually was; that he who had professed to disapprove of torturing prisoners, should in the case of the mad parson, Peachem, have urged the use of the rack; that he who told Raleigh when he applied for pardon for an old offence which had never been clearly proved, that he was virtually pardoned already, could afterward, when Spain cried for vengeance, lead the way in recommending that Raleigh should, without any new trial, be at once beheaded for that crime, because "nothing short of an express pardon could purge the penalties of treason," — all this seems too outrageous for belief. Painful as is the story of Bacon, it is hardly less so to think of the avarice and meanness united with the splendid genius of Rembrandt, — the feet of clay with the head of fine gold. But the anecdotes related in illustration of these qualities are too well attested to admit of doubt. A burgomaster of his acquaintance having chanced one day to remark that the painter's works would treble in value after his death, Rembrandt caught at the idea, and, returning home, directed his wife and son to give out, first that he was dangerously sick, and soon after that he was dead. The trick succeeded; and when a sale was held of Rembrandt's paintings, as advertised by his widow, crowds flocked to the auction, and the most trivial sketches realized an enormous sum. The painter was in ecstasies at his success, and in due time came to life again; but his countrymen would never employ him after his resurrection. Another trick of his was placing the word "Venetiis" at the bottom of several of his engravings, to cheat his countrymen into the belief that he was about to settle in Italy, — a delusion which would materially raise the price of his productions. Of the avarice and penuriousness of the great Duke of Marlborough, now acting history in minutes, and now dirtying his hands by peculation in army contracts, there are, unhappily, too many proofs. Macaulay has said truly that "his splendid qualities were mingled with alloy of the most sordid kind." On one occasion, having left off the winner of sixpence after an evening at piquet, he insisted with troublesome importunity that his friend Dean Jones should get change for a guinea in order to pay him, on the ground that he wanted his sixpence for "a chair to take him home." He carried his point, got the sixpence, and — walked home. A beggar once asked an alms of Lord Peterborough, and called him by mistake "My Lord Marlborough." "I am not Lord Marlborough," replied the Earl; "and to prove it to you, here is a guinea." Handel was so miserly that at the very time when he was receiving fifty pounds a night from the opera, he was frequently known to wear a shirt a month to save the expense of washing. The depth of meanness to which a great man can sometimes descend, was never more vividly shown than by the Emperor Napoleon when he left in his will five thousand francs to the miscreant who shot at Wellington in Paris.

The want of practical talent in great men is a fact of common occurrence. Lord Bacon, Addison, Cowper, Swift, Dante, Machiavelli, Corneille, were all striking examples of men who were giants in the closet, but children in the world. Napoleon complained of La Place, that, as Minister of the Interior, he was always searching after subtleties, and that he carried the spirit of the infinitesimal calculus into the management of business. Adam Smith, who taught the nations economy, could not manage the economy of his own house. Choked with books and absorbed in abstractions, he was feeble and inefficient in active life, — incapable of acting on his own conclusions. Goldsmith was so reckless in his expenditures that, though he received large sums for his writings, he had always his daily bread to earn. An incident told by Cottle in his Life of Coleridge strikingly illustrates the ignorance and helplessness which men of genius often betray regarding the simplest matters of practical life. Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Cottle had been travelling together in a private carriage, and the last undertook, at an inn, to remove the harness from the horse, but could not get off the collar. Wordsworth then essayed to do the same thing; but after exhausting his ingenuity, abandoned the task as impracticable. Next Coleridge tried his hand; and after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation, gave up the effort in despair, declaring that the horse's head must have grown since the collar was put on. At that moment a servant girl came running to them; and exclaiming, "La, master, you don't go about the work in the right way!" turned the collar upside down and slipped it off in a moment, to the great astonishment and humiliation of the three luminaries, who were each convinced afresh that there were heights of knowledge to which they had not yet attained. The unhappy Keats, according to the painter Haydon, owed his ruin to his lack of decision and force of will, "without which," as Haydon says truly, "genius is a curse. Fiery, impetuous, and ungovernable, he expected the world to bow at once to his talents as his friends had done; and he had no patience to bear the natural irritation of envy at the undoubted proof he gave of strength." Of Leigh Hunt's lack of practicality, and especially his ignorance of the comparative value of money, a number of amusing anecdotes are told. On one occasion he professed his inability to pay a debt of three shillings and sixpence because he had but half-crowns and shillings in his pocket. At another time, having arrived in a cab at a friend's, he praised the cabman as "a fine fellow, that!" saying in explanation that the "cabby" had agreed, as he was returning "empty" from Hammersmith, to take him (Leigh Hunt) for half fare (the whole fare being three shillings). "I told him to drive on. . . . When I asked him his fare, he left it to my honor. You know nothing could be fairer than that, so I said I was sorry to say that I had only two half-sovereigns in my pocket, — would one of them do? I could give him that, and if not enough, he could call at so-and-so, or I could borrow it from you. 'Oh! that would do,' he said; 'he would not trouble you.' He took it, thanked me; . . . but now he has driven away so suddenly, as you opened the door, that I hardly know what to think."

The unpractical character of men of genius is vividly shown, not only in their daily conduct, but in their pursuits, and in the political, ethical, and theological doctrines they have advocated. Among the questions that engaged the attention of the old grammarians were such as these: What name did Achilles bear when wearing a woman's dress? What was the usual subject of the song of the Sirens? Nicanor is said to have written six volumes on a dot, the grammatical full-stop. Messala wrote a dissertation on the letter S, and Martin Vogel wrote another on the German B. Sir Thomas More, in his "Utopia," recommends the entire abolition of property; that rewards should be offered for assassination, as a mode of warfare; and that persons laboring under incurable diseases should be encouraged to commit suicide. The ridiculous scheme of government which, under the sounding name of "The Grand Model," the famous philosopher John Locke devised at the close of the seventeenth century for the government of the Carolinas, is well known to readers of history. With its orders of nobility (landgraves and caciques), its formidable bureaucracy, with officers and titles enough for a populous kingdom of the Old World, and its seigniories, baronies, and manors, this system was the most complicated, fanciful, and impracticable ever contrived by the wit of man, and in a few years was abandoned before it was put into full operation.

That greatness of intellect is no guarantee against superstition is evident from many conspicuous examples to the contrary. Cæsar, "the pale epileptic," who disbelieved in the gods, never stepped into a carriage without first uttering a magical formula as a preservative against accident. Augustus, who at a banquet openly scoffed at the gods, dreaded misfortune through the entire day if, on rising in the morning, he had chanced to put the left shoe on the right foot. He would never begin a journey on the *nundinæ,* nor undertake anything important on the *nonas.* Lord Bacon and Sir Thomas Browne fully believed in witchcraft. Henry IV., according to Sully, was very uneasy on account of some prophecy made before his assassination. Richelieu was governed by his astrologer. Wallenstein consulted the stars. Hobbes, the deist, was a devout believer in ghosts and spiritual existences. John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, when he was doubtful on any resolution, used to try drawing lots, and called the result "the answer of God," — a superstition hardly less foolish than those of sortilege and ordeal in the Dark Ages. Many celebrated men have manifested a predilection for certain days of the year, as auspicious to them. Charles V. was especially fond of the festival of St. Matthias (February twenty-fourth), and sanctified it beyond all other days because on that day he was elected Emperor, on that day crowned, and on that day, by his lieutenants, he took Francis I. prisoner; he was also born on that day, and on the same day abdicated the throne. Louis XIII. had a predilection for "the unlucky day," Friday, on which he had always been victorious in battle, and engaged in enterprises that were uniformly successful. Napoleon had a favorite day, — the twentieth of March. Bismarck is superstitious about Friday, and about sitting with twelve others at table. Some of the most eminent composers of music and actors have had very curious superstitions, of which a German newspaper records the following: Tietjens believed that the person would speedily die who shook hands with her over the threshold at parting; Rachel and Mars thought they won their greatest success immediately after meeting a funeral; Bellini would not permit a new work to be brought out if on the day announced he was first greeted by a man, and "La Sonnambula" was thus postponed several times; Meyerbeer regularly washed his hands before beginning an overture; and a living noted *tragediénne* never plays unless she has a white mouse in her bosom.

The last infirmity of great men that we shall notice is insanity, — a mixture of which, Aristotle affirms, is to be found in every great genius. Men of genius are usually men in whom some one faculty, or set of faculties, of the mind are inordinately developed; and all such are peculiarly liable to morbid affections of the mind. As Dryden says, —

> "Great wits to madness nearly are allied,
> And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

Lucretius was supposed to be insane when he composed his great poem "De Rerum Natura;" and Sophocles was acquitted of insanity only on reciting his "Œdipus at Colonus." Pascal, the precocious mathematician and brilliant polemic, tells us that "l'extrême esprit est voisin de l'extrême folie;" and Pascal himself is said to have been haunted by the fear of a gulf yawning just in front of him, which sometimes became so overpowering that he had to be fastened to a chain to keep him from leaping forward. Zimmermann, who wrote in praise of solitude, was hypochondriacal, and so were Johnson and Scott. Swift and Rousseau were insane; Cowper tried to hang himself, and suffered from intense religious remorse; Saint-Simon in a fit of despondency fired a pistol at his head, by which he lost an eye; Lord Byron suffered often from excessive exaltation of sentiment; Portugal's greatest poet, Camoëns, died of insanity; Victor Hugo, according to high medical authority, was tainted with the same disease, which afflicted his uncle, one of his brothers, and a daughter; and the world-renowned author of "Don Quixote," who "laughed Spain's chivalry away," died mad in a hospital at Madrid.

THE GREATNESS OF LONDON.

THE growth of London, even in this age of great cities, is one of the marvels of the nineteenth century. The Great Metropolis, which Guizot once described as "a province covered with houses," has ceased to be a metropolis only, — it has become a kingdom. When, in 1871, we first visited "the modern Babylon," the population of what is called Inner, or Registration, London was 3,284,260. Ten years later the aggregate of men, women, and children within the same district had swelled to 3,814,471, showing an increase of over 530,000, — a number not far from the population of Liverpool or Chicago. In 1880 the inhabitants of Greater London — that is, the Metropolitan District — numbered 4,790,000; to-day it must be considerably more than five million souls. In other words, the population of the British metropolis is more than half that of Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland united; is three times that of Greece; is a million larger than that of Scotland; equals that of nine Chicagos; and is almost as great as that of the State of New York, with the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Albany, Rochester, Syracuse, Buffalo, etc., included. In the six hundred and ninety square miles that lie within a range of fifteen miles of Charing Cross, more people are crowded together than are to be found in all the Queen's dominions in North America. If the great bell of St. Paul's were swung to the full pitch of its tocsin sound, more ears would hear it than could hear the loudest roar of Vesuvius or Etna. Stand in the ball above the dome of that great edifice, and you will gaze upon a panorama of life and industry such as you can gaze upon from no other point on the globe. As all roads led to Rome, so they now lead to London, and the vibrations of life and progress here quiver and tremble from every continent and great island on the globe.

All impulses to trading activity, all outgoings of enterprise and energy that build up markets in the most distant parts of the earth, make their effects visible and palpable in the metropolis. Like a heart to which blood flows, and from which it pours, money, goods, business arrive thither from the four quarters of the globe, and flow thence to distant poles. No sound of war or peace, no convulsion in state or kingdom, but mingles its echoes with the roar of London. No great bankruptcy or embezzlement, no robbery or assassination, but speeds on lightning wings to this great focus of intelligence. No disaster by fire or flood, by earthquake or landslide, but sobs its story here. No ship goes down in Atlantic or Pacific tempest, in near or distant seas, but the moaning winds whisper of it in this ear of the world. The tick of the clock at the antipodes is audible here, and if a storm blow along the Himalayas it instantly disturbs the London barometer. The population of London comprises more than one hundred thousand foreigners, and more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Jews than all Palestine. Every four minutes a birth takes place in the metropolis, and every six minutes a death. London is not merely the largest and most rapidly spreading city in the world, but it exceeds in opulence and luxury, and probably, too, in chronic destitution and misery, every other city; and every year its wealth and wretchedness increase upon a scale to which history affords no parallel. The area already covered by the mighty town, which adds another big town to its mass each succeeding year, is about 450,000 square acres; and it contains 700,000 houses, of which 26,170 were built in 1881. During the last thirty years whole districts, large as cities, have arisen, as by the wand of an enchanter. In that time the length of the streets has been increased by over fifteen hundred miles, of which eighty-six miles were constructed in 1881. London stands in four counties, and is striding on to a fifth. In its march it has swallowed up hundreds of suburban villages, and it threatens to engulf many more. In one direction it has devoured Bow, Blackwall, and Stratford, and licks its lips for Ilford and Barking; in another it has nearly reached Hammersmith, and menaces Chiswick and Turnham Green. Hampstead and Highgate are almost overtaken by it on the north, and on the south its antennæ nearly touch Dulwich and Balham.

"When a man is tired of London," said Dr. Johnson to Boswell, "he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford." Charles Lamb used to shed tears in the motley and crowded Strand from fulness of joy at the sight of so much life. In contemplating this "tuberosity of civilization" (as Carlyle terms the modern Babylon), now more than twice the size of Paris, who can realize that it was once confined to the hill above the Walbrook; that an estuary filled what is now St. James's Park; and that Camberwell and Peckham, if on dry ground at all, were on the margin of a vast shallow lake, interspersed with marshes and dotted with islets? Yet we are told by Mr. Loftie, in his recent History of London, that there was a prehistoric time when elephants roamed on the banks of the Thames, when Westminster was a haunt of stags, and when the men who slew them slew them with weapons of stone.

It is said that there are more churches and chapels in London than in all Italy. London has nearly thirteen thousand policemen, twelve thousand cabmen, and twelve thousand post-office employés. It has over six hundred railway-stations, and it is said that nearly fifteen hundred passenger-trains pass Clapham Junction daily. The London Omnibus Company have over six hundred omnibuses, which carry more than fifty-six millions of passengers a year, and the Underground Railway transports fifty millions more. In 1881, 157,886 foot-passengers and 21,460 vehicles passed in one day over London Bridge alone. No fewer than eight hundred thousand business men enter the City in the morning, and leave it in the evening for suburban residences. London has eighty-five thousand paupers to relieve, besides the insane; and for their relief it has a thousand and one charitable societies, whose income in 1881 was £4,453,000 sterling, or upwards of twenty-two and a quarter millions of dollars, — a sum greater than the whole revenue of Sweden, double that of Denmark, and treble that of Switzerland. During the same year the increase of this income was itself £331,356. Of these societies ninety-two home and foreign missions receive £1,481,600; eighty-nine hospitals receive £528,277; one hundred and twelve dispensaries and nursing institutions receive £102,489; and one hundred and sixty-two pensions for the aged receive £431,770. Half a million sterling is consumed by ninety-three institutions for general relief, and eleven for food and money gifts; and a million and a half more is divided among ninety-four voluntary homes, fifty-four orphanages, twenty protective societies, sixty-nine reformatories, a hundred and one educational charities, and thirty-five social improvement homes. Of this prodigious charity revenue, it is said (we know not with how much truth) that a large portion is spent in red-tape. There are six hundred and thirteen pawnbrokers in London, with whom from thirty to forty millions of pledges are deposited annually. It is estimated by an able writer in the "Quarterly Review" for January, 1883, that each of three hundred thousand families in London is constrained by dire necessity to resort to the pawnbroker one hundred times in the course of every year.

London consumes forty thousand tons of coal every winter's day in its domestic fireplaces alone; it consumes thirteen million dollars' worth of gas every year; and the water-supply is over one hundred million of gallons a day. One hundred and thirty thousand tons of fish are required by London every year; it consumes six hundred thousand quarts of milk every day, or two hundred and nineteen million quarts a year, at an expense of four and a half million pounds per annum; and to distribute this milk in small quantities over the enormous area of the metropolis five thousand persons are required (without counting managers, clerks, shopmen, and shopwomen), assisted by more than fifteen hundred horses and mules. It has been estimated that if the fronts of all the beershops and gin-palaces in London were placed in a row they would stretch from Charing Cross to Chichester, — a distance of sixty-two miles; and, again, it was estimated twenty-five years ago that if all the ale, beer, and porter drunk during a year in London were put in barrels, and these barrels were piled up in Hyde Park, they would form a thousand columns, not less than a mile in perpendicular height.

Thirty-four hundred persons were maimed and otherwise injured, and two hundred and fifty-two persons were run over and killed in the streets in 1881, — being three times as many killed, and ten times as many wounded, as it cost to storm Arabi's position at Tel-el-Kebir, and a greater number, omitting the employés of the roads, than the annual total of the killed and injured on all the railways of Great Britain. Twenty-two thousand felonies are committed, on an average, every year in London, and the acts of house-breaking and burglaries amount to fourteen hundred and thirty-one. One hundred and seventy-seven persons mysteriously disappeared in 1881; seven hundred attempted suicide; 27,228 were apprehended for drunkenness and disorderly conduct; and three thousand persons were arrested for beggary, and having no visible means of support.

The Cook tourist who "does" other cities in two or three days, finds himself appalled by the stupendous magnitude of London. Adequately to see Paris, Berlin, Vienna, or any other great Continental capital, demands much time, patience, and strength; but to acquaint oneself with that colossal emporium of men, wealth, arts, and intellectual power, — the world's capital, — which covers an area of so many square miles, on the banks of the Thames, one needs the feet of a centipede, the eyes of Argus, a brain with four lobes, the will of a Cromwell, and "the final perseverance of the saints." London is infinitely vaster and more complex in its development than any other city on the globe. It is the visible embodiment in brick and stone of the country as a whole, and is not so much a city as a congeries of cities, an aggregation of towns, of ever-changing hue. In this harlequin town you will find streets extending for miles in length, and streets hardly a hundred feet long; streets with houses built after the same pattern, and streets with hardly two houses alike; streets crossing each other at all angles, streets ending with a park, and streets ending with a wall; streets running under lofty arches, and streets running over viaducts of granite and iron; streets narrowing, widening, and crooking in their course; here lined with magnificent edifices, and there with the abodes of poverty and vice; streets paved with granite, streets paved with asphaltum, and streets paved with wood. From every street diverge innumerable alleys, lanes, byways, short-cuts, and arched passages, some straight and some oblique, leading to courts, squares, markets, churches, schools, colleges, or to other streets again. Railroads greet you everywhere, with trains thundering over the houses, trains crossing stone bridges, and trains rumbling underground. At every point of the compass you see lofty church-spires, monuments towering in the sky, and tall chimneys of innumerable factories pouring out columns of smoke that hang like a gloomy pall over the town. Go to the river-bank, and you will see both sides of the Thames lined with huge buildings crowded with merchandise from every clime; you will see a thousand acres of docks stretching far inland, in which six thousand ships are lying every day in the year from all quarters of the globe, — docks, one of which alone is said to employ three thousand men in loading and unloading the vessels in the basin, — where one hundred million tons of produce have been stored at a time, and of which the West India alone are capable of holding one hundred and eighty thousand tons of goods. You will see there all the types of humanity, and hear all the principal languages spoken under the sun; you will see the blue-eyed Norwegian elbowing the sandy-haired Scotchman, and the Milesian the bronzed African; the yellow Chinese, with his small, almond-shaped eyes, sallow skin, and long pig-tail, jostling the hatchet-faced, raw-boned Yankee; the Russian, the German, the Malay rushing about knocking against one another and exchanging jests, — perhaps oaths and fisticuffs. You will see on the Thames innumerable passenger-steamers shooting under the arches of the dozen magnificent bridges, and steamships, ships, brigs, barques, schooners, war-vessels, barges, propellers, tugs, scows, mud-boats, dredging-machines, canal-boats, and floating hospitals and prisons, sailing about or lying at anchor on the eternally vexed stream. Gorgeous shops, mammoth hotels, galleries of paintings, museums crammed with priceless treasures, libraries with millions of volumes, countless theatres, palaces and houses decorated with exquisite taste, gambling-hells, churches cheek-by-jowl with gin-palaces and other haunts of vice, gardens, clubs, restaurants, chop-houses, coffee-houses, markets, lecture-rooms in gloomy alleys, great banks, bookstores, and publishing-houses in narrow lanes, great schools behind grimy brick walls, tenement-houses where women in fireless rooms make collars for five cents a dozen, or a gross of match-boxes for five cents. These are some of the individuals that make up the great aggregate of this monster town, which has no parallel in ancient or modern times.

In no other city in the world does a stranger, left to himself for the first time in the streets, especially at night, experience such a sense of desertion and loneliness as in this vast metropolis. De Quincey, writing half a century ago, when London had swollen to only one third its present size, vividly describes the feeling with which a man finds himself a poor shivering unit in this great aggregate of humanity, but one wave in a total Atlantic, one plant (and a parasitic plant besides, needing alien props) in an American forest. "No loneliness," he observes, "can be like that which weighs upon the heart in the centre of faces never ending, without voice or utterance for him; eyes innumerable, that have no speculation in their orbs which he can understand; and hurrying figures of men and women weaving to and fro, with no apparent purpose intelligible to a stranger, seeming like a mass of maniacs, or, oftentimes, like a pageant of phantoms. The great length of the streets in many quarters of London; the continual opening of transient glimpses into other vistas equally far stretching, going off at right angles to the one which you are traversing; and the murky atmosphere, which, settling upon the remoter end of every long avenue, wraps its termination in gloom and uncertainty, — all these are circumstances aiding that sense of vastness and illimitable proportions which forever broods over the aspect of London in its interior."

It is a consequence of the vast size of London that there can be no intimacy, no unity of interest, among its different parts. It has been said that Ezekiel might be preaching in Smithfield, or Camberwell be swallowed up by an earthquake, and the people of St. John's Wood know nothing of it till they saw it announced in the newspapers next morning. Corporate life in London, such as we see in other even great cities, is an impossibility; for a hundred years, or since the Gordon riots, it has never, except perhaps lately, been agitated simultaneously in all its parts.

The great curse of "the modern Babylon" is its smoke and fog, which are becoming every year more and more intolerable, poisoning the physical system of the citizens to such a degree that it is said that a Londoner may be known in any corner of the world where he may die, if his lungs be examined, their color is so sooty. During the fogs of 1879–80 asthma increased 220 per cent, and bronchitis 331 per cent; and in the week ending Feb. 13, 1882, the dense fogs sent up the death-rate from 27.1 in the previous week to 35.3. Yet, strange to say, thanks to its scores of parks, London, in which, in the reign of George II., the deaths exceeded the births by nearly eleven thousand a year, is now, with its mortality of only twenty-one in a thousand, one of the healthiest cities on the globe. These parks, which are the lungs of the great metropolis, are probably larger and more numerous than in any other great city in the world. Some of them are the greens of the villages which the giant city has devoured in its progress; but the great majority, and especially the more extensive ones, are the gift of the Crown. What other great towns in England have owed to the munificence of rich citizens or to the self-imposed taxation of the people, London has owed to the wise liberality of the English kings, whose ancestors luckily, through love of sport, had provided themselves with ample parks for that purpose, close by the palaces in or near London. Of what inestimable value these parks, given up by the Crown or bought out of imperial funds, and maintained by annual votes of Parliament, are to the metropolis, may be judged by the fact that they comprise, altogether, nearly six thousand acres, and that their maintenance costs the public about £100,000 a year.

THE LONDON PULPIT.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

THE first preacher whom most Americans, when visiting London, go to hear, is probably Archdeacon Farrar. As a writer, he not only enjoys a transatlantic reputation, but has probably more readers in the United States than in England. His literary fecundity is extraordinary, even in this age of many-tomed writers. During the last ten years he has produced six octavo volumes, of six hundred pages each, upon the New Testament alone. Besides his "Life of Christ," which gave him an almost world-wide fame, his "Life and Work of Saint Paul" and his "Beginnings of Christianity," each of which works represents a vast amount of research, thought, and literary toil, and which most clergymen might proudly point to as the fruit of a life's leisure hours, Archdeacon Farrar has written a course of Hulsean Lectures on the "Witness of History to Christ," and a bulky volume on "Eschatology;" three brilliant and learned linguistic works, namely, "The Origin of Language," "Chapters on Language," and "Families of Speech," all distinguished by acuteness, vigor, and independence of thought, and showing rare gifts of exposition and illustration; many volumes of sermons; two school-books, "Greek Grammar Rules" and "Greek Syntax;" and a considerable number of miscellaneous works. All this he has done before reaching his tenth lustrum, besides preaching two sermons every Sunday for some years, contributing to magazines and reviews, and delivering many lectures and addresses. His "Life of Christ," which first made him known to the world in general, is the fruit of far more care than any previous work on the subject. Before venturing on his task he found it necessary to visit Palestine in person; and it was not till he had himself trodden the streets of Jerusalem, walked on the Mount of Olives, visited Bethlehem, stood by Jacob's Well, and wandered in the valley of Nazareth, along the shores of the Sea of Galilee and the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, that he attempted to describe the memorable places of the New Testament. The vivid and graphic pictures which make the charm of the book would have been impossible of execution, if he had not seen with his own eyes the cities and villages which are marked by the footsteps of the Son of God.

To the stranger who, attracted by Dr. Farrar's fame, goes to hear him for the first time, his personal appearance is apt to be disappointing. There are scores of men in London pulpits who have more intellectual faces and a grander presence, with hardly a moiety of his genius. He is a man of medium stature, with a bald head, a pale, scholarly face, and a quiet dignity of manner which is indicative of conscious strength. When he begins speaking, his voice, which, though not powerful, easily fills the house, is somewhat husky; but the defect soon wears away, his articulation becomes clear and distinct, and as he warms with the discussion of his theme, there is a passionate earnestness in his action and tones that rouses and holds spellbound every hearer. This earnestness, this burning enthusiasm, which springs from deep convictions, is, indeed, one of the most salient features of his character. It would be hard to name a preacher or author whose individuality is more prominent in all his utterances. Even in his critical and theological writings, when treating of the origin of language, or different theories of inspiration, and kindred topics, he cannot confine himself to the aridities of a mere scholastic discussion, but infuses his own personality, with the heat that accompanies it, into every page and paragraph. Whether satirizing "the squabbling Judaism" of the past, or "the newspaper theology" of to-day; "the lie which claims to be a shibboleth of the elect," or "the superstitious adoration of the letters and vocables of Scripture as though they were the articulate vocables and immediate autograph of God," — he is always impetuous and outspoken, and stamps upon all he says the impress of intense conviction.

The chief faults in his delivery are his mannerism and monotone, and his habits of clutching the gas-fixture of the pulpit with one hand, while he gesticulates with the other, and of nervously twitching from time to time at the left sleeve of his surplice. He has some peculiarities of pronunciation, too, which startle an American hearer. He accents the second syllable of "doctrinal," pronounces *knowledge* "knōwledge," and the last syllable of *evil* as if it were spelled "ville." One of the most striking characteristics of his sermons is the affluence of illustrations with which they are enforced and adorned, — illustrations often of the most felicitous kind, and drawn from the most out-of-the-way nooks and corners of science, history, biography, and literature. The driest and most hackneyed themes, which, under ordinary handling, would put an audience to sleep, are thus made to teem with interest. One of the most eloquent and fascinating discourses we have heard from his lips was delivered at St. Andrew's Church, London, in November, 1886, in behalf of the parochial schools of the English Church. Though devoted mainly to the threadbare theme of education, the sermon was full of freshness, and sparkled with pertinent and striking illustrations drawn from all the realms of literature. Though he had preached twice before during the day, — at St. Margaret's and in Westminster Abbey, — yet there was not the faintest visible symptom of weariness in his manner, and his voice rose, like his thought, in a crescendo of eloquence from beginning to close. Five years before, we had heard him discourse on the same theme, with little less earnestness and power; yet there was no repetition in the present appeal of the ideas and illustrations of the former, but a new and fresh presentation of the theme.

The following passage from one of his sermons, on Failure and Success, is a fair illustration of his pulpit style: " No true work since the world began was ever wasted; no true life since the world began has ever failed. Oh! understand those two perverted words, ' failure ' and ' success,' and measure them by the eternal, not by the earthly standard. What the world has regarded as the bitterest failure has often been in the sight of Heaven the most magnificent success. When the cap, painted with devils, was placed on the brows of John Huss, and he sank dying amid the embers of the flame, was that a failure? When Saint Francis Xavier died, cold and lonely, on the bleak and desolate shore of a heathen land, was that a failure? When the frail, worn body of the Apostle of the Gentiles was dragged by a hook from the arena, and the white sand scattered over the crimson life-blood of the victim whom the dense amphitheatre despised as some obscure and nameless Jew, was that a failure? And when, after thirty obscure, toilsome, unrecorded years in the shop of the village carpenter, One came forth to be pre-eminently the Man of Sorrows, to wander from city to city in homeless labors, and to expire in lonely agony upon the shameful cross, was that a failure? Nay, my brethren, it was the life, it was the death, of him who lived that we might follow in his steps, — it was the life, it was the death, of the Son of God."

Archdeacon Paley once said of some one that he knew nothing against him *but* that he was a popular preacher. It is useless to deny that this is a fault (if fault it is) of Archdeacon Farrar. The announcement that he is to preach in Westminster Abbey is sure to attract a dense throng of persons, who fill the seats long before the clock has chimed the hour of service. His theological books, too, have enjoyed a popularity almost without a parallel in the history of such publications, even in this age of enormous book-sales. The "Life of Christ," which took the reading public by storm, went through twenty-four editions in England in two years; and it is now in the twenty-ninth of its original and costly library form, while two other popular editions have appeared. The sales of the American editions have also been very large. The "Life and Work of Saint Paul," issued in 1879, is already in its nineteenth thousand, besides appearing as a popular serial. The "Early Days of Christianity," which was published in 1882, had reached its eighth thousand by Christmas, and continues to find numerous purchasers both in England and America.

Like every brilliant preacher and writer, the author of these works has his detractors. One charge brought against both his preaching and writing is that his style is florid, — an epithet which is sure to be applied by writers, who are conscious of their own lack of imagination and fancy, to every speaker or writer who invests his theme with the graces they cannot command. There is a popular notion, too, that a man who is a master of rhetoric, who is eloquent and persuasive, cannot be a solid thinker. Archdeacon Farrar, his critics say, has a certain many-colored prismatic brilliancy, but he lacks the severe concentration of the white and pure light of theology which enables us to see things as they are. His showy gilding dazzles the popular eye, but will not stand the acid test for gold. While he has the historic imagination which conjures up past events with readiness, and the power of vivid and picturesque expression, he lacks the calmness and sobriety which are necessary in critical argument and exegetical analysis, is too pugnacious in the expression of his opinions, and leaps too easily and confidently to his conclusions. He paints vividly, but his lights are too strong and his shadows too black. "He is redundant in language, profuse in illustration, and provokingly obscure in allusion. He dogmatizes upon topics concerning which no positive opinion can be given, and he hesitates and vacillates where he should be positive and decided. He criticises with great warmth an interpretation of a passage of Scripture, and then offers a solution hardly distinguishable from that which he has censured." Again, it is urged that the themes on which he has written amidst his multifarious employments are so various — embracing history, archæology, philology, metaphysics, theology, ethics, the authenticity and date of the New Testament Scriptures, with a critical and exegetical exposition of their meaning — that depth and exactness are rendered impossible. Who can believe that one who has written so much, especially in the last twelve years, can have thought profoundly or reasoned logically? When Canon Farrar published his "Life of Christ," a cynical critic in the "Spectâtor" described it as "by a special correspondent of the London 'Daily Telegraph.'"

To all this the Archdeacon might reply, with De Maistre: "You cannot have my style without my faults. Would you have fire that does not burn, or water that does not wet?" The virtues and vices of the Archdeacon's style have a common root, and it would be difficult to eradicate the one without eradicating the other. The stream of rhetoric which leaps and sparkles in his pages springs from no affectation or ambition of fine writing, but flows spontaneously and irrepressibly from his pen. It is true that he adapts his style to the taste of the age, and does not condense his ideas like the old divines. The massive architecture and cathedral style of Hooker, and that congestion of the brain which one suspects in Barrow and Taylor, he doubtless thinks are out of place in our time. They demand a pre-railway age leisure; and when a man leaves off, he is apt to feel like the boa-constrictor after he had swallowed the Witney blanket. Often where a preacher has such a faculty of illustration, there is very little to illustrate; there is a very small army of ideas, but a most valorous noise of drums. But such is not the case with Archdeacon Farrar's books and sermons, which abound in thought, and would be remarkable productions even without the similes and metaphors, which are not purely stylistic ornaments, mere combatants on a rhetorical parade, but carry weapons and help to win the battle. Those who regard the bulk of his writings as an argument against their accuracy, should remember how wondrously doing increases the capacity of doing, and that Archdeacon Farrar is a prodigious worker, always at white heat, and does more in an hour than the half-earnest man in a day.

We have spoken of Archdeacon Farrar's linguistic works. Those persons who judge from their subjects that these books are cold, dry, metaphysical discussions, devoid of all animation and sparkle of style, will find on a perusal that the very opposite is the fact. The author cannot write even on scientific themes without poetizing them. For example, in his "Chapters on Language," speaking of the manifold forms which words may assume, which yet are all directly inspired by the imitative principle, he cites the names for "thunder" in Gaelic, Bohemian, Albanian, Wallachian, and other languages, and asks:—

> "Who does not see the imitative instinct here at work? Yet the results are as different as the individual impressions, which even differ in the same person with the mood in which they find him at any particular time. . . . What the eye sees and the ear hears depends in no small measure on the brain and the heart. The hieroglyphics of Nature, like the inscriptions on the swords of Vathek, vary with every eye that glances on them; her voices, like the voice of Helen to the ambushed Greeks, take not one tone of their own, but the tone that each hearer loves best to hear."

It is difficult to say to what wing of the Anglican Church the subject of this sketch belongs; for some years he appears to have been inclining more and more to that party known as the Broad Church. He evidently abhors party names, strife, and jangling. Nothing is more marked in his discourses than the spirit of charity and toleration with which they are saturated. He refuses to believe that any school of thinkers has a monopoly of truth. The diversified aspects under which the Gospel presents itself to differently constituted minds, he thinks, only illustrate its matchless excellence, by manifesting its adaptation to every class of intellect and temperament, and its consequent superiority to the narrow, one-sided systems of fallible men. Archdeacon Farrar therefore champions the right of Christians outside the pale of his Church to differ in doctrine from his brethren as stoutly as Sydney Smith, who tells us that he once preached at Bristol a sermon so intolerably tolerant that "the aldermen could hardly keep the turtle on their stomachs." Even for the Jews the Archdeacon has a word of sympathy. What if their ancestors were guilty of "the greatest crime in history," the crucifixion of the Son of God: must the sins of the fathers therefore be visited forever upon the children? The Jews of to-day would be the last to defend the conduct of Pilate, or those whose frightful howl, "Crucify him!" ran through the hall of the Roman tribunal. They are no more responsible for the persecutions of the early Christians than are modern Christians for the long and fierce persecutions to which the Jews in past ages were subjected.

Archdeacon Farrar preaches at St. Margaret's Church, close by Westminster Abbey, — the church of the House of Commons, whose walls once echoed the voices of Calamy, Baxter, Lightfoot, and other famous Puritan divines. It was here that Case dared censure Cromwell to his face, and afterward to tell General Monk that "there were some who would betray three kingdoms for filthy lucre;" and then, to make certain whom he meant, threw his handkerchief into the pew where Monk sat. It was a minister of this church who was sharply reproved by George III. for his fulsome flattery of that king in a sermon, his Majesty telling the preacher that "he came to the church to hear God praised, not himself." On a stained-glass window, presented to the church by Americans, in memory of Sir Walter Raleigh, whose body lies under the chancel floor, is this verse by James Russell Lowell: —

> "The New World's sons, from England's breast we drew
> Such milk as bids remember whence we came;
> Proud of her past, from which our present grew,
> This window we inscribe with Raleigh's name."

A brief history of the Archdeacon's life will show how rapid has been his rise to different degrees of distinction. The Rev. Frederic William Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., was born in the Fort, Bombay, Aug. 7, 1831, and is the son of the late Rev. C. R. Farrar, rector of Sidcup, Kent. He was educated at King William's College, in the Isle of Man, and at King's College, London. In 1850 he became a classical exhibitioner of the London University, graduated B.A., and was appointed a University scholar in 1852. He next went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1854 took his Bachelor's degree there as fourth in the class of the Classical Tripos, and a junior optime in mathematics. While at Trinity he won three prizes, — the Chancellor's prize for English verse, the Le Bas classical prize, and the Norrisian prize. In 1854 he was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Salisbury, and three years later was admitted to priest's orders by the Bishop of Ely.

In 1872 he was made B.D., and in 1873 D.D. For several years he was an assistant-master at Harrow, and in 1871 became head-master of Marlborough College, where he remained till April, 1876, when he was appointed to a canonry in Westminster Abbey and made rector of St. Margaret's, vacated by the death of Canon Conway. In 1868 he was appointed Select Preacher before the University of Cambridge, and again in 1874–75; and in 1870 he delivered the Hulsean Lectures. For eighteen years he has been chaplain to the Queen, — during the first four years as honorary chaplain, and since as chaplain in ordinary. In 1883 he was made archdeacon.

CANON LIDDON.

An American who has been accustomed to hear the great representative preachers of his own country in the largest cities is surprised to learn that, with a few exceptions, the ablest and most eloquent divines of England are not to be found in the pulpits of the great metropolis. Within a few years there has been a decided decline in the pulpit oratory of London. Thomson, Alford, Goulburn, and Boyd have been lost by cathedral or Church elevation; Magee, the most eloquent of Episcopal preachers, has for many years been Bishop of Peterborough; R. W. Dale, the ablest and most scholarly of the Congregational preachers, is at Birmingham; Mr. Maclaren, the most thoughtful and polished of all the Baptist preachers, is at Manchester; and Dr. Martineau, the most powerful champion of Unitarianism, occupied, till shortly before he ceased preaching, a pulpit in Liverpool.

But though London has not these great preachers, she has a few others who have no superiors; and among the hundreds who discourse from her Anglican pulpits — nay, among the twenty thousand divines of the English Church — there are few whom men throng in such crowds to hear as they do to listen to Canon Liddon when he is announced to speak at St. Paul's. Long before the bells have tolled the hour of service, every chair and bench whence one can see and distinctly hear the preacher is taken. It was on Sunday afternoon, the 8th day of April, 1883, at the cathedral, that we heard him last. The assembly, which was closely packed, was made up of well-dressed men and women, chiefly of the middle classes, including a considerable number of young men, and not a few whose white ties and black coats marked them as clergymen. At four o'clock the procession of surpliced choristers and clergy passed up the aisle into the choir to the soft, sweet notes of the organ, the procession being closed by the Bishop of London and the preacher for the occasion, both wearing the resplendent red-silk hood that denotes the doctor's degree. The chanting and singing were exceedingly beautiful, — approaching near to perfection, it seemed to us; and in both the congregation heartily joined. This service lasts about forty-five minutes, after which, with a quiet, rapid step, the preacher ascends the pulpit. Burying his face in his hands, he utters a prayer so low and indistinct that you begin to fear that, though he may be a great theologian and a profound and subtle thinker, he may lack the physical qualities of an eloquent preacher. As he raises his head and faces the audience and announces his text, "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day" (Rev. i. 10), you see little in his face or "bodily presence" to justify the hush of expectation, the indefinable thrill of emotion, that seems to pervade the dense throng of hearers. He is apparently a man of about fifty-six years of age, of middle stature, with short gray hair, a pale, smooth-shaven face, and — what are perhaps his most marked physiognomical traits — keen eyes and a firmly compressed mouth. There is something monastic in his appearance, and one of his admirers has noted a resemblance in his face to that of Saint Augustine in Ary Scheffer's noted picture of that saint and Monica.

On the whole, Canon Liddon looks like a man of somewhat severe, not to say ascetic, temperament, who takes no optimistic views of life, but broods often and thoughtfully upon its stern realities. His delivery tends to deepen this impression. He has a clear, penetrating, though not deep or powerful voice, articulates with great distinctness, and from the beginning to the end of his discourse speaks with an intensity and earnestness of manner that imply the strongest and most deeply rooted convictions. This uniform high pressure of his delivery is the leading characteristic of his oratory. He is one of the few men in whom careful culture has not repressed earnestness; and no sooner has he announced his text than he begins at once to throw his whole nature — body, mind, and soul — into the delivery of his sermon, and, like an express train, which never stops at intermediate stations, or even to wood and water, but goes on devouring space at forty miles an hour till it has reached its destination, he hardly slackens till he has uttered the last sentence of his discourse, and pronounces the ascription. The only pauses, and those barely perceptible, are when, after having clinched some argument, or summarized some analysis with keen, remorseless logic, he passes to another branch of his subject; or when, toward the close, he exchanges logic for rhetoric, — the closed fist for the open palm, — and strives by a practical application of his reasonings to pierce or rouse the heart. Though it is very exhausting, and you see the perspiration streaming down his face, there are many advantages in this rapid utterance when it is clear and distinct. "I never in my life," says a thoughtful writer, "knew a good talker who was not also a rapid one. A drawling, listless enunciation is sure, by an unfailing sympathy, to affect the understanding and general faculties after its own kind." The same remark is true, in a large degree, of public speaking, — especially when it is extemporaneous. A brisk, nervous utterance stirs the spirit from laziness into excitement; it raises a gentle, genial glow over the whole nervous system. A succession of brisk, decisive sentences, freely delivered, will often kindle the mind into a luminous heat, like so many blasts from a pair of bellows.

Though Canon Liddon preaches from manuscript, he is so familiar with it that it imposes no shackles on his oratory. Indeed, one might almost fancy his discourses to be extemporaneous, did not the affluence of learning, the depth of thought, and especially the condensation, pungency, and extreme finish of the style, utterly forbid such a supposition. Both the substance and the form of the discourse show it to have been hammered again and again on the anvil, till every sentence has been forged into a bolt. The late Archbishop Whately used to distinguish two classes of authors (and the same is true of speakers), — the writers of sapient commonplaces, like Mason on "Self-Knowledge," at whom he only nodded his head; and writers of original and vigorous thought, like John Foster, at whom he rubbed the back of his ear. In the one case he could run and read; the thought was limpid, and he had only to run with the stream. In the other case the torrent was swift, and his self-respect compelled him to pause, and not be swept down by its resistless swirl. There can be no doubt to which of these classes Canon Liddon belongs. Few popular preachers exact more mental effort on the part of the hearer. It has been justly said that the mind is in extreme tension as one tries to follow the course of the reasoning through those terse, glittering, incisive sentences, which follow each other so keenly and swiftly, like the steps of a mathematical demonstration. It is not strange that occasionally, as he enters upon a subtle analysis, a look of perplexity or a shade of weariness steals over some faces, and that others betray the feelings of persons who are out of their depth. Yet there is no parade of learning, no scholastic lore, in his discourses. The solid ingots of scholarship are beaten out by him, and wrought into current coin for men and women who have leisure for results only, and not for processes; and but a few moments pass before the same faces are lighted up again as, in words of rare felicity and with passionate earnestness, he gives expression to some of the deepest aspirations of our nature, or exposes some shallow sophistry of the day.

It is well known that almost every public speaker has some marked fault of manner which mars the effect of his elocution. One man uses his hands as if he had claws, pawing with them; another buttons his coat up to the chin and folds his arms over his chest, *à la* Pitt; another has a trick of rising on tiptoe, as if he were accustomed to address his audiences over a wall; and another paces the platform to and fro, like a tiger in a cage. Canon Liddon is no exception to this rule. With all his great excellences, he has one habit which detracts not a little from the interest of his discourses: it is a practice of throwing his body backward and forward, so that his head describes a segment of a circle, like the masts of a yacht at anchor in a rough sea, — which is at times so odd, not to say grotesque, as to divert attention even from the enchaining oratory. We must add, however, that there has been a signal improvement in this matter since we first heard him in 1871, when we sometimes almost feared he would turn a back somerset. Another thing that mars his oratory is that, being short-sighted, he often stoops to consult the Bible or his notes, and yet goes on speaking all the while, as he does when he bows at the name of Christ; the result of which bowing of the head is that his words fall on the pulpit-cushion and are deadened, so that to persons at a distance there seem to be frequent stops and gaps in the sermon.

The effects of Canon Liddon's oratory are due to its intrinsic excellences, and in no degree to the "presence" or personal magnetism of the speaker. Nonconformists, who differ from him in doctrine and ceremonial, hang upon his lips with as much interest as Churchmen. His eloquence is of a severe, not of a meretricious, type. It is the farthest possible in its qualities from that of the fanatic who is carried away by enthusiasm on one lone subject. It is the eloquence, so rare at all times, of the man of letters who is at the same time a keen observer of men and events, — of the man who has consumed much midnight oil in his study, and who knows that he has to address intelligent and even critical congregations, and therefore weighs as in a hair-balance every word he is to utter. The eagerness with which men listen to him disproves the notion that habits of intense and profound thought are necessarily fatal to eloquence; it disproves, too, the notion that men are impatient of long sermons, and only yawn after they have listened for twenty or, at most, thirty minutes. No doubt one shudders when he thinks of the ponderous, elephantine discourses to which our forefathers listened for hours at a stretch; yet even in busy, mammon-worshipping London, men and women have sat patiently in a close, sultry atmosphere for three hours together to listen to a sermon by Canon Liddon, which itself was an hour and three quarters in length. The celebrated Dr. Binney, himself an eloquent Nonconformist preacher, states that in 1868 he heard Canon Liddon for an hour and twenty minutes with unabating interest. The sermon to which we listened lasted just an hour. It was the most lucid and masterly discourse on "The Lord's Day" — the meaning of that phrase, the principles recognized in the observance of the day, the distinction between that day and the Sabbath, and the proper mode of observing the day — to which we have ever listened.

Speaking of the objection sometimes made to the consecration of a section of time, that in a true Christian life "all time is already consecrated," he said: —

> "The answer is, that the larger obligation of love is not ignored because the smaller obligation of duty is insisted on. In human life, being what it is, it is easy to do nothing by undertaking to do everything. . . . The case is exactly parallel to the case of prayer. . . . The life of a good Christian is, no doubt, a continuous prayer. The spirit of prayer penetrates it and hallows it; each duty is entwined with acts of the soul which raise it up above this earthly scene to the throne and to the presence of Christ. But for all that, in Christian lives stated times of prayer, private as well as public,

are practically necessary, if prayer is to be at all maintained. And yet the morning and evening prayers of a Christian are perfectly consistent with his recognizing the apostolic and divine ideal that prayer should be incessant in a Christian's life; and in like manner the especial consecration of one day in seven does not by any means involve and imply rejection of the claim of our Lord Jesus Christ on a Christian's whole time. It is like those small payments known to the English law, which do not profess to give an exact equivalent for that which they represent, but only technically to acknowledge the existence of a much larger claim; it implies that all our time belongs to God, although in our weakness he graciously accepts a prescribed instalment or a section of it."

In another part of the discourse Canon Liddon showed that abstinence from labor on one day in seven is not inconsistent with a recognition of the dignity and claims of labor, but, on the contrary, protects labor, — arrests an excessive expenditure of strength, and is enacted, therefore, in the interests of labor itself.

"Especially is this the case in a time like our own, when men live and work at high pressure, when capital demands quick returns for outlay, when competition is keen, and the place of a man who faints for a moment at his post is at once occupied by a stronger rival who stands watching his opportunity hard by."

In closing his discourse the preacher says of Sundays spent in an atmosphere of worship: —

"Sundays such as this are to human life like shafts in a long tunnel, — they admit at regular intervals light and air; and though we pass them all too soon, their helpful influence does not vanish with the day: it furnishes us with strength and light for the duties which await us, and makes it easier for us to follow loyally the road which God's loving providence may have traced for each one of us on toward our eternal home."

These passages give but a faint idea of the excellence of the sermon on "The Lord's Day." Canon Liddon's merit as a preacher does not lie in splendid passages, — in pointed, epigrammatic remarks, or magnificent bursts of eloquence, — but in the sustained excellence and the effect of his discourses as a whole. Unlike Archdeacon Farrar, he deals little in flowers of rhetoric. His oratory is of the kind which Aristotle has happily termed the "agonistical," or wrestling, kind. His thoughts cut a deep logical channel through his subject, instead of sparkling over it and around it with the grace of a playful fancy, or striking sparks out of it by the shock of a strong imagination. If the style of Archdeacon Farrar sometimes reminds one of a painted window, which both transmits the light of day tinged with a thousand varied hues, and diverts attention from its proper use to the pomp and splendor of the artist's work, that of Canon Liddon is a perfectly transparent medium that transmits light without suggesting a thought about the medium itself. Every sentence marks the man who is intent upon serious business, whose sole anxiety is to convey his meaning with the utmost possible precision and energy to the minds of his hearers.

Canon Liddon has no sympathy with the so-called "advanced thinkers" in theology. He belongs to a religious party which looks backward rather than forward for its inspiration to effort. He is, in fact, a Catholic Anglican, identified heart and soul with the sacramental doctrine of both the Eastern and the Western Churches, and who even now would look upon reunion with the great communions of the East as the only adequate presage of the victory of Christ's kingdom over human evil. It is said that he would make the Church of England as famous for the splendor of her ceremonial as for the learning, piety, and zeal of her clergy. He would exalt the holiest service of the Church, which has long been regarded as an act of adoring thanksgiving, into an act of sacrifice. Believing that by some mysterious process the actual body and blood of Christ are partaken of at the celebration of the Communion feast, he would invest the rite with all the outward magnificence that can be devised, with all the inward awe the heart can be induced to feel. But though to a certain extent a reactionist, Canon Liddon is not a recluse. He studies men as well as books; is fully abreast with the latest thought of the age, both in theology and science; and is quick to discern the signs of the times. No other divine has more clearly perceived where lies the brunt of the theological battle of the day, or combated with more force and fiery earnestness the dreary materialism of its scientific thought. It is perhaps one of the chief secrets of his power that he has so completely mastered the objections of modern scepticism, and acquainted himself with the subtle spirit of the age and the hindrances to faith peculiar to our time. In his Bampton Lectures and other publications almost every theological or ethical problem that has agitated Europe is fearlessly stated and discussed, whether connected with the names of Rousseau or Renan, Hegel or Schleiermacher, Spencer or Mill.

In conclusion, in view of his great and varied mental gifts and accomplishments, we may pronounce Canon Liddon, if not, as Dean Stanley once declared, the greatest preacher of the age, yet certainly, in the words of another, "the brightest and fullest-orbed mind in the English Church."

JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

There are some persons who regard it as the highest encomium on a clergyman to say that he is "a safe preacher." By "a safe preacher" is meant one who travels by easy stages on the old, orthodox turnpike roads, who never vexes his brains with queries about new or improved ones, but jogs on at a comfortable pace, now and then looking out of the coach window to see that all is right, and then dropping to sleep again. To Christians who love to be "at ease in Zion," such preachers are very acceptable. They never startle the ears of the hearer by original and daring thoughts or novel interpretations of Scripture; they never violate a canon of taste in their sermons, — never tell a story, use a vulgar illustration, or provoke a smile; and after listening to them once, he feels that he can doze in his pew without danger. On the other hand, it must be confessed that they never prick a conscience, never frighten a sinner, never edify a saint, never pull down a stone of the devil's strongholds, never save a soul. Such preaching promotes church unity; the hearers are never tormented with theological doubts, or at loggerheads about the soundness of the doctrine. They had such a preacher once in the city of Rouen. A French priest, speaking of the excitement produced there by Bourdaloue's preaching, when the merchants and mechanics, the lawyers and doctors, left their shops and offices and thronged the church, added: "But when I went there to preach, *I put all things right again;* not a man of them left his business."

It is no exaggeration to say of Dr. Joseph Parker that whatever other faults he may have, he is at the opposite pole from such a clerical icicle as this. Go on any Sunday to the City Temple, and you will find his hearers listening with eager interest to his words. Nowhere, as you cast your eye about the crowded congregation, will you see a person who has the air of one who is brooding over business problems, planning a corner in stocks, building air-castles, or criticising a neighbor's dress. All are intent upon hearing the preacher, and give him their undivided attention.

Of Dr. Parker's history we know but little. Nearly twenty years ago, we think, he began preaching in the town of Banbury. He next settled in Manchester, and from that city went in 1869 to London, where he preached in the Poultry Chapel. When this building had to be pulled down, the society built, at an expense of £60,000, the present spacious edifice in Holborn, near the Viaduct. The City Temple, in which Dr. Parker has since preached, is one of the most attractive and agreeable churches in the metropolis. There are galleries running all around the interior, and the pews are arranged with a view to comfort as well as to economy. Back of the handsome pulpit — which was given by the Corporation — is a large and beautiful organ, which is so constructed as to show a circular painted window behind it, the effect of which is at once unique and striking. There are half-a-dozen other painted windows in the building, two of which are representations of the Sower, and the Pharisee and the Publican praying in the Temple. Though the City Temple will probably seat from two thousand to two thousand five hundred persons, it is almost sure to be filled, and in fine weather crowded. Great courtesy is shown to strangers by the ushers, who hardly let one wait a minute before escorting him to a seat. Connected with the church are a large and flourishing Sunday-school and a Colportage Association; and in the winter courses of excellent lectures are given in the church to working-men.

Of all the London preachers we have heard, Dr. Parker is the one about whom we find it most difficult to form a satisfactory opinion. He is to us a psychological puzzle. The oftener we heard him, and the more we studied his physiognomy, the more were we at a loss how to estimate or classify him. Hearing him at first with some prejudice, owing partly to his pompous letter to Dr. Lorimer some years ago, we found our prejudice gradually disappearing under the effects of his preaching; and yet, after listening to him a third and a fourth time, we found our original feelings returning. In spite of every effort to think the contrary, we found it hard to get rid of the impression that the preacher was theatrical in his manner, studying at times to startle, surprise, and attract admiration, rather than to convict and persuade his hearers of the great truths he expounded and illustrated. Dr. Parker is a massive man, and has the look of a physical, if not of an intellectual, athlete. His brawny, though somewhat coarse, physical organism suggests great powers of endurance, and explains his ability to preach three sermons a week (one on Thursday noon), besides editing the "Christian Chronicle." He has a high, broad forehead, which owes its appearance of breadth in part, perhaps, to his habit of brushing his hair back over his head. His voice, which is like the roll of thunder, is worthy of his bovine frame, and fills easily every part of the house. It is not a musical voice, but one of great power, and drives his sentiments home in the hearer's mind with a kind of sledge-hammer force. The very mass of the man helps to make his words impressive.

Dr. Parker fully recognizes the importance of elocution; he knows perfectly well that the crying want of the pulpit to-day is not profound scholarship, hair-splitting metaphysic subtlety, or the moral aroma of character, but oratorical skill and power. He knows what weight and pathos may be communicated by sonorous depth and melodious cadences to the most trivial sentiments, while, on the other hand, the grandest may be emasculated by a delivery which fails to distribute the lights and shadows of a proper intonation. But there is one lesson, the very first lesson in the elocutionary art, which he apparently has yet to learn; it is self-forgetfulness. He has certain tricks of manner which betray a self-consciousness that is fatal to deep impression. There is an air of self-satisfaction in his attitude and delivery which greatly detracts from the effectiveness of his speaking. He has a trick of rising on tiptoe and coming down on his heels when he wishes to be emphatic; a practice of shouting in a series of staccato tones, and then suddenly lowering his voice to a whisper; a habit of thumping the Bible with clenched fist or open palm; and above all, a habit of smacking his lips and smiling when, apparently, he thinks he has said a good thing, — all of which would be comparatively pardonable on the platform, but are positively offensive in the pulpit. The last peculiarity detracts especially from the excellence of his preaching. One may smile when he sees the preacher fold his gown about him and gesticulate with his left arm, or when he makes the long pause between the end of his prayer and the "Amen," which is pronounced in a *basso profundo* tone; but the peculiar look and tone — the smirk — by which he shows his appreciation of the smart things that have dropped from his lips, and of which, by a sort of seignorial right, he grants himself the first enjoyment, is an unmistakable token of vulgarity.

While noting these defects in Dr. Parker's preaching, we are happy to say that it is free from the greatest of all faults, — dulness. If he sometimes offends the taste of a sensitive hearer, he never wearies him. Having announced his text, he wastes no time upon preliminaries, but attacks his subject at once. He grapples with it as did Nelson with the French ships, casting out his grappling-irons and boarding instanter. Few preachers know so well when to close a sermon. He rarely preaches for over half an hour; when he has driven the nail home and clinched it, he stops. His discourses have another great merit, — that of originality. He can say with Horace, "Non aliena meo pressi pede." Montaigne, in one of his naïve essays, tells us that one day he was reading in a French book, when, after plodding over many pages of dull, flat, commonplace matter, he came suddenly to a piece that was lofty, rich, and elevated to the very clouds. "Now, had I found either the declivity easy, or the ascent more sloping," he says, "there had been some excuse; but it was so perpendicular a precipice, and so cut off from the rest of the work, that by the first words I found myself flying into the other world, and thence discovered the vale whence I came, — so deep and low that I have never since had the heart to descend into it any more." There are no such glaring inequalities as this in Dr. Parker's sermons. There is a uniformity, an individuality, an absence of purple patches in them, which show them to be the coinage of his own brain. They abound in shrewd observation and practical sense, with occasional touches of sarcasm and mother-wit; but give little evidence of scholarship or familiarity with history or literature. They have no flashes of genius, no pungent, suggestive sayings that condense the results of years of thought and observation, and stick like barbed arrows in the hearer's memory.

Dr. Parker appears to be fond of expository preaching, not, evidently, for the reason once assigned by another preacher for resorting to this method, — namely, that when he was "persecuted in one text, he could flee unto another," — but because ability in this kind of preaching is one of the Doctor's strong points. Though he is rarely epigrammatic, he is fond of intense expressions, — such as "The leonine Paul," "Paul had a strong grip on God," etc.; and in the reports of his sermons, to give increased emphasis to his observations, not a few words are printed with italics and capitals, as thus: "Having gathered the Church together, they 'rehearsed ALL.' But we want to hear the *detail.* The little word ALL is really the greatest word in human speech. In its letters the whole universe is included." This we should be inclined to call sensationalism, for we can conceive of no other motive for making so foolish a remark; but we remember that the Doctor, in a sermon on Acts xiv. 1–7, has rebuked sermon-critics, and told them that when they talk of "sensationalism" they are ignorant of its meaning. He says: —

> "If Christianity were among the Churches to-day, men, instead of criticizing sermons which they hear, would go out and preach sermons themselves; would borrow any chair or stand on any stone at the street corner, and if they could not preach the Gospel, they could at least *read* it. Fifty thousand men at the street-corners to-day reading with one voice the third chapter of John! — why, apostolic times would have come back again. That chapter needs no comment; it says, 'Read me, and let me do my own work.' Do not be frightened by the long word 'sensationalism.' People who use it do not know its meaning, and they only seek to

terrify you out of your new-born earnestness in the Christian cause. Nothing divides society like Christianity. Its voice is, 'Come out from among them, and be ye separate: the good to the right, the bad to the left.' It is a tremendous righteousness; it does not sit in silken slippers and in downy chairs, indulging itself with philosophical musings about nothing: it goes to roots and cores, to hearts and inmost lives, and there its law pierces like a sting, there its righteousness burns like an oven, there its gospel sings like an angel."

The following extract from one of Dr. Parker's sermons will give the reader a good idea of his style of thought and expression. Commenting upon the account in Acts xiv. 8–18, of the healing of the impotent man at Lystra, he says: —

"The very high priest of Jupiter was prepared to offer sacrifices unto the visitors. The oxen are in the streets, the garlands are at the gates, the knife is waiting that shall draw the blood from the oxen, and Paul and Barnabas, you shall be the gods of Lycaonia, and have what you ask for. Every life has its temptations, its forty days in the wilderness, its hand-to-hand fight with hell. Why did not Paul and Barnabas settle down upon this eulogium? They need not perform any other miracle; they had performed one, and on that one they may rest as long as they live; they could become the tyrants of the place, ordering and commanding what they please, and drawing to themselves the superstitious homage of minds wonder-struck and all-trusting. It was the devil's hour: if they get over that bridge, the apostles will be safe! They were over it! When Barnabas and Paul heard what was going on, 'they rent their clothes, and ran in among the people, crying out, and saying, Sirs, why do ye these things? We also are men of like passions with you.' Their self-knowledge was, humanly speaking, their salvation."

One of the most characteristic sermons of Dr. Parker that we have heard, exemplifying in a striking degree both his excellences and his faults as a preacher, is one entitled

"Tribulation Accepted," the text being Acts xiv. 19–28. We regret that we have not room for longer extracts:

> "Paul was but *once* stoned, and he never forgot it! Writing an account of his experiences, he puts into the summary of them this line: 'Once was I stoned.' No man can forget that experience. In former years those who were engaged in stoning Stephen lay down their clothes at a young man's feet whose name was *Saul*. The wheel of Providence turns round! There is no *resentment* in God, but there is *justice* at the very heart of things. They left Paul, 'supposing he had been dead.' That is a common mistake about Christianity itself. Many a time has Christianity been stoned and drawn out of the city and thrown into the ditch, 'supposed to be dead.' Paul recovered his consciousness. He was blinded and stunned, but not killed. So, to the joy of the little circle of weeping disciples, he got up and stood upon his feet, — a kind of resurrection before the time! Take it as a typical instance, and regard it as teaching the impossibility of killing *truth*. You may 'suppose it to be dead,' but the error is in the *supposition*. Whatever is true, rises again. It may be thrown down; it may be kept upon bread and water; it may be spat upon; it may be thrust through with a dart; over it all hell may have a moment's laugh, — but it finds its feet again!"

Dr. Parker quotes the statement in Acts that when Paul and his colleague had come back to Antioch, and "had gathered the church together, they rehearsed all that God had done with them, and how he had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles." The preacher then adds: —

> "Into no speech with which I am acquainted is so much meaning condensed. It is the penalty of speakers who have a condensed style that they do not get credit for all they say. There are minds that must have bulk as well as quality; minds that must have everything beaten out to the thinnest and widest possible surface before they can begin to think. They do not fly on the wind, or take two mountains at a time in their gigantic strides; they therefore say they cannot follow the writers who have written such a verse as

the twenty-seventh, which is now before us. Look at it. . . . 'They rehearsed all that God had done with them.' They connected the whole story with God. What! — the stoning? Yes. The statement does not read that, having called the church together, Paul put his hand upon his head, and said, 'Oh, what I have suffered for you!' Not a word of the kind is said. Stoning and hunger and peril and persecution, — these things *God* has done. It is because we do not recognize that fact, that we suppose ourselves to be the victims of circumstances and the butt of enemies. Get rid of that sophism. *God* sent the hunger to bite you. *God* spread the cloud in the face of the sun to shut you out in darkness. *God* allows your enemies to smite you on the head and on the face, and to malign you and misrepresent you. It is *God's* doing; it is part of the divine education. 'Can there be evil in the city, and the Lord not have done it?' Done it! not in the little narrow, technical sense of hand-working, but in the larger sense of working up together in one complete massiveness, — hells and devils, dangers and sorrows, into one sublime issue. 'He maketh the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder thereof will he restrain.' The Lord reigneth. The wet days are his, as well as the days that are full of summer light and summer music. And the graves are his, as well as the flowers which grow upon their greensward. And hell is his, and the key of it is on his girdle, and he will know what to do with it in the upgathering and total issue of his providence."

Dr. Parker's sermons are all published in his weekly newspaper, the "Christian Chronicle," for which, together with the principal prayer preceding the sermon, they are reported by Mrs. Parker. How a preacher with true delicacy of feeling, and with a just reverence for the sanctities of religious worship, can have his prayers taken down in short-hand and blazoned to the world in print, is to us a mystery. It is true Henry Ward Beecher has set the example; but this is only an illustration of Horace's aphorism, "Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile;" and we know of no clergyman, except Dr. Parker, who has imitated him in this procedure. If Dr. Parker's public prayers were like those of John Foster, which were called, by some of his jesting hearers, "John Foster's stand-up essays," we could see little objection to their publication; but the petitions of the preacher at the City Temple are obnoxious to no such sarcasm.

◆

REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A.

At the southwest corner of Oxford and Bloomsbury Streets, almost on the edge of St. Giles, stands a freshly painted chapel, destitute without and within of architectural beauty, which one would take to be a Methodist or other Nonconformist place of worship, — which last it indeed is, but not of any recognized Dissenting "denomination." It is here that the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, M.A., one of the most eminent preachers in London, has been listened to with unflagging interest for the last eleven years by a select and aristocratic, if not very large, congregation. Of all the preachers whom we heard in London during the winter of 1882–83, and again in the autumn of 1886, he, with Canons Liddon and Farrar, best stood the test of frequent hearings. As he stands in his Geneva gown (for which he exchanged the surplice before going into the pulpit) and announces his text, you feel that here is a man who must do honor to his calling, who is thoroughly in earnest, who has pondered all the great theological problems of the day, and attained to his present beliefs, not through heredity, but through many and perhaps fierce mental struggles. You feel, too, that he is one who has the courage of his convictions, and will not hesitate to speak his deepest and boldest thought, whatever may be its reception. There are few preachers in England who have a more commanding presence, a greater degree of blended dignity and attractiveness or of personal magnetism, than Mr. Brooke; few with so massive a head, eyes so earnest, and an expression so benignant and winning.

To analyze the effects Mr. Brooke produces, and explain their causes, is not an easy task. Whether it is the force and originality of his thoughts, the nobleness and spirituality of his sentiments, the intensity of his convictions, the aptness, vividness, and incisiveness of his language, or the extraordinary earnestness of his manner, or all these together, that rivet the attention of the hearer, it is hard to tell. In the impression produced by a sermon much is due to delivery, and Mr. Brooke has a unique kind of oratory which defies all attempts to describe it. His eloquence has no pyrotechnics, but consists in the earnest enunciation of pregnant truths, in the impassioned enforcement of sentiments that quicken the intellect and touch the heart. He seems to preach, not with deliberate effort, but because, like the prophet, he has "a word in the heart as a burning fire shut up in his bones, so that he is weary of forbearing, and cannot stay." As he gradually warms with his subject till it has engrossed his whole heart and soul, all your faculties are on the alert, and you are impatient of a cough that shall cause you to lose one of his glowing periods. At one moment you are roused to enthusiasm by some noble thought couched in noble language; at another you are melted to tenderness by some masterpiece of pathos; again you are fascinated by a glowing portraiture of some prophet or apostle of righteousness; and then you are wondering whether that indignant denouncer of the sensualist or the hypocrite, whose sarcasm is so scathing, can be the same man who, a few moments before, insisted that God would never rest until the entire human race should have found rest in Christ. When the discourse has closed, you feel yourself flooded and surcharged with spiritual life. Above all, you find yourself loathing and abhorring all selfishness and meanness, and resolved, God helping you, to trample all your spiritual foes under your feet.

Mr. Brooke is not a preacher for the masses of men. He would be as much out of place in Mr. Spurgeon's pulpit, even were his convictions the same as those of the Tabernacle preacher, as Mr. Spurgeon would be in his; but his sermons are admirably adapted to the peculiar, thoughtful class to which he ministers, among whom, in the gallery, modestly sits the celebrated Dr. James Martineau. Pycroft, in his "Twenty Years in the Church," tells of a country clergyman in England who, being asked whether he studied the Fathers, replied: "No, the *fathers* are generally at work in the fields; but I always study the *mothers*." Mr. Brooke shows by his preaching that he has studied both. Yet it is, no doubt, the literary charm of his sermons which attracts many to hear them. Less aphoristic than F. W. Robertson's, they abound, like his, in sentences that linger long in the reader's mind; and, like his also, their chief value lies in their substance rather than in their form, and especially in their thought-provoking qualities and the stimulus they give to feeble and halting wills.

Mr. Brooke was born in the county of Donegal, Ireland, in 1832. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1850, where he won honors as well as several prizes for poetic composition, and took his B.A. in 1855. During his college course he wrote for the "Dublin University Magazine," contributing, just as he attained to his majority, the following spirited sonnet, which shows that the youth was father of the man: —

"A lay of freedom! O ye slaves that now
Cramp the broad mind to fashion, form, and rite!
Sweep an unfettered hand across your brow;
Rise like a falcon to the living light;
Free the undying thought from licensed lies,
Till, like a river bursting from its ice,
And whirling error to its native night,
Brimming with freedom, through a golden land
It rolls, loud, bright, and broad, impetuously grand!"

During the year 1864–65 he was chaplain to the British embassy at Berlin, during which time he wrote the Life of the Rev. F. W. Robertson, — the most charming piece of biography published since Dean Stanley's Life of Dr. Arnold. Next he ministered for ten years at York Street Chapel, London, where the service was at first thinly attended, but soon drew crowds of intellectual and deeply interested hearers. In 1876 he began preaching at his present place of worship, the lease of which was presented to him by some friends. The advantage of his present position is its perfect independence, since no one can call him to account for supposed heresy. Mr. Brooke is said to be a connoisseur in art. He has written a primer of English Literature, which is a marvel of condensation, and full of delicately discriminative criticism. He has also published several volumes of sermons. At times he gives lectures in his chapel, some of the best of which may be found in his "Theology of the British Poets," a work in two volumes.

In appearance, Mr. Brooke, as we have said, is highly intellectual. The broad, expansive forehead, which the masses of iron-gray hair do not conceal, is one that would delight a phrenologist. With the exception of side-whiskers, he is beardless. His voice, which is at times tremulous with emotion, is musical, and his gestures are few, but appropriate and significant. With all his love for his calling, he has never sunk the man in the parson; and while he properly respects the "linen decencies" of life, he would not think it a sin to be seen without a white cravat. The pith of his preaching is that men and women are placed in this world, not to pursue their own pleasure, but to do God's will, to love, work, and suffer for others, even as Christ suffered, worked, and loved. He believes that revelation is not completed, but continuous, and full of life fitted for its age. He is fond of quoting these words of Christ: "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth." Mr. Brooke is passionately earnest for freedom in the Church. He utterly repudiates the charge of dishonesty which is brought against the Broad thinkers because they do not leave the Church. It is no shuffling and word-splitting, he protests, which enables Evangelical Anglicans and Broad Church persons of resolute and opposed opinions to submit to the Articles, and to be content to live with them as long as they last. Regarding "the impatient requisition of many" that these members of the English Church "should know their own mind, and state it clearly," he says: —

"I partly do not, and I partly do, sympathize with it. Every man who really cares for true views, and who has investigated truth with some precision, knows the difficulty of arriving at clear statements on any political or economical question, much more on any metaphysical or theological question, which will satisfy an accurate intellect. He who has followed the long labors of the mind of man for centuries on these topics, and marked its ceaseless changes, its infinite variety; he who has recognized the necessity of divers channels of religious opinion to enable different characters to come to God; he who has seen portions of truth at the root of many theories which he considered erroneous, and feared to denounce them too violently, lest he should lose the truth; he who has so constant a reverence for truth that he cannot bear hastily to formulate an opinion, until he has looked on every possible side of the question, — he will sympathize with those clergymen who shrink from defining clearly their theological views, and prefer to preach that spiritual life of Christ which they *know* to be right; he will not be impatient with those who do not define because they have a minute reverence for truth."

Mr. Brooke probably thinks, with Archdeacon Farrar, that the imperfection of language as a vehicle of religious truth is a positive blessing to mankind. In his admirable "Chapters on Language" the Archdeacon expresses the opinion that at no period in history was it more evident than now that the passions of men would be far more furious and uncontrollable than they are, if it were not possible to maintain a truce by the common acceptance of words and formulas which are fairly and honestly capable of expressing widely different forms of belief. "The gracious shadows, the beneficent imperfections of language, save us from being scorched up by a fulness of truth for which we are yet but ill-adapted."

In Mr. Brooke's discourses the thoughts are so inextricably woven together that it is difficult to exemplify his ability as a preacher by passages torn from their context. His merit does not lie in pointed apothegmatic sentences, the gold coins of the intellectual exchange, — though not a few of them are imbedded in his writings, — but in the focal power of his sermons. There is always in his discourses a leading idea, in developing which the earnestness of the preacher steadily increases, so that the emotional climax is always the logical climax, and the reasoning faculty blends its suffrage with the homage of the heart. One of the most impassioned sermons which we have heard him preach was delivered April 15, 1883, on Matthew v. 9. In this discourse he told his hearers that "each nation should work, not only for its special interests, or be jealous for its own honor, as duellists are jealous, but labor for the interests of other nations more than for its own, and be jealous of the just rights of other nations more than for its own; that nothing should even be done in the present by one nation for its own interests which may in the future put into jeopardy the freedom, the advance, or the individuality of another nation; that all that we call national prosperity and pre-eminence must be systematically subordinated — and this should be the foundation of all foreign politics — to the interest of the whole of mankind." In another sermon he tells his congregation, —

> "No time of seeming inactivity is laid upon you by God without a just reason. It is God calling upon you to do his business by ripening in quiet all your powers for some higher sphere of activity which is about to be opened to you. The eighteen years at Nazareth, what was their result? A few years of action, but of action concentrated, intense, infinite; not one word, not one deed, which did not tell, and which will not tell upon the universe forever."

The following is one of the happiest passages in Mr. Brooke's sermons: —

> "But we have fallen upon faithless times; and more than the mediæval who saw the glint of the angel's wings in the dazzling of the noon-day cloud, more even than the Greek who peopled his wood with deities, we see only in the cloud the storehouse of rain

to ripen our corn, and in the woods a cover for our pheasants. Those who see more have small cheerfulness in the sight; neither the nymphs nor the angels haunt the hills to us. We do not hear in the cool of the day the voice of God in the garden. We gaze with sorrow on a world inanimate, and see in it only the reflection of our own unquiet heart. There is scarcely a universal joyous description of Nature in our modern poets. There is scarcely a picture of our great landscape artist which is not tinged with the passion of sorrow or the passion of death. We bring to bear upon the world of Nature, not the spiritual eye, but a disintegrating and petty criticism. We do not let feeling have its way, but talk of harmonies of color and proportion, and hunt after mere surface beauty. We train the eye, and not the heart, and we become victims of the sensualism of the eye, which renders the imagination gross, and of an instability of the eye, which, unable to rest and contemplate, comprehends the soul of nothing which we see. It is our sick craving for the excitement, the superficiality of our worldly life, which we transfer to Nature. What wonder if Nature refuses to speak to us, and we ourselves are insensible to the wisdom, life, and spirit of the universe?"

In the following passage from a sermon on Matthew iv. 4 Mr. Brooke's skill in illustration is well exemplified:

"Those of you who have gone through the rooms of a great factory at night have seen a strange sight. All the wheels are still, all the various machinery at rest. The silence, which should be speech, weighs upon the heart. There is, you know, in everything you see, possibility of the quickest, most vivid work; but the driving power, the expansive force which sends its life through every wheel and spindle, is not there: in the inner room the engine sleeps. It is the picture of many a heart. As the man wanders through the chamber of his soul, he sees powers, passions, capabilities, interests, thoughts, aspirations, plans, — all the machinery for an active life of work, — before him; but all are silent, all motionless, all terrible and reproachful in the shadowy light. And he knows that he only needs an inner force of life, a driving impulse, a passionate faith in something, to set his whole being into vivid movement. But it is not there. In the innermost chamber there is no life. Set yourself free from the mere life of ease and comfort; gain a living impulse. Set in the centre of the soul a divine passion, a living force of love. Love God in man, and then every power of the soul connected with or driven by the mighty engine of the divine emotion of love of Christ in God, of Christ in Man, will whirl into life and movement, and manufacture produce for mankind. 'Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.'"

Mr. Brooke has recently severed his connection with the English Church. Some years ago he avowed himself to be, after much painful thinking, out of harmony with its creed, especially with that which he rightly deemed the central belief of that creed, — the mystery of the incarnation. There is little, however, in his preaching to remind one of this change of opinion; on the contrary, almost all his language regarding our Saviour seems to show that, as Robertson said of Channing, though his intellect denies the divinity of Christ, he yet acknowledges it with his heart.

We hear a great deal of foolish talk in these days about the decline of the pulpit; and Mr. Mahaffy, in his essay on the "Decay of Preaching," assumes the supposed fact, and investigates with much acuteness its causes, without for a moment questioning whether it be a fact. Such discourses as those of Mr. Brooke tend to prove the falsity of the assumption. A strong proof of their power is the statement we have heard, that clergymen of the English Church have cautioned persons against their brilliancy and fascination. No doubt some of his former Anglican brethren feel that his *perfervidum ingenium*, his literary power, and even his spirituality itself, only render his heresies the more dangerous, — "on n'aime guère d'être empoisonné même avec esprit de rose." But we are confident that if the pulpits of England were filled with such preachers, it could no longer be said, as it has been said, that even a trial at the Old Bailey for stealing a couple of pocket-handkerchiefs too often stirs deeper emotion, both in speaker and hearer, than the most momentous realities connected with the future and unseen world.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

IT is a common remark of the croakers of our time that the palmy days of parliamentary eloquence are over. The orator's occupation, they say, is gone; it has been destroyed by the newspaper, which addresses fifty thousand men while he addresses five hundred. Year by year the House of Commons is becoming a business assembly; at every session it is more and more a monster vestry meeting, and less and less a gathering of *patres conscripti*. The oratorical era reached its climax with Canning; the House now meets purely for business. Just as the improved artillery, the revolver, and the repeating-rifle have rendered swords, sabres, and bayonets cumbrous and useless, so the old-fashioned formal harangues of the British senate have given way to the brief, business-like speeches of modern times. Instead of beginning his speech with a formal introduction, the modern member preambles but little, shoots right at the white of his theme, and reserves his antithetic brilliance, if he has any, for the conclusion, which is hardly uttered before down he drops, and his hat is on as abruptly as it was pulled off. "If you should put a pistol-ball through the heart," says a writer, "you could not bring him down much sooner." There is considerable truth in all this; but it must be remembered that we are all victims of that illusion which leads men to idealize and idolize the past. It must be remembered, too, that oratorical gifts are now far more widely diffused than formerly; that if there are to-day few giants of eloquence, there is a far greater number of able, accomplished, and effective debaters; that the standard of public speaking is far higher than of old, and therefore a reputation for eloquence is less cheaply won. During the winter of 1882–83 we often visited the House of Commons, and heard all the leading speakers, whom we shall now try to characterize as they then were and then impressed us.

Among the most effective speakers in the House is Joseph Cowen, the representative for Newcastle. With the exception of a lofty brow, the slouched hat that surmounts it, and a general negligence of attire, there is nothing striking in his personal appearance. In private conversation his voice is low, and his manner quiet and subdued; but in the House of Commons he is suddenly transformed. When he rises to speak, the first sentences are hesitating and indistinct, but as he proceeds, his voice grows clearer and clearer; the Northumbrian burr, or peculiar roll of the canine letter, which mars his articulation, becomes less and less unpleasant; and there is a kind of Roman stateliness, a majestic roll in his periods, a force in his argumentation, a splendor of imagery in his illustrations, and a passionate earnestness and vehemence in his tones and gestures, which hold the House spell-bound to the end. "Wor Joe," as the Northumbrian pitmen call him, has waged war with nearly every despotism in Europe. The intimate friend of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Kossuth, and Louis Blanc, he has been the chief banker and general agent in England of all the modern revolutionaries, whom he has not only sheltered when in trouble, but subsidized in their enterprises to the extent of more than two thirds of his princely income. By birth and education a humanitarian politician, he takes a European, or rather cosmopolitan, view of political problems, and on the Irish and Egyptian questions has been at variance with the Ministry, who doubtless regard him as crotchety and impracticable. Mr. Cowen is owner and director of the "Newcastle Chronicle," one of the most powerful provincial journals in England. The effect of its teaching was seen in 1874. When the Conservative reaction raged successfully everywhere else, the Northumbrian Liberals smote their opponents hip and thigh all along the line.

Lord Hartington is a good specimen of the ponderous, elephantine British speaker, who stammers and hems and haws all the way through a speech, mouthing his sentences "as a cur mouths a bone," so as to be understood only by the reporters and others who are familiar with the muffled sound of his lips. Though acting with the Liberal party, Lord Hartington, if we may judge by his bearing and manner, is an aristocrat to the backbone. Reserved, contemptuous, and scornful, he has been called the devil's advocate of that party, "with a mind quick to raise all sorts of objections, which he formulates in raspingly querulous tones."

Sir Stafford Northcote would be a forcible speaker if he had the courage of his convictions. He dreads responsibility, is terror-stricken at every political crisis, and, above all, is too conscientious, fair, and candid to be a powerful parliamentary speaker and leader.

A very different kind of speaker from the last two is Mr. Trevelyan, the Secretary for Ireland, who, though never eloquent, is always earnest, courteous, lucid, and interesting. He belongs to the old school of politicians, who pass through a regular course of training for high office, achieving an academic reputation, serving long apprenticeships in minor offices, and steadily advancing to higher and higher places in the Cabinet.

One of the most brilliant, witty, and epigrammatic speakers in the House is Sir William Vernon Harcourt, well-known to Americans as the "Historicus," who, during our late Civil War, vindicated the North in a series of powerful letters in the London "Times." He is a man of great natural and acquired abilities, is strikingly original in his speeches, and as a master of bitter and caustic irony has no superior in the House. Unhappily he lacks the qualities which win the good-will of opponents, and is more powerful to subjugate than to win. The history of the rapid steps with which he has climbed the steeps of fame is like a story out of the Arabian Nights. Taking his B.A. at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1851, at the age of 24, when he won honors as a senior optime and a first-class in the Classical Tripos, he was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in 1854, became Queen's Counsel in 1856, afterwards Solicitor-General, and now (1883) holds the professorship of International Law at Cambridge, and the onerous post of Home Secretary in Mr. Gladstone's Administration.

A still more brilliant speaker, and next, perhaps, in debating power to Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, is Mr. Gibson. No other speaker, on either side of the House, has sprung to the front with greater rapidity than did the member for the University of Dublin during the sessions of 1881 and 1882. Everybody knows what a multiplicity of complex, tangled, and almost incomprehensible issues was raised by the Irish Land Bill. Amid the intricacies and perplexities of this labyrinth, in which so many parliamentary speakers hopelessly floundered and lost their way, Mr.

Gibson moved with the sure and easy step of a man to whom every inch of the route was as familiar as the way to his own house. His speech on the second reading of the Bill was a masterpiece. "For nearly two hours," said the "Spectator," "with breathless speed and with unflagging animation, he dragged the House through all the highways and byways of the Bill, penetrating every nook and corner of it, exposing every hidden flaw, tracking out the unsuspected consequences of unobserved provisions, multiplying illustrations, and accumulating instances, to the manifest embarrassment of his opponents, and the bewildered admiration of his exhausted followers." The freshness, the energetic force, the antithesis, the subtlety, wit, and irony of the speech took the House by storm. When no minister ventured to reply, the Tories were seized with a fit of exultation which lasted for a week. Since this effort, Mr. Gibson has made others even more creditable. He speaks with great vigor and nervous energy, in a ringing voice, and with a distinct articulation which it is a luxury to hear. As you listen to his pungent, epigrammatic sentences, you seem to hear thick hail falling and rattling on the roof, —

> "Tam multa in tectis crepitans salit horrida grando."

Lord Randolph Churchill, "the rising hope of Toryism," has a face and figure which, once seen, are not speedily forgotten. The pale, bloodless face; the broad forehead; the largely developed mustache, of peculiar turn and shape; "the large, restless, wild-looking eyes, observing everything, watching an adversary as a cat does a mouse; the manner, alternating between excess of listlessness and excess of excitability; the temperament, proud, highly strung, keen, sensitive, disdainful, forgiving, revealing itself in every movement of the body, nay, in the very fashion in which the cigarette smoke is inhaled; the toilet sombre in color, careful, and in good taste," — these are the outward signs of a character that is too full of contradictions to be easily analyzed. As a speaker in the House of Commons, Lord Randolph has energy, audacity, and power of invective, but lacks persuasiveness. He has more smartness than force, more vehemence than facts or argument. In his frequent attacks on Mr. Gladstone, he reminds one of a small dog snarling and yelping at a great English mastiff. He seems never to have learned that the adjectives are the greatest enemies of the substantives, and that "no one thinks a drummer a giant because he thumps away on a big drum." His ready, rattling harangues, both in and out of Parliament, are so uniformly shrewish and vituperative that it is difficult to believe in his sincerity; there is a hollowness in their ring which makes you suspect he is talking for political effect. He is fond of irony, but he has not the swift and stealthy irony of Canning, which stabbed like a stiletto, nor has he any of the ludicrous combinations of words, the happy alliterative phrases, with which that master of rhetoric annoyed his adversary. Lord Randolph aspires to wear the mantle of Beaconsfield; but he lacks the pungent, well-bred raillery with which the latter overwhelmed his foes, and still more the by-play of manner which was at times so irresistible, — the emphasis, the glance, the arched eye, the intonation, the exquisitely sarcastic effect sometimes produced by a single word.[1] Perhaps we judge Lord Randolph too harshly. If he sometimes excites the dismay of his friends as well as provokes the anger of his foes by his speeches, it may at least be said in his favor that he has a decided, vivid personality, which stands out in bold relief from the dull, humdrum mediocrities by whom he is surrounded.

---

[1] Nevertheless, it must be admitted that Lord Randolph has greatly improved as a speaker since this paper was written. His speech at Bow on June 3, 1885, before the Tower Hamlets Conservative Association, shows the possession of some of those qualities which make a Brit-

Americans who think that our legislatures have a monopoly of those stentorian speakers who half deafen their hearers, should hear Baron De Worms. "Illa se jactet in aula, Æolus," which was applied years ago to Wedderburn, might with equal aptness be applied to him. To Baron De Worms's mind, apparently, the value of a speech depends altogether upon the strength of lungs which gives it projectile force, and the volume of voice which assaults the ear of the hearer. Such a voice as this member's we have never heard in any other public assembly. Its only parallel is that of Novius, the Roman tribune, which, Horace tells us, was loud enough to drown the noise of two hundred wagons and three funerals meeting in the forum. Baron De Worms rarely rises except to denounce the Administration; and as with violent gesticulation he pours forth his tempestuous periods, there is a rushing force of denunciation, a declamatory vehemence, which reminds one of the roar of the cataract or the dash of the torrent. For a few minutes one listens with amazement at such a display of lung-power; but the monotony of the declamation soon becomes tiresome, and suggestive of the beating of a gong, or of an oratorical machine. The title which an English

---

ish politician formidable to his foes, and enable him to force his way to place and power. "The Cabinet of the thirty-seven policies," as he called the Gladstone Administration, was a happy sarcastic phrase, which condensed into one sentence the quintessence of hostile criticism.

judge once gave to Lord Brougham, "The Harangue," would not be inappropriate to Baron De Worms; or, better still, the second title of Lord Erskine, with which that vain but brilliant orator was so often teased by his enemies, — "Baron *Clackmannon*."

A still more fiery speaker, an irascible gentleman of the old school, is Sir W. Barttelot, a kind of political Sir Anthony Absolute, — one of those "good haters" whom his fellow-Tory, Dr. Johnson, so loved. When he rises from his seat on one of the back benches, and in rapid periods and with vehement gesticulation begins an impetuous attack on the Ministry, — demanding, for example, whether "we [the House of Commons] are going to allow our throats to be cut" on the Suez Canal at particular times, etc., — you may expect to see Mr. Gladstone and his associates tomahawked and scalped without mercy. Instead of hemming and hawing after the approved style of British speakers, he begins and rushes on like one who is brimful and running over with pent-up indignation, and seems to feel a kind of impatient rage that he cannot more swiftly cleanse his bosom of the perilous stuff that weighs upon it, and wreak his thought upon intenser expression.

Sir Charles W. Dilke — author, journalist, traveller, politician, known to Americans as author of "Greater Britain," a work in which the men, manners, and institutions of the United States are for once described by an Englishman as they really are — is easy, fluent, straightforward in debate, one of the best level business speakers in Parliament. With no pretension to eloquence, he is always master of his theme, and rarely fails to catch and hold the ear of the House.

Mr. Henry Fawcett, the blind, spectacled Postmaster-General, is one of the tallest and most sinewy looking men in the House. He is a man of great intellectual vigor, tenacity of purpose, and courage mingled with caution, and a trenchant parliamentary debater as well as an admirable platform-speaker. On account of his profound knowledge of Indian affairs and sympathy with the people of that country, he is sometimes called "the member for India;" and when, with little money, he was trying to force the portals of "the rich man's club" at Westminster, a great number of very poor Hindoos subscribed a sum sufficient to defray the cost of his return for Hackney.

One of the wits of the House is Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who, notwithstanding the jokes with which he is always bubbling and running over, and notwithstanding his great wealth, is a man of great moral earnestness, and a zealous, uncompromising Radical. The sworn foe of soldiers and publicans, he has shown in his advocacy of "Local Option" and the principles of peace that, in the right hands, the scimitar of Saladin may strike home as effectually as the battle-axe of Richard. A critic in one of the magazines complains that Sir Wilfrid's wit is waning, — that it is beginning "to smack of the cold water which he advocates, rather than of the sparkling champagne which he keeps in his cellar."

Mr. Goschen, a tall, slim man, with dark eyes and hair, pale face, and a slightly foreign look, is a grandson of a Leipsic German bookseller. A native of England, he became a pupil of Drs. Tait and Goulburn at Rugby, entered Oriel College, Oxford, at which University he took, in 1853, a first-class in classics, and then founded a successful banking-house in London. He represents the old City of London, and is a ready, independent, vigorous, and instructive speaker, to whom one listens with more profit than delight.

That gentleman on the Treasury bench with the closely shaven face, hair brushed back, eye-glass, and nose like that on which the younger Pitt used to dangle "the Opposition," is Mr. Chamberlain, the dictator of Birmingham, the father of the hated caucus (which Mr. Cowen regards as a plutocratic instrument of torture, contrived by American bosses for the purpose of "putting the screws" upon working-men), and author of that masterpiece of political machinery, the National Liberal Federation. He is a clear, vigorous speaker, whose chief fault is a tendency to sing-song. Probably no other man, after so short an acquaintance with the House of Commons, ever acquired so much political influence, or was so deeply feared, not to say hated, by his Tory enemies. He was thirty-two years old before he ever spoke in public; but having utilized all his leisure hours in his library, consisting of three thousand carefully chosen volumes, he had large stores of knowledge to draw from, and became a powerful champion of Liberal principles.

With the exception of Mr. Gladstone, John Bright is the most powerful speaker in the House. When he rises to speak, his portly, muscular frame, leonine head, and thoughtful face arrest the attention of strangers at once. There is little mobility in his features, which — the jaw and mouth especially — indicate resolution and firmness more than any other mental quality. His voice, which is powerful, resonant, and clear, has a vibration which gives a wondrous effect to his words of pathos, indignation, or scorn. Beginning in low and tremulous tones, with the hesitation common to English orators, he grapples at once with the question before the House ; and stating its difficulties without any attempt to evade them, wrestles with them like an intellectual athlete. There is no display of learning, no subtle disquisition, no elaborated climax, still less any of that drawling mannerism so common in the House, but a simple and masterly presentation of the speaker's views which touches alike the heart, conscience, and intellect of the hearer. It matters not how much you dislike his political opinions, you cannot listen to him and feel an indifference to his words. A presence which fills the eye, a voice that captivates the ear, and a slow and deliberate utterance, which, as one of his critics has said, seems to choose the best word, and to watch its effect in order that he may so choose and place the next as to heighten, or, if need be, to soften and qualify, the impression of the first, compel attention and interest. Simple in language, compact in statement, pre-eminently happy in illustration, he speaks much as Daniel Webster spoke. There is the same straightforward plainness of speech, the same superb self-restraint, the same parsimony of gesture, the same appearance of reserved power ; and the soul of conviction shines through all his utterances. What other parliamentary orator has matched thoughts so pathetic with words so eloquent and happy, as the man who by the charm of his oratory almost persuaded the House during the Crimean War, as it listened in hushed silence to his words, that he could hear the flapping of the wings of the angel of death?

As a parliamentary orator only, Mr. Bright may not equal Mr. Gladstone, who when on the Treasury bench is more at home than on "the stump" or in the lecture-room. But place the Quaker orator on the platform or in the open air with six thousand hearers before him, and he has no equal in eloquence in Great Britain. He is emphatically a tribune of the people; and the fact that he has won his way to eminence with no adventitious helps, but by the sheer stress and force of genius, is the secret of not a little of the sympathy with which he is regarded by his countrymen. A born orator, he has trained and improved his natural gifts with the most sedulous care. His speeches abound with illustrations drawn from the masterpieces of English literature, especially from Shakspeare and Milton. These authors he has profoundly studied; and there was a time, it is said, when it was rare to find him without "Paradise Lost" in his hand or in his pocket. To his intimate knowledge of these great poets may be ascribed his felicity of quotation, for which he has a positive genius. He is very familiar with the Scriptures too, and his most impressive tropes, and even many of his turns of expression, are drawn from the Old Testament. He is a striking example of the mental discipline and culture which may be derived from a few books, if they are books of the highest order and are thoroughly mastered. Lacking the advantages of a university education, he has shown himself a match for any of the "double-firsts" and "senior optimes" that Oxford or Cambridge has produced. With less wit than Disraeli, he has more humor; with all the earnestness of Gladstone, he has more self possession; while he has a simple pathos, and an occasional grandeur, indignation, and scorn, that belong to neither. What other public speaker has contributed to the literature of oratory so many phrases which have become household words, as Mr. Bright? Who has forgotten Mr. Disraeli as "the mystery-man" of his party, or as the mountebank with "a pill for the earthquake;" or Mr. Horsman and Mr. Lowe as the Scotch-terrier party, of which no one could tell the head from the tail; or the Conservatives as the party who, "if they had been in the wilderness, would have complained of the Ten Commandments as a harassing piece of legislation"? — phrases which belong to history as truly as do "the Adullamites," the "peer of adulterous birth," and the "fancy franchises" to the political vocabulary of England. When was an argument put more strongly in a few words than in the following passage from a speech against the Crimean War?

> "The property-tax is the lever or the weapon with which the proprietors of land and houses in this kingdom will have to support the 'integrity and independence' of the Ottoman Empire. Gentlemen, I congratulate you that *every man of you has a Turk upon his shoulders*."

What, again, can be happier than the following from a speech on the corn laws? Speaking of the attempt of Charles I. to levy taxes without the consent of Parliament, he asks, —

> "If our fathers refused to be the bondmen of a king, shall we be the born thralls of an aristocracy like ours? *Shall we, who struck the lion down, pay the wolf homage?*"

Mr. Cobden once said, on a memorable occasion, that Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone were the only speakers in Parliament who ever changed votes by their eloquence. Mr. Bright would be still more persuasive if he took more pains to understand the views of his opponents, whom he too often defies, instead of conciliating. It is not a hostile but a friendly critic who says that when he encounters what he thinks prejudices, and others might think principles, his massive understanding passes over them like a steam-roller crushing and pulverizing stones.

Of all England's orators Mr. Bright is most emphatically the champion of the oppressed. His clients, as he has justly said, have not been generally the rich and the great, but the poor and the lowly. In pleading their cause he has, to use his own words, "endured measureless insult, and passed through hurricanes of abuse." For forty years he has labored unceasingly to redeem his country from the charge that her greatness and her wealth are wrung from the rags, the toil, and the hunger of pauperized millions. Having now reached his seventy-third year, it is not strange that he shows signs of declination. His eye no longer sparkles with its wonted fire, and his organ-like voice, which once lent itself easily to every expression of passion, pathos, humor, or scorn, though it occasionally thunders as of old, has lost much of its volume and compass. When listening to his opening address at the great annual meeting of the Liberation Society in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle in 1883, where he had to inspire him an enthusiastic and sympathetic audience of nearly seven thousand persons, we were surprised at the extreme slowness, resembling recitation rather than declamation, and the lack of fire, with which he spoke, and at the almost total absence of those magical passages with which he once electrified his hearers.

In moral earnestness Mr. Bright is the equal of Mr. Gladstone, and in pathos and humor he is his superior. But as a parliamentary leader and speaker, in breadth and versatility, in capacity for receiving and assimilating new ideas, in genius for organization and the marshalling of multitudinous details, above all in the astonishing readiness as well as power with which he can handle every subject that comes up, Mr. Gladstone has no superior, nor even an equal. Other statesmen have surpassed him in the higher regions of oratory, many in the art of managing men; but where shall we look for one to match his readiness, his adroitness, his intellectual keenness, his vast stores of knowledge in debate? Lord Palmerston had more tact and self-control, and Disraeli could give a keener edge to his sparkling sarcasms; but Mr. Gladstone has made half-a-dozen successful speeches to Palmerston's or Disraeli's one. No other speaker half follows, half guides the moods of his audience more easily, more quickly, than Mr. Gladstone. He is pre-eminently the orator of affairs. Of all the Chancellors of the Exchequer, he is the only one who has made budgets eloquent, and imparted a moral significance even to figures. He is a man of medium stature, with a well-proportioned body of average size. His face, though not handsome, is highly intellectual, and indicative of goodness and honesty as well as power. As Sydney Smith said of Horner's, "the ten commandments are written in it." A pale complexion, slightly tinged with olive, and dark hair cut close to his head, with an eye of remarkable depth and fascination, and a slight tinge of melancholy in his expression, give him, in some degree, the air of a recluse.

When he enters the House by the door behind the Speaker's chair, he creeps to his seat silently, with a cat-like tread, and in a few minutes you see him absorbed in the study of some papers, or more probably listening to the speaker on the floor. With pencil in hand, his knees crossed so as to serve for a table, and his head bent forward in the direction of the speaker, he sits hour after hour, making notes of what is said; when suddenly he drops his papers, and advancing to the table, answers an opponent's question, or proceeds to vindicate, enforce, or explain some measure he has in charge. The promptness, ease, and felicity with which he does this, show him to be a consummate parliamentary debater. Mr. Gladstone's first oratorical qualification is his admirable voice. It is not a loud voice, or one of great volume, but pure, clear, vibrating, and as silvery as Belial's. Without the slightest effort or strain of the speaker, it reaches the ear of the remotest hearer. Of late years some of its finer and more delicate qualities have often been wanting; but in Mr. Gladstone's best days no harshness ever jarred the music of his tones, and though he spoke for hours together, the closing sentences were as clear and bell-like in their cadence as the first. It is said that a foreigner who heard him one night declared that until then he had never regarded the English as a musical language; but now he was convinced that it is one of the most melodious of living tongues. Somebody once said that Mr. Gladstone was the only man in the House who could talk in italics. "The saying," adds Mr. Justin McCarthy, "was odd, but was, nevertheless, appropriate and expressive. Gladstone could by the slightest modulation of his voice give all the emphasis of italics, of small print, or large print, or any other effect he might desire, in his spoken words."

The three distinguishing qualities of Mr. Gladstone's oratory are readiness, fertility, and force. Of all the great English speakers he has been the most independent of preparation. His foot is always in the stirrup, his lance is always in the rest. No matter what the subject, or how suddenly he is called upon to speak, he seems always to have a multitude of facts, ideas, arguments, distinctions, and illustrations relating to it, and to have mastered all its difficulties. Even Fox, eager and impetuous as he was, was great only in reply, when his feelings were roused by the excitement of battle; whereas Mr. Gladstone is just as impassioned and forcible in the beginning as in the middle of a speech, in opening a debate as in reply. Great as are his intellectual gifts, they are not so remarkable as the intensity of feeling which he throws into everything he does. Endowed apparently by Nature with "a larger supply than most men of what George Eliot calls 'solar energy,'" he is not occasionally aglow, but always aglow. A temperature which would be regarded as fever-heat in other men is his normal condition. Hence it is that neither the seventy-four years that have passed over him, nor the division of his mind among a multiplicity of things, — politics, theology, history, scholarship, art, and social topics, — have diminished his amazing vigor, and that he can throw the whole weight of his nature upon whatever he touches, and yet have such a reservoir of force behind as never to suffer from the drain. Of the strength of his physical constitution a striking example was given by his famous Midlothian campaign of 1879. In the course of a fortnight, in bitter winter weather, he addressed audiences numbering in all seventy-five thousand persons, — a feat of bodily and mental prowess unparalleled by any other statesman in his seventieth year.

More than forty years ago, Bunsen wrote: "Gladstone is the first statesman in England as to intellectual power, and he has heard higher tones than any one else in this island." It is his moral seriousness, — the strength and transparent honesty of his convictions, with the purity and elevation of his character, — which, more even than his power as an advocate, have given weight to his opinions and won the admiration and esteem of his countrymen. Mr. Gladstone is not a political pioneer, an original thinker, but a practical statesman who watches the course of events, and adapts his measures to the exigencies of the hour. In his boundless stores of knowledge, in his adroitness and flexibility, in the marvellous subtlety which enables him to wind into his subject like a serpent, and in a mastery of language which enables him to express accurately the most delicate distinctions of thought, he has no equal in Parliament. In the power, too, of organizing complex and difficult details into an orderly scheme, and of giving legislative form to the measures on which the nation has determined, as well as of supporting those measures by varied and powerful argument, he is without a rival. At the beginning of his career he was exceedingly nervous, scrupulous, and sensitive. He professed to act from high religious motives, and was regarded as a casuist unsuited to the region of practical politics. He seemed a recluse of scholarly, poetical temperament, — a kind of political lotos-eater, — and was thought to lack the pugnacity necessary for parliamentary conflict. But he had not been long in Parliament before it was found that instead of being a dreamy enthusiast, — a mere chopper of Oxford logic, who could only split straws and advocate extreme opinions of High-Church policy, — he was a statesman of the most practical kind. Business men brought into contact with him found that he understood their own branches of trade as well as they themselves. They discovered that "he possessed vast information in connection with that undercurrent of commerce which flows in warehouses and counting-houses, but of which the cabinet and the library scarcely know the existence." Politicians discovered that, Conservative though he was, he kept all the windows of his mind open, and was alive to all the dominant ideas of his time. Educated in the narrow and selfish Toryism of Lord Eldon, he began his public career as an upholder of established laws and institutions; but though he remained a Tory for twenty years, he argued every question in a liberal spirit. Even at Oxford keen observers had noted that he argued on the Conservative side from Liberal principles.

In 1845 he began casting off the wrappings of conventionalism, and his whole subsequent career has been a slow but steady progress of repudiation of all that his old political friends hold dear. It was in finance, of which he introduced a new and brilliant era, that Mr. Gladstone won the highest distinction. His labors upon the budget and his tariff scheme were enormous. In his first budget he abolished the duty on a hundred and twenty-three articles, and reduced that on a hundred and thirty-three, — the entire relief to the people amounting to £5,000,000. In the session of 1842 he spoke a hundred and twenty-nine times, chiefly upon subjects connected with the new fiscal legislation. In these speeches, and especially in the budgets he introduced as Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1859 to 1866, he showed that the intellect which could deal with abstract ideas with the subtlety of a casuist or a metaphysician, was not less at home with the subject of Baltic timber, or the duties on hops, salt-meat, and herrings. Pitt only excepted, what other Chancellor of the Exchequer has ever contrived to make a budget-speech fascinating? Who has forgotten when the expounding of the national finances was the great oratorical sensation of the session; when the House of Commons was charmed by eloquent periods on sugar, spirit-duties, and tea, and the unfolding of the surplus was awaited with breathless anxiety, like the *dénouement* of a novelist's plot? When Mr. Gladstone introduced his memorable budget in 1860, the desire to hear him was so intense that strangers with members' orders took their places as early as 9 A. M., or seven hours before the session began, and for the first time since he had left the House of Commons, Lord Brougham sat in the gallery, that night.

Mr. Gladstone has defined in a picturesque phrase the business of the orator as he views it. "The speaker," he says, "gives back to his hearers in a rain what he has received from them in a mist." This well describes one of the characteristics of his own speeches. Great, however, as are their merits, they are for the ear, and not for the eye, — for the hour, and not for all time. Some one has called them Demosthenic; we could hardly conceive a grosser misnomer. Amplification, not condensation, is his forte. Few speakers, equally powerful, have uttered so few quotable passages, — passages sparkling with gems of thought and expression, in which years of reflection are condensed into a phrase or a sentence. His language never suggests a region of thought, a dim vista of imagery, an oceanic depth of feeling, beyond what is compassed by his sentences. It is useless to deny that there is a great deal of verbiage in his speeches, and that whole paragraphs might be cut out with decided advantage to the effect. It is not that there is any poverty of ideas, but too much circumlocution and repetition, too many parentheses, qualifications, and subdivisions of explanation. A member of the House once declared that Mr. Gladstone would not say that twice six is twelve, but that twice six multiplied by three minus thirty plus six is twelve. A writer in the "Quarterly Review" burlesques Mr. Gladstone answering a question, and contrasts him with Lord Palmerston, thus: "Supposing each minister were asked on what day the session would be over, the Viscount would reply that it was the intention of her Majesty to close the session on the 18th of August. Mr. Gladstone would possibly premise that inasmuch as it was for her Majesty to decide upon the day which would be most acceptable to herself, it was scarcely compatible with parliamentary etiquette to ask her ministers to anticipate such decision; but presuming that he quite understood the purport of the right honorable gentleman's question, — of which he was not entirely assured, the completion of the duties of the House of Commons and the formal termination of the sitting of the legislature being two distinct things, — he would say that her Majesty's ministers had represented to the Queen that the former would probably be accomplished about the 18th of August, and that such would not be unfavorable for the latter; and, therefore, if the sovereign should be pleased to ratify that view of the case, the day he had named would probably be that inquired after by the honorable gentleman."

It is in Parliament rather than on the platform that Mr. Gladstone achieves his greatest oratorical triumphs. He is too fond of looking at all the sides of a question, instead of plucking out the heart of its mystery at once, to please a great popular audience. His chief defect as a parliamentary speaker is that he has the logical faculty in excess. He has a scholastic intellect that is fond of metaphysical subtleties and nice distinctions. His mind is a dialectical mill, which grinds everything to dust. His arguments begin with an intelligible breadth, but too often are spun out to a microscopic tenuity, becoming "fine by degrees and beautifully less," till they are nearly impalpable. As he proceeds, he attenuates, till he is lost, "like the gutta-percha harness when warm, which leaves the carriage a mile behind, the traces drawn out to the fineness of a gossamer, the vehicle not drawn at all." This extreme subtlety of mind, which gives him an inexhaustible supply of replies and rejoinders, leads him, as was said of Chief-Justice Parsons when pleading at the bar, not only to split hairs, but to decimate them. No matter how apparently antagonistic two principles are, he will show that they may be reconciled; and hence to convict him of an inconsistency is an impossibility. During Garibaldi's visit to London, it was suggested that a noble and richly jointured widow, who went about much with him, should marry him. To the objection that he had a wife living, the ready answer was: "Oh! he must get Gladstone to explain her away." Fond, however, as Mr. Gladstone is of over-refining, his bitterest enemies will not pretend that his subtlety of thinking has ever checked his activity, or that he is not as far as possible from being a visionary or a dreamer. He never ties knots for the purpose of entanglement, but, as it has been truly said, the mental puzzle refers to some practical measure, and the over-refining usually consists in efforts to justify prompt action.

Mr. Gladstone's industry is something that almost staggers belief. For fifty-three years he has sat in the House of Commons toiling with a vehement and unsleeping ardor that would have worn out an ordinary man in half the time. Even at Eton he used to stupefy his fags by his prodigious capacity for work. At the University of Oxford he graduated "double-first" in his twenty-second year, and has since never ceased to add to his varied acquirements. A superlative master of the languages and literatures of

Greece and Rome, he is also familiar with the leading languages of modern Europe, — especially with the language and literature of Italy, where his name is a household word. On one occasion he is said to have delivered a speech of three hours in faultless Italian. His faculties, bodily and mental, like sailors on watch, seem to have relieved each other by turns, and none of them has long slumbered or slept. Going to Naples for his children's health, he makes all Europe ring with his denunciations of the atrocities committed by the Neapolitan court. No sooner does he resign the premiership, than he startles the public with a work on Homer. Before men have ceased wondering how he finds time to keep up his classic studies, he surprises them anew with a powerful pamphlet on Ultramontanism. Hardly is the ink dry, when in another publication he is thundering against the Turkish massacres; and when people begin to think that he must be exhausted, he hurries to Scotland and delivers a series of speeches which in range, grasp, passion, and power, rank among the most effective electioneering harangues recorded in the political history of Great Britain.

To the admirers of the British Premier in this country, who, it is safe to say, may be counted by hundreds of thousands, the tidings flashed across the Atlantic from time to time, of late, concerning his health, have caused much anxiety. Till now Mr. Gladstone's spare, sinewy frame has shown a marvellous recuperative power during the almost unparalleled mental and physical strain to which for upward of fifty years it has been subjected. Even when occasionally incapacitated for ministerial and parliamentary labor by colds caught while walking in the teeth of fierce northeasters, or when engaged in his favorite winter exercise of tree-felling and wood-cutting, he has always regained his wonted health quicker than do most men who are twenty-four years younger. Rarely is such a mind wedded to such a body. More than thirty years ago his iron frame and prodigious capacity for work excited the astonishment of his associates in the House of Commons, one of whom, Mr. Sidney Herbert, said: "Don't talk to me about Gladstone's mind; it is nothing, compared with his body." Again and again in past years he has been examined, sounded, and tested by auscultation by his medical advisers, and invariably they have pronounced him to be "made of pin-wire." Nothing but a lignum-vitæ toughness of constitution, and nerves of steel, with a rare genius for sleep, and implicit obedience to the laws of health, could have borne him for over half a century, without exhaustion, through all his herculean toils.

Like most Englishmen, Mr. Gladstone has always been a fast and vigorous walker. He loves the open air, and in the bleakest weather rarely wears an overcoat or rides in a cab. Wiry, lean, sinewy, without an ounce of superfluous flesh about him, he is admirably fitted for pedestrian feats; and when a considerably younger man, used to say, without the slightest appearance of boasting, that he was good for a forty-mile walk any day. A writer in one of the London daily papers, who knows the Premier's habits intimately, states that when he lived in Harley Street, it was only at the urgent request of his physician that he abstained from trudging down to the House of Commons every day, and from walking home in all weathers at night. For riding on horseback, and for field-sports, we believe he has never shown much taste. For his neglect of the latter, an accident he met with, about forty years ago, may partially account. Going out with a large shooting party, near York, during a visit at a relative's, he was loading his gun, when one barrel exploded, and the index-finger of his left hand was blown away. It is well known that great orators are usually poor sleepers. The strain to which the mental and physical faculties are subjected, both before in preparation and during the delivery of a long and impassioned speech, are such as to excite the nerves and to exhaust their energy more quickly than any other kind of effort. There have been public speakers who have achieved their highest successes only at the cost of several nights of wakefulness. A famous parliamentary orator said that every one of his speeches cost him two sleepless nights, — one in which he was thinking what to say, the other in which he was lamenting what he might have said better. Not so with Mr. Gladstone. No speech, however long, whether delivered in the open air, or late at night in the close, sultry atmosphere of the crowded House of Commons, — no serious speech delivered during an exciting Liverpool or Midlothian campaign, — has ever banished sleep from his eyelids. Till within a year or two past, he has always been good for seven and a half hours' sleep: "Seven," he has been accustomed to say, "are not enough for me; I must have seven and a half." But now, we are told, this happy faculty is no longer possessed by the Premier. The sleeplessness which drove him several years ago to Cannes, has returned, and points unmistakably to an overtasked brain.

Few persons who have not given special attention to the subject are aware what an enormous amount of labor and what a weight of responsibility are imposed upon the Prime Minister of Great Britain to-day. It is not in Downing

Street only that he is forced to toil; his duty follows him like his shadow wherever he goes. The weight of an empire presses upon his brain. Upon him the final responsibility in regard to a hundred matters of importance falls; he has piles of papers to look over; it is his task — often not an easy one — to preserve harmony in the Cabinet; and to all his other duties may be added that of leading the House of Commons, and advocating and defending there the measures he has introduced. No matter how far into the night a debate may be protracted, his position as leader of his party keeps him chained to his post. A circumstance that makes this duty far more arduous than formerly is that the sessions of Parliament are both longer and later than they used to be. In the years 1862 to 1866, inclusive, the average number of hours which the House of Commons sat annually was 807, of which 79 were spent after midnight. Since then the average has been steadily increasing, till in the quinquennial period closing with the session of 1881 the average sittings of the House had risen to 1,153, of which 176 in each session were spent after midnight.

Another circumstance that intensifies Mr. Gladstone's toils is the irony of fate, cruel beyond precedent, which has embroiled his country with foreign Powers. A sincere lover of peace, and coming into office with the cry of "non-intervention," he has been compelled to see England dragged again into the vortex of foreign politics, and committed to contests in which, even if victorious, she could win neither honor nor profit. Still another thing that makes Mr. Gladstone's labors more exhausting than they would otherwise be, is the ardor of his temperament, — the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* which he has inherited. One of his enemies has described him as "a statesman of second-rate intellect in a first-rate state of effervescence." He takes life almost too seriously. Having no half-convictions, he is terribly earnest in his speeches, and champions the measures he has introduced into the House of Commons with the whole force of his brain and heart. "There is nothing," says Balzac, "that exhausts and wears us out so fast as our convictions. A political or a literary conviction is a mistress that kills us at last with the tongue or the sword." Of such convictions as Mr. Gladstone holds, this is too true. They literally possess his soul, and allow it no rest. Hence he does not understand the value of abstinence. When he speaks, he is so possessed with his subject, so anxious to examine it on every side, in order that he may fully grasp the truth, that he is apparently oblivious of the lapse of time, and exhausts both his theme and himself. His great budget speech of 1860, four hours long, was made just after an attack of bronchitis. One of his famous speeches in reply to Disraeli has been thus described: —

> "In the memory of the present generation there has been no speech delivered in the House of Commons in which there was such a rage of words. Its 'go' was incomparable. There was not even time to cheer. It seemed as if the Chancellor of the Exchequer had only five minutes to spare, and into that space had to crowd the entire dictionary. He seemed to be speaking against time, and the pace reminded one of nothing so much as of the last half-mile of the Derby. He kept this up for a good hour. He swept on as a hurricane, — the House, as he tore on, rising to catch every word. There was exultation in his voice; there was an intensity . . . in his speech of which the printed report conveys but a poor idea. He took the House by storm, and retained it for the remainder of the evening. It was a physical rather than intellectual impression that he had created. It was a sensation rather than a demonstration he had made; but the sensation was tremendous."

Another trait of Mr. Gladstone is that, partly from magnanimity and partly from sensitiveness, he too often stoops to notice pygmy opponents, who think it an honor to be tossed by his horn, and whose insignificance renders them powerless for mischief. His time and strength are wasted in discussions with foemen unworthy of his steel. It is as hard for him to sit silent when he hears the Land Bill or a speech of his own misquoted, or a misstatement made concerning the practice of the House, as it was for Lord North to be dumb when a speaker was guilty of a false quantity in a Latin quotation, or for Macaulay to keep his lips closed when a false date or other error touching the reign of Queen Anne was thundered in his ears. "Why, Mr. Speaker," we once heard Mr. Gladstone exclaim, in reply to an obscure opponent who had cited some rule or practice of the House in past years, "the honorable gentleman talks as if he had been a member of the House ever since Adam!" As an English friend, to whom we are indebted for some of our facts concerning Mr. Gladstone, has tersely said, "his Nasmyth hammer is equally ready to beat into shape the armor of a parliamentary iron-clad, or to crack a political nut."

To all this the great English statesman may reply that he is what he is, — that if he is killing himself by overwork, he bears that within him which would more ignobly kill him, if he did not throw himself impetuously into the political struggle and fight for the principles and measures he holds dear. Needless as it may seem for "the fiery soul to o'erinform its integument of clay," yet it is better to wear out than to rust out; better, far better, that the ship should be shivered upon the rocks, or go down beneath the waters, than rot ingloriously at the wharves! Yet there is another and more quiet arena, to which the Prime Minister might transfer his labors, where he would not be scourged by so merciless an activity as that which is now sapping his vitality, and might obtain a new lease of life, with the hope of long-continued usefulness. In that Upper House which has rung with the thunders of Chatham and echoed the silvery accents of Bolingbroke and Mansfield, he would find opponents *pares congressus Achillis*, and scope for the fullest healthful exercise of his magnificent abilities, with opportunities for repose which, while "stretched on the rack of restless ecstasy" in the Lower House, he can never expect to enjoy.

THE QUEEN OF WATERING-PLACES.

BAD-HOMBURG, Sept. 16, 1886.

"SEE Naples, and die!" is an oft-quoted epigram concerning the beauty of an Italian city. See Homburg, and live! would be a juster tribute of praise to one of the most popular German watering-places. Leaving Boston on the 8th of July last, with the intention of spending August and September in the Lower Engadine and the Tyrol, I stopped on the way to look at this watering-place; and after a glance at the Kurhaus and the Park, consulted with the eminent physician, Dr. Deetz, and on his assurance that the waters of Homburg were just suited to my ailments, decided to pitch my tent here. After over a month's stay, during which I have daily drunk and bathed in the waters of one of the springs, with great benefit to my health, I am prepared to pronounce Homburg the queen of all the European watering-places I have yet visited, not even excepting Baden-Baden. Of course there is no watering-place absolutely perfect in its situation, climate, waters, and appointments; as Boileau said of a perfect sonnet,

> "Cet heureux phénix est encore à trouver."

It is said that there are only two perfect things in this world, — one's first baby, and the perfect tense; but Homburg, it seems to me, lacks but two things to make it practically perfect, namely, — a large, luxurious bath-house, like that of Baden-Baden (which it will have next season, at an expense of half a million of marks), and a natural lake or river, which I fear it must always lack. It is true there is an artificial lake in the park; but the stagnant, muddy water in which the ducks wanton, so unlike the limpid, transparent water of a natural lake or pebbly stream, has for me no attraction.

But what, you will ask, are the primary merits of Homburg as a watering-place? What is the nature of its waters, and for what diseases are they a remedy? Let me say, then, that the chief merit of the place is its health-restoring opportunities, its climate, mineral springs, and baths. The climate, to begin with, is remarkably pure, dry, and invigorating. The dryness is due to the absence of rivers in the vicinity, and to the high, sloping ground on which the town is built. After the heaviest rain the streets of Homburg become quickly dry, the water running rapidly away, and permitting the invalid to take his wonted walk in half an hour with perfect safety. Though there are some hot, and even sultry, days in Homburg, they are exceptional, I am told, and the weather is, on the whole, very agreeable throughout July, August, and September. The extensive woods, which cover the mountains and hills in the neighborhood, give a delicious coolness to the atmosphere, and cause a gentle breeze, which is rarely wanting even in dog-days. Of the value of such a climate — dry, gently stimulating, and rich in oxygen — in the restoration of health, I need not speak.

The mineral waters of Homburg, which are found in five springs, are about ten minutes' walk from the heart of the town, in a charming park, of which I shall say more presently. Of these springs, called respectively the Elisabeth, the Kaiser, the Ludwigsbrunnen, the Luisen, and the

Stahlbrunnen, the first three are characterized by resolvent qualities; the remaining two, in which iron predominates over the salt, are tonic in their effect. Salt, carbonic acid, and in some cases iron, are the chief constituents of the waters; and with these are mingled chloride of calcium and of lime, etc., which enhance or modify the general effect. This effect is produced by the action of the waters upon the mucous membrane, the large glands, the kidneys, and the liver, revolutionizing, as the waters do, according to high authority, the whole economy of the body, increasing the tissue-changes, and renewing the blood more quickly than usual. But of the diseases which they cure or greatly alleviate, the first and most important, according to Dr. F. Haeber, one of the leading physicians here (see the "Fortnightly Review" for August), "are the diseases of the mucous membrane of the alimentary tract. Chronic catarrh of the stomach and bowels, congestion or slight enlargement of the liver, as well as sluggishness or inactivity of that organ, impaired circulation in the abdominal organs, habitual constipation and hemorrhoids, will be most directly influenced by these spas." Again, corpulency, rheumatism, and gout are almost sure of being relieved by these waters; and it is not strange, therefore, that rich and titled Englishmen flock here by hundreds. How delightful it must be for John Bull to exchange for this pure, stimulating atmosphere, his own dismal climate, of which an English wit, Henry Luttrell, once said, that on a fine day it was like looking up a chimney, — on a rainy day, like looking down it! As you sit at *table d'hôte* in your hotel, or sit under the trees in the Kurhaus garden, listening to the delicious strains of Herr Tömlich's well-trained orchestra, you will hear the language of Shakspeare and Milton spoken by your neighbors on the right hand and the left, as often as the more guttural tongue of Goethe and Schiller. Among the recent English visitors here has been the Prince of Wales, who took his dram of mineral water early every morning at the Elisabeth spring, in common with us poor wretches who, as Horace says, "numerus sumus, et fruges consumere nati."

The waters of the Luisen and the Stahlbrunnen wells are found most efficacious in secondary anæmia, resulting from exhausting ailments, chiefly those of the alimentary tracts. Professional men, scholars, and business men, who have been "burning the candle at both ends," who, in other words, have over-taxed their physical and mental faculties, and who are suffering from nervous exhaustion, the result of excessive toil, anxiety, and worry, who are afflicted with no positive disease, but who feel a lack of spring, buoyancy, and elasticity, and are tormented with sleeplessness, *ennui*, and doubts whether the game of life is worth the candle; persons who are weakened by long sicknesses, in which they have been so near to death's door that, as Hood says, they could almost hear the creaking of the hinges, — all these find unquestionable relief in the iron springs.

A few Sundays ago, I was walking to the Scotch Presbyterian church (which holds its service here in the chapel of the Hof, or Royal Castle) in company with a rotund Scotch gentleman, — one of those burly men whose presence could be felt in a room you entered blindfold, — when he asked me if I was taking Homburg waters. "You certainly do not look," said he, with a significant smile and glance at my ghostly physique, "as if you needed very much to reduce your bulk." In this remark he had reference to the fact that many obese persons come here to be relieved by the waters of their excessive fat; and as, for some time past, I have been losing flesh, and threatening to shrink to the dimensions of Hipponax, the Greek comic poet who invented parody, or to rival in thinness that ancient soothsayer who weighed but an obolus, or that aërial poet of Cos who had to fasten lead to his sandals to keep the wind from blowing him away, — the remark was a very natural one. It is a paradoxical fact that the Homburg waters are used with advantage for diseases of a seemingly opposite character. Not only do those who, like Falstaff, "lard the lean earth as they walk along," and who often, like Hamlet, exclaim, "Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" get relief here from their grossness, but thin, spider-legged, spectral persons, who look as though they could barely turn a money-scale, — men who are all made up of nervousness and sensibility, complete conductors of electricity, Æolian harps that tremble at every passing breeze, — aspen-like mortals who can say with Wordsworth,

"My apprehensions come in crowds,
  I dread the rustling of the grass;
The very shadows of the clouds
  Have power to shake me as they pass," —

find these waters exceedingly helpful.

The Homburg waters are used both internally and externally. The curative effect of the springs is aided by the use of mineral baths. The effect of the salt and other ingredients of the mineral water on the skin, according to the authority already quoted, is to vivify and invigorate the whole nervous system, "to increase the activity and force of resistance of the skin, and greatly to aid in the assimilation of nutritious substances." To the agreeable qualities of these baths I can testify from many trials. It is hardly too much to say that they are positively delicious. A delightful prickling, gently stimulating, yet soothing sensation steals over you, and you feel that you would like to lie and doze and dream there forever. After one of these baths a man must be the veriest cynic not to feel kindly to all his fellow-beings. I could at such a time forgive my worst enemy, — even the cousin who cozened me out of that half-dollar fifty-nine years ago at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, or the critic who said of one of my books that it was "the most commonplace of commonplace." I fully sympathize with the Frenchman who, when taking a similar bath at Schwalbach, was overheard saying to himself: "Dans ces bains on est absolument amoureux de soi-même" (In these baths one is absolutely in love with himself).

Besides the ordinary mineral baths, they give you at Homburg, if your blood is thin and your body like Dr. Holmes's "one-horse shay," ready to fall in pieces from general debility, an effervescing "Schwartz bath;" and if, in addition, you are suffering from nervous irritability or rheumatism, they give you pine-baths, which I have found very pleasant, although on first lying in the tub you half fancy that you have been plunged into Acheron or a section of the Stygian lake. The pine-oil which is mingled with the mineral water in these baths is distilled from the leaves of pine-trees, and is diluted with a decoction of pine-leaves. For neuralgia and severe rheumatism you can have mud-baths; and for scrofula and skin-diseases, mother-of-lye baths. Let me add that the managers at Homburg do not pretend, as do those at some other European watering-places, that the waters are a panacea for all, or nearly all, the ills that flesh is heir to. Invalids there are, of course, whom no mineral waters can help; of whom it may be said, indeed, as the Thames waterman said to Pope when the little crooked dwarf, after having been rowed from London home, disputed about the fare, and ejaculated, as he had a thousand times before, "God mend me!" — "Mend you, indeed! Much easier to make another!"

The effect of the Homburg waters and of the pure, bracing mountain air is greatly enhanced by the regimen prescribed by the doctors. Their patients are furnished with a list of forbidden articles of diet, among which are salmon, cabbage, cauliflower, cucumbers, onions, radishes and horse-radishes, macaroni, puddings, pastry, and butter. Light wines are allowed; but spirits of every kind, heavy wines such as Burgundy, and the "liquor wines" generally, such as sherry, madeira, port, and champagne, are strictly probibited. Claret is deemed the best wine for the invalid, specially if his digestive organs are inclined to acidity. Raw, uncooked fruit of all kinds is rigidly forbidden. There is no doubt that, apart from the mineral waters, the pure, bracing air, the pure water from the mountain springs, the frequent exercise in the open air, the early hours for retiring and rising (the last two being earnestly enjoined), the freedom from care and anxiety, together with the avoidance of harmful stimulants and of all innutritious, indigestible food, would of themselves in many cases of disease work a cure. From 7 to 9 A. M. the long, tree-shaded walk from the Kaiser to the Elisabeth spring is crowded with men and women of all ranks and nations, walking leisurely between the drams of water, chatting, and listening to the strains of the fine Kursaal band. The hollow in which the latter spring lies is encircled with fine, lofty trees, and its sides are covered with exquisitely arranged beds of flowers, — flowers of all hues, and vividly contrasting with each other in form and color. Close by the spring are a covered walk for rainy weather, festooned with flowers, a palm-house, and an orangery. In the afternoon the visitors flock to the Kurhaus garden, where, sitting under the trees, they listen to the masterpieces of the great composers played by the orchestra of forty picked musicians, and on "Fest" nights, alternately to these and to a fine regimental band from Frankfort. On these nights the garden is brilliantly illuminated by hundreds of Chinese lanterns and colored lamps, and hung with the flags of all nations. The festivities close with a grand display of fireworks, and, perhaps, a dance in the Kursaal.

The Kurhaus, built by M. Blanc in the days when the croupiers raked thousands of "krones" and "doppelkrones" into his coffers, is one of the most magnificent in Europe. It is a vast palatial building, with two wings, in one of which are the reading, chess, and billiard rooms, and in the other an opera-house and a restaurant. In the centre are the grand entrance-hall or front corridor, — a promenade in itself, cool in summer, and warm in winter, — the ball-room, and the concert-room. How spacious, airy, and cool seem all these rooms, especially the concert-room, with its marble floors, and how pleasant the walls in tinted arabesque, on which fall bright rays of light through the cupola above! Antiquaries will be glad to learn that in the Kurhaus there is a collection of antiquities found on the "Saalburg," — the remains of a Roman castle, situated on a wooded height of the Taunus, about two miles from Homburg. In the rear of the Kurhaus is an immense veranda or terrace roofed with glass and fronting the garden, where hundreds of visitors sit in the evening, dining at small tables and listening to the band. But the Park,—the unrivalled, enchanting Park, with its lawns of deep green; its walks winding under shady trees along hills, dales, and levels, its attractive light pavilions draped with caressing creepers, its flower-beds gorgeous with many-colored blossoms, — how shall I do justice to its charms? To think of giving a picture of it by particularizing its features would be as absurd as to describe the separate features of a man, and call the sum-total Jones or Brown. As the features of the face are only an alphabet, and a dry, dead map of a person's face can give no idea of his looks, so an enumeration of the separate beauties of a park conveys no more idea of its total charm than the simple presentation of an alphabet shows what there is in a poem. Equally useless would it be to compare this Park with that of any other watering-place; it would be like Captain Fluellen's comparison of Macedon with Monmouth, because there was a river in both places, and "salmons in poth." I must content myself with saying that all which the most consummate taste and artistic skill could do to make a rural paradise in which one might forget the "carking cares" of life, and enjoy not only that indefinite and instinctive happiness which Dr. Paley attributes to infants, oysters, and periwinkles, but the exalted pleasure yielded by the contemplation of Nature's charms, enhanced by art, has been done here. How many years of painstaking must have passed, how many elaborate studies of effect must have been made, before these landscape beauties, these bewitching negligent graces were hit upon, which seem accidental, but are the product of the highest art! I never tire of strolling along the winding walks shaded by over-arching trees, by the beds of flowers, in the silent and fragrant woods that skirt the Park; of gazing on the lawn-tennis-players, enjoying their sport under their picturesque flags, on the finest grounds in Germany; or of sitting in some quiet nook under the grand old elms, and listening to the birds, or to the strains of the distant orchestra borne on the breeze, building castles in Spain, and thinking of absent dear ones ("in medio fonte leporum surgit amari aliquid") who alone are wanting to make my bliss complete. Little did I dream before I came here that I should ever delight to rise at six in the morning, and without taking even a cup of that Arabian beverage which, as Pope says,

> "Makes the politician wise,
> And see all things through his half-shut eyes,"

walk two hours before breakfast. But such is the necromancy of this Park; and I am fast becoming what a colored man one day told the late James T. Fields, when he was taking his "constitutional," that he had become, — "a mighty predestinarian."

A witty French writer, enamored of the charms of Homburg, which he lately visited, says that it was born (that is, the new town), like Venus, in the bosom of the waters, — it has sprung by enchantment from its saline fountains. Only, he adds, it needed an enchanter, and that enchanter was the devil himself, in the form of M. Blanc, who established the gaming-house, — *die Spielhölle* as the German language, with its inexhaustible lexigraphic power, can say. It was in 1840 that he began operations; and at once, at the sound of the roulette, the number of visitors began to increase, till, from eight hundred in that year, it mounted up to ten thousand in 1860, and in the last year of the games swelled to twenty thousand. The suppression of the roulette was ordered in 1866, after the Landgraviat of Hessen-Homburg had been annexed to the kingdom of Prussia. M. Blanc was allowed, however, to maintain his *Spielhölle* six years more, on condition of relinquishing his garden and park, with the buildings erected upon them, to the Prussian Government (which afterward gave them to the town of Homburg), and paying a fixed sum annually, to provide a fund for the subsequent administration of the Kurhaus and the mineral waters. Since 1872 the click of the little ball cantering round in its steeple-chase till it drops exhausted into its fatal resting-place, has no longer been heard in the Kursaal. It is by the revenue from the fund just mentioned, and by a moderate tax upon visitors, which the town is authorized to levy, that the cost of maintaining this earthly paradise — which is said to be about fifty thousand dollars a year — is defrayed. Every stranger who passes more than five days at Homburg is required to pay to the town twelve marks. For a family the tax is, according to the number of persons, twenty, twenty-four, or thirty marks. (A mark is nearly twenty-five cents.) The payment of this charge, which is called the Kurtaxe, gives one a right, through the season, to use and enjoy the Park, the springs, and the Kurhaus, with its salons, its reading-rooms, which spread before him sixty journals and reviews in all languages, its gardens with their illuminations, the concerts, given three times daily by the Kurhaus orchestra, the frequent military music, and the dancing *soirées* which take place weekly. Three dollars for all these luxuries! What other investment of that sum would yield an equal return in health and happiness?

It is worth a visit to Homburg simply to enjoy its *dolce far niente*, its dreamy lotos-eating, which may here be had in perfection; or to sit under the trees in the Kurhaus garden and hear the stirring or soothing strains of the orchestra in the kiosque, — the forty trained musicians directed by Herr Gustave Tömlich, who are employed by the town at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars a year. From the beginning of the season, May 15, to the end, September 15, they play not fewer than twenty pieces a day. Herr Tömlich is an artist of the most catholic as well as the most delicate taste. His repertory comprises selections from more than a hundred composers, old and new, of all nations, — from Beethoven, Gluck, and Wagner, to Rossini, Balfe, and Strauss. Imagine the amount of musical knowledge which programmes containing such an exquisite variety of pieces, and changed at every concert, must imply in the leader of the orchestra! Imagine the long and laborious training they presuppose on the part of these Saxon (as most of them are) musicians, who play as one man, and as if they had given their lives to the mastery of each piece! A significant peculiarity of the morning concerts at the springs is that they begin always with a chant of adoration. The titles of some of these chorals are as follows: "The Lord is my Fortress;" "Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty;" "Praise the Lord, O my soul;" "How great is the goodness of the Almighty;" "Let us praise Jesus Christ;" "Let God lead us." Who would not be surprised at such a phenomenon as concerts thus opening at a French or American watering-place?

In conclusion, I will add, for the information of any of my readers who may not know its situation, that *Homburg vor der Höhe* (Homburg on the Height), as it is called, is situated on a spur of the Taunus Mountains, about twelve miles from Frankfort-on-the-Main. The town was formerly the residence of the Landgraves of Hessen-Homburg, who occupied the Schloss which overlooks the town at its west end. Connected with the Schloss is the beautiful palace garden, which is open to the public, with its orangery, fine old cedars, and fish-pond.

DIARIES.

THE publication of Hawthorne's Life by his son, with extracts from his note-book containing cynical observations on Margaret Fuller, has called public attention to the practice of diary-keeping, its virtues and vices. The assiduity of Curll in publishing memoirs and letters made Arbuthnot call him "a new terror of death." It is said that Lord Campbell, when writing the Lives of the Lord Chancellors, met one day the great advocate Sir Frederic Thessiger, and said to him: "Well, Sir Frederic, I understand you are to be Chancellor." "O heavens! I hope not," was the reply; "you would write my life." Never before, since the days of Cain, have the lives of men been taken so cruelly as now. This posthumous martyrdom has become part of the stipulated tax which genius pays for celebrity. "Don't let the awkward squad fire over me," was the dying request of Burns; but an eminent statesman, poet, or man-of-letters has a fate to dread far more fearful than the confused firing of country militia over his grave. To suspect that almost as soon as the breath is out of his body its spiritual tenant will be turned inside out and scrutinized with a microscope; that he is to be photographed exactly as he is, with all his ugly little peculiarities, all his eccentricities, all his weaknesses, faults, and foibles, — is enough to make a sensitive man shudder.

No man can be a Solon at all times. In a moment of thoughtlessness, in the ebullition of animal spirits, in the frankness and playfulness of a smoking-room, in the unwariness which is induced by a glass or two of wine in "the wee small hours ayant the 'twal," a satirical remark is made, or a ludicrous personal anecdote is told, with no malicious intent; and down it goes into the inevitable journal of some one present, to confront you afterward on a printed page, when, though you bitterly repent the folly, it is too late to recall it, whatever misery it may cause. Since the publication of the Biography of Wilberforce and the Letters of Carlyle, no public man can be secure that his peace of mind and the friendship of a lifetime may not be destroyed by the indiscretion of a biographer who chooses to spice his work with epigrams that were dropped and regretted years ago. No wonder that the gentle, kindly poet Whittier should have declared, after reading the Carlyle correspondence, that he had set to work and destroyed the major part of his own collection of letters, covering a period of over fifty years, lest they should be published after his death and bring suffering to some one. "I wish," he adds, "that all the letters I have written could be treated by my friends in the same manner." Nor is it strange that, as an English paper asserts, an eminent personage is reported to have inquired specially whether the nominee for a private post about her person kept one of these damning records of familiar conversations. It is said that a Frenchman tried to shoot himself when he learned that his wife kept one. When it is considered that a diary is *ex parte*, and cannot be cross-examined, that it is sure to be colored by the moods, misapprehensions, and prejudices of the writer, it seems strange that this kind of testimony should be trusted and cited so often as it is by Macaulay and other historians.

The best men have their ill-natured moments, when the wind is east or their dinners have not been digested. How would a Gladstone fare in a Tory's diary, or a Disraeli in a Radical's?

No doubt diaries have been published, some of them in this generation, which the world could ill have spared. How could we do without the "Paston Letters," — that "precious link in the chain of England's moral history," as Mr. Hallam has characterized them; or without the letters of Anselm, John of Salisbury, and Peter Blois? Who would willingly part with Evelyn's diary, with its revelations of Charles II.'s court, and its graphic pictures of the plague and the great fire in London; or with the naïve and amusing chronicle of that inveterate old gossip Pepys, with its piquant social disclosures and its diary of the quarrels and reconciliations springing from Mrs. Pepys's fits of jealousy? How much of our knowledge of Swift we owe to the journals he kept, and which he transmitted to Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson, — journals in which we see him without disguise, in his dressing-gown and slippers! How characteristic the wish expressed in one of them, when a man wakes him every day by crying savoys, that his largest cabbage was sticking in his throat! How naïve the Dean's self-portraiture in the account he gives of his treatment of a wretched poet, who sends him as a bribe some of the finest wild-fowl he ever saw! He eats the fowl, and tells his servant "never to let up the poet when he comes. The rogue," he says, "should have kept the wings, at least, for his Muse." How could we dispense with Judge Sewall's journal; or with that exquisite mosaic work of history, wit and anecdote, character and incident, which Horace Walpole has left us in his letters;

or with Boswell's matchless journal; or with the autobiographic correspondence of Cowper, so inimitable in its seductive negligence of style, and rivalled only by Sévigné *pour conter des bagatelles avec grâce;* or with the hardly less entertaining gossip served up in the later reminiscences of Henry Crabb Robinson, Greville, and Mozley? Amid not a little rubbish, these works contain much valuable matter, both biographical and historical. The petty incidents and seemingly trivial anecdotes and sayings which they record often flash more light upon public events and upon national and individual character than pages of elaborate history. The copy of Montaigne's Essays containing the autograph of Shakspeare is esteemed of almost priceless value. But how much more should we prize, if we had it, the old Gascon's diary! What a treasury of Dryden's wit and wisdom might have been bequeathed to us if Colley Cibber, who told Johnson that he had met the poet a thousand times and knew him intimately, had possessed Boswell's taste for personal facts and rare genius for journalizing!

Not so, however, thinks that brilliant critic, M. Philarète Chasles. "What care I," he exclaims, "about the patience or scrupulousness of a former frequenter of the Alexandrian Library who should have saved for me in twenty-five volumes in folio the *billets-doux* of Cleopatra and the bills of her washerwoman and jeweller?" Only a Nares — whose Memoirs of Lord Burleigh, according to Macaulay, fill two thousand closely-printed quarto pages, and weigh sixty pounds avoirdupois — would overwhelm his readers with twenty-five volumes of such material; but who can doubt that a selection might be made from Cleopatra's bills and *billets-doux*, if we had them, that would reveal to us much that we do not and cannot otherwise know of the habits, manners, and tastes of the Egyptian queen, the people, and the time? How perfectly her artfulness is epitomized in the incident mentioned by Plutarch, — that, to avoid discovery, she rolled herself in a carpet, and, carefully tied up at full length, was delivered in a large parcel at Cæsar's palace! Has not Mr. Forster shown, in his charming biography of Goldsmith, that even a tailor's bill may be used to throw light on character? — as, for example, the bills of Filby, of Fetter Lane, who made the famous peach-colored coat. Facts and incidents like these, whether found in biography or history, are eminently worth relating. They differ materially from the frivolous ones noted by a large class of writers, of whom the pedant ridiculed in "Gil Blas" is a good example. He solemnly narrated that the Athenian children cried when they were whipped, — "a fact of which but for his vast and select erudition we should have remained ignorant."

The London "Athenæum" not only defends the publication of damaging things in memoirs, but goes so far as to insist that such works are not worth the paper they are written on "if they do not contain something that partial friends would not approve of, good taste would revolt from, and the nearest and dearest would be shocked at." Mr. Froude defends his publication of Carlyle's atrabilious utterances by saying: "I learned my duty from himself, — to keep back nothing, and extenuate nothing." He seems to think that as Cromwell liked to be painted with the moles upon his face, so it may be right to expose a great man's mental and moral deformities, even at the risk of overshadowing the finer or nobler qualities. The trouble is, in Carlyle's case, as in many others, that the exposure of his defects and foibles cannot be made without giving pain to other persons. The revelations have in not a few cases scarified the justly sensitive feelings of his worthy acquaintances, to whom this literary vivisection is as painful in reality, if not in degree, as that of the poor animal that writhes under the knife of the operator.

No doubt many of the evils of diary-publishing are due rather to the indiscretion of literary executors in publishing diaries immediately after the writer's death, and thus giving pain or doing injury to living men, than to the reminiscences themselves. But even this evil has its compensation. A false story or libel published during the lifetime of its victim may be contradicted, or its exaggeration exposed; but not so twenty or twenty-five years after the writer's death, when the person calumniated, or the witness who might disprove the calumny, is in the grave. There is reason to fear that some malicious diarists have directed the postponement of the publication of their gossip till many years after their decease, not from motives of delicacy and kindness, but to prevent contradiction of their inventions. Considering the frailty of human life, it is dangerous for a public man to keep a diary which he would shrink from having published; but probably, as a recent writer says, most diaries, like Pope's letters, are penned with an eye to publication; and "it may reasonably be believed that the one exception, — namely, Mr. Pepys, — had the writer ever imagined that Parson Smith, of Cambridge, would have discovered the secret of his cipher, might have contained fewer memoranda about 'black-eyed girls' and the little infidelities which, though proper enough for a Carolinian courtier, were scarcely becoming in the President of the Royal Society."

THE ADVANTAGES OF UGLINESS.

"NEVER say that it is a small thing to be ugly," says the late George Dawson in one of his eloquent lectures. "It is a terrible thing to be ugly; it is a rock, a mountain, an obstruction, and a hindrance; and it should be counted in any man's way to glory that he had this Alp to cross." Now, we believe the very opposite of this to be true, and we will give our reasons. The advantages of personal beauty are obvious; but those of plainness, and especially of positive ugliness, are less patent, and therefore less generally recognized. It is one of the unhappy drawbacks of beauty that though we all admire it and sing its praises, we do not trust it. We look upon it as a vain, transitory, skin-deep thing, which it is well enough for young persons and poets to rave about, but which, having no solidity or permanence, is not to be depended upon. On the contrary, there is a durability, a fixedness, a respectability about ugliness, that wins our respect and our confidence. Again, it is difficult to associate the ideas of mental and moral excellence with beauty, while it is easy to associate them with ugliness. The exquisite Venus de Médicis, "the statue that enchants the world," is hardly less remarkable for the absence of every intellectual charm, than for the possession of every animal grace. When Miss Bremer was asked by her American adorers what she thought when so many people came to see her, she replied: "I wished that I was handsomer." Now, we greatly doubt whether the Swedish authoress, if beautiful, would have commanded half the admiration and esteem that she won by her plainness. What greater misfortune, then, can befall a young man than to be afflicted with a beautiful form and face? He may be praised and petted, but he is secretly despised. He begins life at a positive disadvantage, and may spend half his days in disabusing his acquaintances of their unfavorable impressions. Because he has so many outward, physical attractions, it is inferred that he has no inner mental ones. On the other hand, the plain-looking man gets credit at once upon the mere security of his face. An ungainly form conveys the idea of stedfastness of purpose; a wrinkled brow suggests thoughtfulness; and a scarred cheek, a good bank account. Rufus Choate, when yielding to an adverse decision of Chief-Justice Shaw, did but express the feeling which all men, in a greater or less degree, secretly entertain toward the ill-favored man: "In coming into the presence of your honor, I experience the same feelings as the Hindoo does when he bows before his idol. I know that you are ugly, but I feel that you are great!"

Schopenhauer, the German philosopher, has well observed that "in the natural world we rarely see beauty allied with usefulness. Lofty trees of magnificent aspect bear no fruit, productive trees for the most part being ugly little cripples. So also the most beautiful buildings are not useful. A temple is not a dwelling-place." What is more worthless than the gaudy poppy, or what more valuable than the gnarled oak or the bristling corn? So with animals: how valueless is the brilliant peacock or the gazelle, and how useful the plain ox, cow, or mule!

Again, who does not know that the consciousness of ugliness has proved to many a man an intellectual stimulus, — as Bacon expresses it, " a perpetual spur to rescue and deliver himself from scorn"? Deformity, says that great thinker, provokes men to industry; while " in their superiors it quencheth jealousy towards them, as persons that they think they may at pleasure despise; and it layeth their competitors and emulators asleep, as never believing they should be in possibility of advancement, till they see them in possession; so that upon the matter [upon the whole], in a great wit *deformity is an advantage to rising.*" Who can doubt that it was because Socrates was so intolerably ugly, so ill-looking that Rabelais compares him to one of those boxes in an apothecary's shop with ugly figures on the outside, but filled within with precious drugs, that he so distinguished himself by his mental powers? A more grotesque figure never attracted the gaze of passers-by in the streets. He had a flat nose, lobster-like eyes, and thick lips, with a round and protuberant body that made his friends liken him to the figures of Silenus. Again, who can doubt that it was because Seneca was " lean and harsh, ugly to behold;" the Emperor Galba, crookbacked; Agesilaus, mean and contemptible-looking, — that these men severally rose to eminence? Who can help believing that it was by a similar provocation that Boccharis, the most deformed ruler that Egypt ever had, was fired to labor at self-culture till he surpassed in wisdom and knowledge all his predecessors? Æsop the fabulist is a yet more striking example, or would be if Bentley had not cast suspicion upon, or rather destroyed, the credibility of the story — which, he says, was first told by Planudes, a Byzantine monk of the fourteenth century — that Æsop was a humpbacked dwarf.

What but a consciousness of their ugliness, and of the consequent contempt of their fellows, has pricked on some of the most famous warriors of ancient and modern times? Would Uladislaus Cubitatis, the pygmy king of Poland, had he possessed the ordinary bulk and stature of a man, have manifested so fiery a valor, and fought, as a quaint old writer says, "more victorious battles than any of his long-shanked predecessors"? Was not the Duke of Luxembourg, one of the ablest generals of Louis XIV., deformed? "I can never beat that little hunchback," said William of Orange one day angrily. "How does he know that I am a hunchback?" asked Luxembourg, on hearing of the exclamation; "I have often seen his back, but he has never yet seen mine." Was it not, in all probability, a consciousness of his own physical meanness by Robespierre — who was but five feet and two or three inches in height, with a livid and bilious complexion, eyelids continually blinking, and shoulders and neck subject to frequent spasmodic motions — that goaded him on in his career; and did not the same mortifying sense of bodily inferiority sting into fearful activity his rival Marat, who was even shorter than Robespierre, and had a hideous face and a head monstrous in size?

The ugliness of Goldsmith is well known. Short and thick in body, round-faced, and with "an expanse of forehead equal to a prize cauliflower," he had a pale complexion, and was deeply pitted with the small-pox. Can we doubt that these physical disadvantages, which made him a butt of ridicule in his childhood, provoked him to those literary toils which extorted the world's admiration in the "Vicar of Wakefield" and the "Traveller"? The same observation may be made upon Ben Jonson, of whom it might have been said, as Madame de Sévigné said of Pélisson, "qu'il abusait du privilège dont jouissent les hommes d'être laids." Decker, in a satire on old Ben, says of his face: "It looks, for all the world, like a rotten russet apple when it is bruised. . . . Look at his parboiled face, — his face punched full of eyelet-holes, like the cover of a warming-pan!" But massive and unshapely as the old dramatist was in body, his "mountain-stomach and rocky face" were only symbols of his rugged, tough, and arrogant mind. In the days of the French *salon*, one of the queens of society was the Princesse de Vaudemont, *née* Montmorency, who was *grande dame* to the tips of her fingers, though her face and figure ill qualified her for her part. She was not only short and red-faced, but "plump and thin at the same time, — that is, plump where she ought to have been thin, and thin where she ought to have been plump." But her physical disadvantages only piqued her ambition, and she triumphed over all obstacles by dint of air, manner, and address. So with Catherine des Jardins, once famous as a writer of poetry and dramas: though badly disfigured by small-pox, yet did she not win for herself three husbands, and a great many lovers besides? Was it not a woman whom he himself describes in his sonnets as ugly, black in complexion, hair, and eyes, with no charm for any physical sense, that enslaved Shakspeare in his youth? It was her music that drew him to her, — her intellectual grace, and an aptness which clothed the ugly with beauty, and raised in his eyes "the worst in her above all best." Lekain, the French actor, was both ugly and ungraceful; but the moment he had stepped on the stage, "il semblait avoir dépouillé sa nature bourgeoise avec ses habits bourgeois; un héros sortait de cette grossière enveloppe." Men and women who had sneered at his ugliness in the morning, admired his beauty in the evening. Of Pope, who was so small and crooked as to be compared to an interrogation-point, Hazlitt has well asked: "Do we owe nothing to his deformity? He doubtless soliloquized, 'Though my person be crooked, my poetry shall be straight.'"

Was it not because he was rudely shaped, wanting love's majesty, that Richard III. shaped out a great, unscrupulous career for himself; and would Brougham ever have ascended the woolsack had he not been so ill-favored as to become notorious by provoking the gibes of O'Connell and "Punch"? "Did you never see him?" once asked the Irish Liberator; "if you never have, I hope you never will. He is one of the ugliest beings in existence; it would make a fellow almost sick to look at him. I have often seen a head carved on a walking-stick handsomer than he is." It was because Francis Horner was so plain-looking that Scotch and English gave him such credit for honesty; Sydney Smith said that the ten commandments were written in his face. Lord Chesterfield, if we may believe his contemporary, Lord Hervey, was as disagreeable as it was possible for a human figure to be without being deformed, and George II. could not believe that a woman could like such a "dwarf baboon." Yet his very knowledge of this disadvantage prompted him to laborious self-improvement, and he became not only a leader of fashion, but an eminent ambassador and diplomatist, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Soame Jenyns once expressed a wonder that anybody so ugly as Gibbon could write a book; the real marvel would have been if that monumental work, the "Decline and Fall," had been produced by a handsome man. The remark was still stranger, coming, as it did, from one who was himself a writer of books, and of good books too, although he was disfigured by an immense wen under his head, and had eyes protruding like a lobster's, yet allowing room for another wen between them and his nose. It would be interesting to know how far Baron von Humboldt, the diplomatist, was indebted to the plainness of his features for his worldly advancement. "Look at me," he said, in reply to the request of Isabey, the French painter, for a sitting, "and acknowledge that Nature has given me so ugly a face that you cannot but approve the law I have laid down, — never to spend a halfpenny to preserve the likeness for posterity. Dame Nature would have too good a laugh at my expense on seeing me sit for my portrait; and to punish her for the shabby trick she has played me, I will never give her that pleasure."

It is a popular notion that beauty is the chief passport to woman's love and esteem, though facts of daily occurrence prove the contrary to be true. Of all the famous women whom history records, how many have dazzled a larger circle of admirers than the beautiful, fascinating, and accomplished Lady Hamilton? Yet she gave her heart unreservedly to the dwarfish, homely, sickly-looking Lord Nelson. He had the soul of a hero, which was enough for her, and she loved him not a whit less passionately when his deformity was aggravated by the loss of an eye and an arm. Who was it that, triumphing over a host of princely rivals, won the heart of "the prettiest and most extraordinary creature in England" in the time of Charles II., — the bewitching, universally sought, yet fastidious Frances Jennings? It was the affected, big-headed, pygmy-legged Jermyn, who lacked every grace of person and manner which is deemed necessary to carry the female heart captive. So with Lord Hervey, one of the ministers of George II. A man of weak physical frame, he suffered from epilepsy and many other ailments; and his face was so meagre and so pallid, or rather livid, that he used to paint and make up like an actress or fine lady. Yet, in spite of these disadvantages, he succeeded in winning the hand of one of the most beautiful women of the day, — the charming Mary Lepell, whose name has been celebrated in more than one poetical panegyric by Pope; and he also captivated the heart of one of the royal princesses. It is well known that the preachers George Whitefield and Edward Irving were both favorites of the fair, though both were disfigured by strabismus.

What Englishman of note had ever a more uncouth figure than Erasmus Darwin, author of the "Botanical Garden"? His body was vast and massive, and his head almost buried in his shoulders. He had in these a stoop, and in his face traces of small-pox. But though twice her age, clumsy, a stutterer, lame, and ugly, he won the hand of the young and beautiful Mrs. Pole, in spite of the rivalry of many young men. Again, what man was ever more successful in laying siege to female hearts than the demagogue John Wilkes? He was so exceedingly ugly that a lottery-office keeper once offered him ten guineas not to pass his window while the tickets were drawing, for fear of his bringing ill-luck on the house. Rogers the poet, who had seen him, speaks of his "diabolical squint." Yet, though the ugliest man in England, he was at the same time its most accomplished intriguer. He was the Don Juan of his day, sneering at the very women he subdued. He once boasted to Lord Townshend, whom he admitted to be the handsomest man in the kingdom, that, give him but a half hour's start, he would enter the lists against his lordship with any woman he might choose to name. In our own day have we not seen the strongest-minded woman of the age wed the brilliant and versatile but exceedingly plain, not to say ugly, George H. Lewes?

Again, the ugliest Frenchman that ever walked the streets of Paris was Mirabeau, the master-spirit of the French Revolution, whose looks some one compared to those of "a tiger pitted by small-pox." He had the features of a wild beast, and the massive shock of hair which surmounted his huge forehead gave him at times the aspect of an enraged lion. Yet the belt of no "gay Lothario" of his time was hung with a greater number of bleeding female hearts than that of this thunderer of the tribune, who shook from his locks "pestilence and war," who seemed born of the tempest, and to have been reared by Providence expressly to

> "Guide the whirlwind and direct the storm."

Such was the man who was worshipped by the delicate beauties of his time, and such the head which, when wearied by the fierce logic of debate, could rest in the lap of a royal Venus, and be petted by hands as white and delicate as the lily. "There was magic in the strong man's hideousness. It made men crouch, and women worship. It blasted from the politician's tribune, but one would almost suppose it blessed in the lady's chamber, so caressed, and fondled, and kissed into a sort of grim good-humor was it every night and every morning." To a friend who expressed his astonishment at Mirabeau's success in intrigue, the great man replied: "Ah, my friend, you know not the power of my ugliness!"

Such are a few of the compensations of ugliness; but though besides these we might mention several others, we will conclude by naming only one. Who has not read of the stock-jobbing mania that raged in Paris under the auspices of the Scotchman, Law? The Rue Quinquempoix, to which the business was confined, was so crowded with people of all ranks and conditions that, though desks and writing materials were in great demand, it was difficult to obtain them. In this exigency a humpbacked man let out his deformity for the speculators to scribble upon; and so useful did it prove that he is said to have made by it in a few days a hundred and fifty thousand livres. What ill-looking man, after that, need despair of coining his defects into doubloons?

WORRY.

"DON'T worry" is a pithy prescription which is often given in these days of overwork and severe mental strain. Worry, we are told, is the converse of work; the one develops force, the other checks its development and wastes what we already have. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. All this is sagely said; but those who say it forget that worry is an almost necessary incident of the best, which is high-pressure, work. To tell persons who have a lofty ideal not to be gloomy because they fall short of it; to tell other persons not to brood over things, not to look forward, not to devise terrors, — all this, as Scott said of similar advice, is as useless as "for Molly to put the kettle on the fire and say 'Don't boil!'" They cannot help themselves. It is easy to abstain from worry if one has low aspirations, if one is easily pleased with what he is and with what he does, or if one has a hard, dull nature, or an incapacity for sympathy. There is a large class of worries which are inseparable from the exercise of the affections, and which can be avoided only when they are suppressed or extinguished. Swift knew this; and hence when some one spoke in his presence of "a fine old man," he exclaimed: "There 's no such thing; if his head or heart had been worth anything, it would have worn him out long ago." At the same time it must be admitted that many persons have a chronic habit of worrying which is wholly unjustified by the circumstances in which they are placed.

It is a well-known fact that men and women who have the fewest real troubles and trials often torment themselves with imaginary ones. On the other hand, persons who have to toil hard and to struggle with *bona-fide* difficulties, who have daily to keep the wolf from their door, are rarely given to invent fanciful grievances. Chronic invalids who are prisoners to their room, hard-worked mothers of families, and husbands or sons on whose shoulders rests a heavy load of care for helpless relatives, often manifest a cheerfulness that is wanting to their rich neighbors who appear to possess all of fortune's gifts. Again, men rarely worry over great calamities; it is the petty trials and vexations of life which tease and fret them most. Charles V., overwhelmed as he was with cares during his long reign, bore up under all his trials and disappointments with patience, calmness, and dignity; but after his abdication and retirement to the monastery of St. Juste, his restless, fidgety habits were the torment of the monks. Being seized with a mania for punctuality, he spent a large part of his time in regulating clocks and trying to make them keep time together, and used to visit the monks at prematurely early hours to awaken them for the morning devotional service. On one occasion a young monk whose sleep was thus foolishly disturbed, muttered that the Emperor might be content with having troubled the peace of all Europe for years, and leave a poor monk to his repose. Charles's death is supposed to have been hastened by the rehearsal of his own obsequies. Richelieu at the zenith of his power was as anxious and worried about the success of his miserable play as if his political power depended on it.

He trembled for its fate as much as he ever had for that of an embassy or a treaty; and when the piece fell flat, was persuaded that the actors were drunk. On its second performance, the cardinal, whose frown overawed even the king, was transported with delight by the hand-clappings of toadies and groundlings. The calmest of men in trials which would have overwhelmed most men with anxiety, cool and self-possessed when webs of conspiracy were woven about him, he yet was worried by trifles.

An amusing catalogue might be made of the trifles about which some of the most celebrated men have tormented themselves. Wallenstein, accustomed as he was to the thunder of artillery and the uproar of battles, had such a dislike for noise at home that he could not bear the barking of dogs, nor even the clatter of the large spurs then in fashion. To keep every noise at a distance, he had twelve patrols making, night and day, regular circuits around his palace. Julius Cæsar could not hear the crowing of a cock without shuddering. The poet Beattie had such a hatred of chanticleer that he denounced his lusty proclamation of the morn in language applicable to the deeds of a Nero. Kant left a house in which he was pleasantly domiciled, because a neighbor kept a cock that disturbed his nerves. When the same metaphysician sat down to think at the close of the day, he used to fix his eyes on a certain old tower; and when some poplar-trees grew up and hid it from his view, he found that he could not think at all, till at his request the poplars were cropped and the tower made visible again. Buffon was equally dependent upon trifles for literary success. He could not think to good purpose except in full dress, and with his hair elaborately arranged; and for an external stimulus to his brain he had a hairdresser interrupt his work twice, and sometimes thrice, a day. The ingenuity which some persons exhibit in finding means of self-torment is extraordinary. In Richter's "Fruit, Thorn, and Flower Pieces" there is a singular example of this. A young student marries, and is obliged to pursue his studies in two small rooms occupied by himself and his wife. The latter has a domestic turn, and loves to keep her apartments clean. Unfortunately he has formed a habit of listening to her, which scatters all his ideas to the winds. At last, having one day endured the noise of her tidying toils as long as he can, he begs that she will make as little noise as possible, since otherwise he cannot get on with his writing, which she knew was for publication. She agrees; and then skims over the floor, and athwart the various webs of her household labors, with the tread of a spider. The nervous, fidgety student has to keep his ears on the alert to hear her; but he succeeds, and at last jumps up and cries out to her: "For one whole hour I have been listening and watching that dreadful tripping about on tiptoe. Please go about as you usually do, darling." She complies, and goes about *almost* as she usually did; but this does not satisfy him, and he asks if she would mind going about the house in her stockings when he is at work at his writing. When his wife sits positively idle, the scribbling martyr torments himself by thinking that she will presently resume her labors; and when she actually leaves the room and sits quietly in the adjoining one, he calls through the keyhole: "Lenette, I can't hear very distinctly what it is, but I know you are up to something or other there. For God's dear sake, stop it at once!" The poor woman was merely wiping the rails of the bedstead noiselessly with a flannel; but the student was determined to be worried by her work, and went on tormenting himself long after all occasion for his annoyance had ceased to exist.

Ill-health — especially nervous exhaustion — is a fruitful source of worry. It is one of the many infirmities of old age, when a man's bodily stamina have been sapped by retrogressive changes in which the nervous system shares, that cares which sat lightly on the shoulders when he was young, become now an almost insupportable burden. But when this proneness to low spirits and discouragement shows itself in men or women not past their prime, and not overwhelmed with exhausting toils or cares, it is generally a sign that the bodily health is "below par," and needs "toning up." A New York preacher says that he went out of the city to his farm early one summer feeling that the world was just upon the brink of ruin; he returned to his church in early autumn persuaded that "we were on the eve of the millennium."

Worry, like love, is often "the child of idleness and fulness of bread." The leisure which so many toilers yearn for is a pleasant garment to look at, but often a very shirt of Nessus to wear. Worry is not rarely, too, the child of fastidiousness. Byron, in his diary, speaking of the poet Rogers's house, says: "There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor. But this very fastidiousness must be the misery of his existence. *Oh, the jarrings his disposition must have encountered through life!*" A real trouble, if not irremediable, is sometimes a blessing, since it puts a host of scarecrow ills to flight. A story is told of a French abbé who, having very little to trouble him, "fell into a melancholy" which at last affected his health. Luckily for him, he had certain enemies who contrived to send him, on some frivolous charge, to the Bastile. He was liberated after a while; but the desire to detect and punish his false accusers cured alike his body and his mind. He forgot his melancholy and his bad health in this engrossing occupation, till his friends were wont jestingly to ask him "what had become of the abbé, as they now knew quite a different person." Such has been the transformation wrought in many a person who had been a prey to paltry worries; but, unfortunately, to some the habit of brooding over trivial troubles returns the moment the pressure of a giant grievance has been removed. They are so habituated to their grievance that they cannot live without it. Just as a mule accustomed to carry panniers or a pack-saddle in a mountainous country, steers his way, when free from his burden, as if he still bore it, allowing always the distance between the rocks and himself which was necessary to clear his loaded panniers; just as a person doomed in his early years to poverty often persists in painful petty economies long after the necessity for them has ceased, — so a man who has been suddenly relieved from some genuine cause for worry which has weighed him down for years, experiences a strangely uneasy feeling in his new situation, and a latent yearning, like that of Le Brun's Sophie Arnould, for "le bon vieux temps quand j'étais si malheureux." He misses the accustomed grievance as Charles Lamb missed the desk-work which he hated when he quit it, or as the court favorite who, after many rebuffs, had struggled up to her dazzling position at Versailles, missed the obscure life in which she had so long languished. "I am like the carp," she said; "I regret the mud."

COURAGE.

The thing in the world I am most afraid of is fear. — MONTAIGNE.

THERE are few subjects upon which more fallacious popular notions are current than in regard to courage. No quality is more admired by men in general; yet it is evident that there is no merit in it, except so far as it is prompted by rational and conscientious considerations, since otherwise, whether active or passive, it is but a merely senseless instinct, which some of the best and most sagacious men have lacked, while other and far inferior men have possessed it abundantly. Turenne, dining one day at M. de Lamoignon's, was asked whether his courage was never shaken at the beginning of a battle. "Yes," was the reply, "I sometimes feel great nervous excitement; but there are many subaltern officers and soldiers in the army who feel none whatever." The great Condé was much agitated in his first campaign. "My body trembles," he said, "with the actions my soul meditates." It is told of Charles V. that he often trembled when arming for battle, but in the conflict was as cool as if it were impossible for an emperor to be killed. When he once saw inscribed on a tombstone, "Here lies a man who never knew fear," he said: "Then he can never have snuffed a candle with his fingers!" Perhaps if Charles had lived in our day, and had been half-petrified in some Continental cold-water establishment, he would have said: "Then he can never on a winter's morning have gone naked under a mountain-torrent converted into a douche!"

The brilliant Savoyard, Count de Maistre, after quoting the mocking *mot* of Charles V., finely says in his "Soirées de Saint-Pétersbourg": "Fear! What man has never in his life felt fear? Who has never had occasion to wonder, both in himself and about him, and in history, at the all-powerful weakness of this passion, which often seems to have the more empire over us in proportion as it has fewer reasonable motives? . . . There is a woman's fear, which flees crying; and *that* we are permitted, even bidden, to regard as impossible, though it may not be a wholly unknown phenomenon. But there is another form of fear which is much more terrible, which sinks into the manliest heart, freezes it, and persuades it that it is vanquished. This is the frightful scourge always hung over armies. I put one day to a military man of the highest rank this question: '*Tell me, general, what is a lost battle?* I have never well understood that.' He replied, after a moment's silence: 'I know nothing about it;' and, after being silent again, he added: '*It is a battle which one thinks he has lost.*' Nothing is more true. A single man who fights with another is vanquished when he is killed or thrown down, and the other stands up. It is not so with two armies; one of them cannot be killed, while the other remains on foot. The forces balance each other, as well as the dead; and since especially the invention of powder has made the means of destruction on both sides more equal, a battle is no longer lost materially, — that is, because there are more dead on the one side than on the other. Frederic II., who understood this somewhat, said: '*To vanquish is to advance.*' But who is he that advances?

It is he whose conscientiousness and front (*la conscience et la contenance*) make the other recoil. . . . Opinion is so powerful in war that it alone can change the nature of the very same event and give it two different names, with no other reason than its own good pleasure. A general throws himself between two hostile corps, and he writes to his court: '*I have cut him off; he is lost.*' The other writes to his: '*He has put himself between two fires; he is lost.*' Which of the two is deceived? He who shall first let himself be seized by the cold goddess."

The Greeks recognized that "frightful scourge hung over armies" of which De Maistre speaks, — that fear which surprises men without any visible cause, by an inexplicable impulse. Modern military history teems with examples of panic-struck armies, from the Battle of the Spurs, in 1513 — so called because the vanquished troops fled with such haste that the best mounted cavaliers could not overtake them, — down to Falkirk, the final *sauve qui peut* of Waterloo, and our own Bull Run. The Romans lost their first pitched battle against Hannibal through this cause. A part of their army, comprising ten thousand infantry, took a sudden fright, and seeing no other way of escape, threw themselves, strange to say, upon the great array of the enemy, which they charged again and again with incredible force and fury, and routed with great slaughter, — "thus purchasing," as Montaigne says, "an ignominious flight at the same price at which they might have won a glorious victory." It is said that the dread of being dragged in triumph along the Appian Way, and thus undergoing a personal humiliation if they resisted, utterly paralyzed the monarchs of the ancient world; so that at the bare approach of a Roman army they hastened to make such terms as they could.

An English soldier, after many years' service in one of the bravest armies in the world, has expressed the opinion that cowardice is far more common than courage on the battle-field. "In the whole course of my military career," he says, "I never saw two bodies of any size cross bayonets. . . . Before such a collision takes place, one side always gives way; and I hold it as a maxim in warfare that if one body will only stand still, another of equal size will not come up to it. Before the assailing party arrives within twenty paces of their enemy, it will be found to be divided into three parts: the first composed of your rash, daring fellows, who outstrip their companions; the next, of your steady hands, who will do their duty and no more; and the last, of those who would stay behind if they could. Fear is the most powerful of human passions, and is more evinced than the world generally supposes. We hear of armies and corps 'covering themselves with glory,' but we seldom hear of their covering themselves from the fire of the enemy. . . . I have seen a great deal more to make me ashamed of my species than proud of it."[1] In contradiction to this, some of the greatest military commanders have expressed the highest confidence in their soldiers' bravery. Scipio was wont to say that there was nothing he could command his army to do that they were not prepared to execute on the instant. When halting at Syracuse, on his way from Italy to Africa, he said: "Look at those three hundred men, and that tower near them: every one of them, were I to give the order, would go up to the top of it and throw himself down headlong." Marlborough's soldiers smiled at any difficulty, however disheartening it looked, saying: "That is no business of ours; Corporal John will carry us through, somehow or other." The Duke of Wellington, when the war in the South of France was concluded, in 1814, said of his veteran Peninsular army: "At that time they would have gone anywhere with *me*, and I could have done anything with *them*." "When I see that old man on his horse," said a young officer of his commander, Sir C. J. Napier, "the hero of Scinde," during a campaign in that country, "how can I be idle, who am young and strong? By ——, I would go into a loaded cannon's mouth if he ordered me!"

---

[1] Kincaid's "Twenty Years of Retirement" (London, 1835).

When we consider that a man does not make his own nervous system, which, even if originally healthy, is often grievously impaired by the senseless treatment of nurses and teachers, constitutional timidity is to be pitied, rather than ridiculed or condemned. It is easy to be brave if one has been endowed from infancy with iron nerves. Such was the gift of Charles XII. of Sweden, who loved fighting for its own sake, — for the *certaminis gaudia*, "the rapture of the strife." "What is that noise?" he asked, as the balls whistled by him when landing in Denmark, a mere stripling, under heavy fire. "The sound of the shot they fire at your Majesty," replied one of his marshals. "Good!" said the king; "henceforth that shall be my music;" and such it continued to be until, eighteen years after, the fatal bullet was fired at Frederikshall which crashed through his brain and ended his miraculous career. The courage of Nelson was inborn. When, after he had rambled late one night in his boyhood, his mother said to him on his return that she wondered fear did not drive him home, "Fear!" replied the lad, "who 's he? I don't know him." It is when moral courage is engrafted by education, pride, or a sense of duty on a timid temperament, a nature originally craven, that it merits the highest admiration. It is therefore by no means a bad omen when a soldier betrays extreme fright in his first battle; it shows that he has a keen sensibility, which is the source of that pride and sense of honor which will enable him, with discipline and experience, to face danger manfully. Both Henry IV. of France and Frederic the Great of Prussia had an instinctive fear of danger; yet both triumphed over their natural poltroonery, and manifested the coolest self-possession and the most daring valor in many a fiercely fought battle. Henry's body trembled like an aspen-leaf in his first action; but this agitation only provoked him to exclaim: "Villanous nature, I will make thee ashamed of thyself!" as he spurred his horse through a breach where the bravest veterans hesitated; and ever afterward his white plume was seen in the thickest of the fight, and regarded as the rallying point of his men. Frederic ran away, shivering with fright, from his first battlefield, at Molwitz; but he never turned his back on the enemy again. When an officer, in a sharp engagement, complained to Wellington that a brother officer had fled with terror before a fierce charge of the enemy, the Duke simply replied: "Look to yourself!" Shortly afterward the situation was reversed; the officer who had been frightened was in the hottest of the fight; and the accuser was spurring his horse away from the foe.

Colonel T. W. Higginson, in his admirable "Out-door Papers," observes that "there is a certain magnetic power in courage, apart from all physical strength. . . . Read one narrative of shipwreck, and human nature seems all sublime; read another, and under circumstances equally desperate, it appears base, selfish, grovelling. The difference lies simply in the influence of a few leading spirits. Ordinarily, as is the captain, so are the officers, so are the passengers, so are the sailors. Bonaparte said that at the beginning of almost every battle there was a moment when the bravest troops were liable to sudden panic; let the personal control of the general lead them past that, and the field was half won."

The hare-brained, dare-devil courage of the Irish is well known. The author of "Hints to a Soldier on Service" declares that, in a faction fight, he has driven hundreds of them before him, with a handful of dragoons; and yet these very men recruited the ranks of a native regiment a few months afterwards, which, bayonet to bayonet, scattered like sheep Napoleon's Middle Guard at Fuentes de Onore.

It has been justly said that no man can tell who are brave and who are cowardly till some crisis comes that puts men to the test. And "no crisis puts men to the test that does not bring them alone and single-handed to face danger. It is nothing to make a rush with the multitude even into the jaws of destruction. Sheep will do that. . . . But when some crisis singles out one from the multitude, pointing at him the particular finger of fate, and telling him, 'Stand, or run!' and he faces about with steady nerve, with nobody else to stand behind, we may be sure the hero-stuff is in him. When such a crisis comes, the true courage is just as likely to be found in people of shrinking nerves or in weak and timid women, as in great burly people." True courage is a moral, not a physical, quality. Its seat is not in the temperament, but in the will. In our Revolutionary War there was an officer in the American army who was nicknamed "Captain Death," and who was always singled out for the most desperate enterprises. If a forlorn hope was to be sent out, a dangerous battery to be stormed, or any other peril to be encountered that demanded nerves of steel, this man was always chosen to head the enterprise; yet it was observed that he was never called up to hear a proposal of this sort that he did not turn as pale as his namesake, and tremble from head to foot. He never failed, however, to do the deed of daring that was required of him, and, it is said, escaped all the perils of war unscathed. That man had genuine courage; he saw and keenly appreciated the danger, but when his country called, shrank not from encountering it.

Courage is of many kinds, and the possession of one kind by no means implies that of any other. There is many a man who can act with the utmost pluck in a great crisis, in a moment of personal danger, in a struggle with a burglar, or in a burning house, who yet cannot bear heroically excruciating pain or the misery of a protracted illness. The young English ensigns and lieutenants who at Waterloo, as Wellington said, "rushed to meet death as if it were a game of cricket," had a moral courage which was the product of a high civilization; yet the courage of the men who, after providing for the safety of the women and children, went down in the "Birkenhead," may have been greater than that of those who gave their lives for their country at Waterloo. Peter was valiant enough in the Garden of Gethsemane; yet, though a hardy Galilean fisherman, he quailed at the bluster of the winds and waves, and was cowed by a question from a maid-servant at the high-priest's palace. How many persons, like Peter, are ready to use the sword, who yet will shrink from avowing a principle which, however dear to them, is held in contempt by the circles in which they move! What a noble resolution was that shown by Sir Thomas More when Henry VIII. tried to frighten him into signing a wicked law! "Terrors," replied he to the king, "are for children, not for me!"

There is a courage which is proof against powder and steel which is not proof against a blow. It is no impeachment of Napoleon's courage that he shrank from clamor and violence as he would not have shrunk from a cavalry charge or a battery. That he quailed when hustled and shaken by the collar in the Cinq-Cents, and deprecated violence from the Southern Bourbons when about leaving Fontainebleau for Elba, was proof rather of a creditable self-respect than of cowardice. "Let the Bourbons have me assassinated," said he: "I forgive them; but I shall perhaps be abandoned to the outrages of the abominable population of the South. To die on the field of battle is nothing; but in the mud, and by such hands!"

In war the immeasurable superiority of moral courage to physical is well known. It is only on rare occasions, comparatively, that the latter can be turned to account; while endless opportunities open to him who possesses the former. A man whose impetuous and enthusiastic daring leads him to volunteer himself as an *enfant perdu* of a forlorn hope will sink under the fatigues and privations of a few forced marches; while the impassive determination of another who lacked nerve to head a deadly struggle in the breach will calmly encounter the most disheartening difficulties, and, by the union of head and heart, establish a palpable superiority over the reckless adventurer who dares to "stake his life upon the cast," and with fearless determination "stand the hazard of the die." A great deal of so-called courage is simply desperation, — the result of poverty, disease, or despair. The Roman poet Horace tells a story of a soldier who, having been robbed to the last penny of the little stock of money which he had got together by many hardships, became a very wolf in fierceness, and

> "offhand
> Stormed a treasure-city well walled and manned."

Subsequently the general, desiring to capture some other fortress, singled out the same hero for the deed, and began exhorting him in words that might prick on a coward:

> "Go, my fine fellow, go where valor calls!
> There 's fame, and money too, inside those walls."

But the cunning fellow would not move, and simply replied: "He will go whither you wish who has lost his purse" (*Ibit eo quo vis qui zonam perdidit*). Plutarch tells of a soldier of Antigonus, noted for his bravery, who had an unhealthy look. Prizing his courage, Antigonus put him in charge of his own physician, who finally cured the disease; but with it disappeared all the soldier's valor. Observing this, the general asked the reason; to which the soldier replied that he was made less bold by being relieved from misery by which his life was made hateful to him. The bravery of Wolfe was doubtless only the more desperate and daring because he was wasted and almost dying with dysentery at the time of his triumphant but dangerous attack upon Quebec; and Nelson at Trafalgar, mutilated in former battles with the enemy, having but a single arm and eye, was ready to win victory at the cost of life.

Among the many brilliant examples of military courage it would be difficult to name any surpassing those of Murat and Ney. Yet the difference in the ways in which the matchless bravery of these heroes was manifested is strikingly great throughout their careers. In the retreat from Moscow Murat, with dare-devil audacity, at the head of his dashing cavalry, conspicuous by his white-plumed cap, and ever present where the contest was the hottest, won even from the Cossacks their boundless admiration. Ney, on the other hand, "the bravest of the brave," as half buried in the snow-heaps and shivering with cold he examined his maps, and while all around him despaired, pricked out the route by which he was to lead back to France the fragments of her magnificent army; or as at Waterloo, after having had five horses shot under him, he led with unfaltering courage the last "forlorn hope" against the impregnable British lines, — was greatest in defeat and ruin. "To which of these unequalled soldiers," asks a British military writer, "should the palm of moral courage be awarded? To him of Moskwa, indubitably."

OYSTERS.

PROFESSOR BAIRD, in a work published by the United States Government, states some facts concerning oysters and oyster-culture that are both delightful and depressing. On the one hand, he tells us that about five and a half billions of oysters are produced in North America; on the other hand, the decrease in the yield in four years has been from forty-one bushels to the acre to twenty-five. At present we consume in this country about five and a half millions of oysters annually. Facts like these last would overwhelm us with sadness did we not know that the oyster is the most fecund of all the denizens of the sea, and that with proper provision for its culture there need be no fear of a famine in this delicious food. A scientist of so high authority as Frank Buckland asserts that a single oyster may contain at one time over eight hundred thousand embryo oysters. He avers, too, that he has had in his possession as many molluscous protoplasms as would have grown in time into one hundred and twenty-three million marketable oysters!

Where is the epicure whose heart will not leap with joy at these announcements? A quaint old author has said that oysters "are ungodly, uncharitable, and unprofitable meat: ungodly, because they are eaten without grace; uncharitable, because they leave nothing but shells; and unprofitable, because they must swim in wine." But were they ten times more ungodly than this writer declares, we fear that few persons, unless made of sterner stuff than flesh and blood, could resist the temptation they present. The connection of the oyster with the material and moral health and prosperity of our country is a subject the adequate discussion of which would require volumes. How closely the succulent bivalve is entwined with all our deepest feelings; how vastly, in its social aspect, it contributes to make life worth living; how indispensable it is as the genial leader in our dinner-courses, at our church festivals, and at our evening entertainments, to say nothing of its place in commerce, — will never be fully realized till the gayety of the nations is eclipsed by the loss of this fondly loved friend. It was not in our day, but by a wretch in the time of Queen Anne, that the *mot* was uttered, "What a grand thing oysters would be if one could make his servants live on the shells!" The ingrate, to qualify his regard by so mean a condition as this! Who of our readers does not scorn such a screw? Is there one of them to whom "oyster" is not a charmed word? What a flood of tender and delightful recollections does it not conjure up! Oysters raw, stewed, fried, roasted; oysters on the shell, oysters pickled, oyster pies, and oysters scolloped! — who does not love them in all the forms in which the exhaustless ingenuity of modern cookery can serve them up, whether the *cuisinier* have the genius of a Soyer, who can make you devour the soles of your boots with infinite relish, or his *ressources de cuisine* be as easily exhausted as those of the cheapest stall-owner, who knows nothing beyond "the plain article," with the condiments of pepper and vinegar? It is barely possible that there may be persons with such an idiosyncrasy as not to relish this most delicate and delicious of bivalves, just as there are persons who have no eye for the exquisite creations of Raphael, or no ear for the divine harmonies of Mozart; but, like ghosts and anthropophagi, they have never appeared to us. Such "an odd stick" must have been the old moralist just quoted. But if oysters are an abomination, what would he have said of oyster-sauce, — which is, we believe, a modern invention, and which reminds us of Hood's ostracean design; namely, a cod's head gravely rebuking a number of very pert-looking oysters, with which she is surrounded, in the words of a vernacular classic, — "None of your sauce!"

The alimentary virtues of the oyster have provoked the praises not only of the epicure, but of physicians and physiologists. Its meat is firm, yet soft and delicate. It has flavor enough to please the taste, yet not enough to excite to surfeit. Unlike the fiery kidney and the vicious Welsh rarebit, the oyster is easily digestible, and even an approved remedy for indigestion. The oyster-eater is hardly conscious of its presence in his stomach, and yet it satisfies the taste, appeases the appetite, and soothes that irritability of the nerves which hunger creates. As an excellent French writer has said: "That which constantly pleases in eating oysters is the fact that, while gastric ailments are defied, the mind is neither disquieted nor irritated by fears of the future. One devours them in the full and perfect certainty that health will not be in the slightest degree compromised, were one even to plunge into that abyss which is called satiety. To eat oysters is, therefore, at once physically and morally healthful."

Where satiety begins in oyster-eating, it is not easy to tell; it depends, of course, upon the stomachic capacity of the ostreophagist. Brillat-Savarin says: "It was well known that formerly a feast of any pretensions usually began with oysters, and that there were epicures who did not leave off until they had swallowed a gross, — in other words, a dozen dozen. Wishing to know what such a prandial advanced guard weighed, I verified the fact that the weight of a dozen oysters (including water) is four ounces avoirdupois; and this gives for the whole gross three pounds. Now, I look upon it as certain that these persons, who did not dine the less heartily after the oysters, would have been completely satiated if they had eaten the same quantity of meat, even had it been chicken."

The same writer tells us that a friend once said to him: "The despair of my life is that I can never get my fill of oysters," — to which Brillat-Savarin replied: "Come and dine with me, and you shall have your fill." The friend, one M. Laperte, came punctual to his time, and was soon engaged in an interesting conference with the oysters. Brillat-Savarin looked quietly on for an hour, by which time M. Laperte had given good news of thirty-one dozen; and was proceeding, as fresh as ever, to discuss the thirty-second dozen, when his host, wearied with long inaction, said: "My poor friend, not to-day will destiny allow you to eat your fill," and rang for the soup. M. Laperte did ample justice to the excellent dinner which followed. After this, who can doubt the truth of the story that the gluttonous Emperor Elagabalus took four hundred oysters, one hundred ortolans, and one hundred peaches daily for his breakfast?

Besides their healthfulness, another great merit of oysters is that they are the most democratic of dishes, — which explains their great popularity with Americans. They are the amalgamators of society, obliterating the hateful lines of demarcation between rank and the *canaille*, wealth and poverty. It is only the rich man, "the incarnation of fat dividends," who can luxuriate in turtle-soup, canvas-backs, and champagne; but upon the delicious bivalves the most unhappy "circulator of copper coin" can reek and riot. It is said that Greek writers rarely mention the oyster, — one of them calls it "the truffle of the sea;" but among the old Romans it was held in high esteem. With them oysters were the token of sincere fellowship, of profound sympathy, and of innocent hilarity. They figured prominently in the banquets of the emperors, gave *éclat* to the victories of generals, imparted zest to the harangues of orators, and were considered by the epicures as the best of all dishes with which to quiet a barking stomach (*lenire stomachum latrantem*) or to spur a jaded appetite. The Roman ladies were so enamoured with oysters that it is said that they used to gorge themselves to the roots of their tongues, and then apply peacock's feathers to make their stomachs disgorge the load, that they might feast again on the tempting fish. The Roman orators, prose-writers, and poets were "passed-masters" in oyster-eating. Cicero nourished his eloquence with the dainty; and Seneca tells us that he ate hundreds of the appetizing bivalves weekly. "Oyster, dear to gourmands!" exclaims the moralist, "which excites instead of satiating the appetite, which never causes illness, even when eaten to excess, so easy art thou of digestion!" Martial found inspiration for his epigrams in the small Lucrine; and Horace, Lucilius, Ausonius, Pliny, and many other Romans of note, have each a warm word of praise for his pet oyster. The Emperor Trajan was fond of oysters; and the gluttonous Vitellius is reported to have sometimes eaten a thousand at a sitting. It is said that an oyster-pâté was served to some of the *gourmets* of ancient Rome which required the juice of five thousand Lucrine natives to flavor it, and was filled and pasted over with layers of British oysters besides.

It was to little purpose that Horace told the epicures of his day to seek for delicate dishes in active exercise; that it was not in the price and savor of their food that the highest enjoyment was to be found, but in themselves, —

> "Non in caro nidore voluptas
> Summa, sed in te ipso est. Tu pulmentaria quære
> Sudando; pinguem vitiis albumque neque ostrea
> Nec scarus aut poterit peregrina juvare lagois."

Just as at the present day epicures are split into parties touching the merits of different "brands," — the Edinburgher extolling his "Pandores," the citizen of Dublin the blackbearded "Carlingfords," or the "Powldoodies" of Burran, famous in song, while with the Londoner nothing else slips down so well as the large, full-flavored "Colchester," or the little fat "Milton," the American meanwhile deeming them all flat and unprofitable compared with his own mammoth juicy "Baltimores," — so the gourmands of the Eternal City were divided in opinion about the produce of different beds, though on the whole the palm was given to the oysters of the Lucrine Lake, of Brundusium, and of Abydos in the Hellespont, for which men paid fabulous prices. Baskets of these were considered to be fit presents to kings; and we are told that the Emperor Trajan, when fighting the Parthians, had some sent to him by the Adams Express of the day from the Pontiff Apicius. Horace's Catius, in his discourse on the art of living, tells us that the real oysters are from the Circæan coast. Some of the "stall-fed" Roman oysters were of mammoth proportions. There was one abnormally large kind, to which they gave the name of "Tridacna," that required three bites for its consumption. To such a degree of gustatory acumen had the *gourmets* of Rome attained that, according to Juvenal (Sat. iv. 140), one of them, "the fat-paunched Montanus," could tell at the first bite from what coast an oyster had been taken, whether from Circeii, the Lucrine Lake, or Whitstable, at the mouth of the Thames, —

> "Circaeis nata forent, an
> Lucrinum ad saxum, Rutupinove edita funda
> Ostrea, callebat primo deprehendere morsu."

To supply the Roman market, large oyster-beds were formed. Sergius Orata, whom Cicero characterizes as "ditissimus, amœnissimus, deliciosissimus," made large reservoirs at Baiæ, in which he put thousands of these shell-fish. Close by he built a palace, in which with his friends he was wont to feast upon this favorite fish. In the early days of Rome many slaves were employed in transporting oysters from their ocean-beds to the imperial city.

In ancient Athens oysters were the interpreters of the judicial sentences of the law, the citizens inscribing upon these conchological tablets the doom of their disgraced philosophers or heroes. If six thousand shells were cast against a man he was *ostracized*. After the fourth century we hear little of oysters till the Middle Ages. In the twelfth century we are told that the students of the University of Paris, when the scholastic disputes were unusually fierce and noisy, used to rehearse the debates over oyster-suppers. Louis VIII. was so delighted with the appetizing manner in which his cook prepared oysters for the royal table that he gave him a title of nobility and a pension. Louis XI., that scholarship might not become defunct in France, used to invite all the members of the College of the Sorbonne annually to an oyster-feast. In the reign of the grand monarch, Louis XIV., oysters came again into vogue in France, and at last became so popular with the frog-eaters that Louis XVIII. was nicknamed by the wags of Paris *Louis des huitres* (Oyster Louis), instead of *Louis dix-huit*, because he was accustomed to swallow dozens upon dozens of oysters daily as a whet before dinner. Gastronomers declare that this may be done with impunity, and even with advantage, as "the stomach is thus cleared of accidental phlegm, the gastric juice increased, and any air which may be fixed about the organs of digestion condensed and dispersed." The Encyclopædists were especially fond of the dainty mollusk. George I. of England had a great liking for this shell-fish; but he could not endure the English oysters. He grumbled long, Mr. Justin McCarthy tells us, at their queer taste, their want of flavor; and it was some time before his devoted attendants discovered that their monarch liked stale oysters, with a good strong rankness about them. No time was lost, when this important discovery had been made, in procuring oysters to the taste of the king, and one of George's objections to the throne of England was removed.

Peter the Great was so fond of oysters that he had them served up in different styles at every meal, and called them his "life-preservers." Napoleon, who used his table as a State-engine, prided himself upon the varied and unique modes in which he had oysters cooked. The night before the battle of Austerlitz he supped heartily on oysters, which helped him to win a memorable victory, as at Dresden it was nearly snatched from him by a leg of mutton stuffed with onions. Cervantes ate so many oysters that his enemies accused him of squandering all his substance in voracious feasts on this fish. The learned Bentley, in the intervals of critical study, recruited his energy with liberal dishes of oysters. Writing in 1740 from the country, he says: "My great relief and amusement here is my regular supply of oysters. *These things must have been made in heaven.* They are delectable, satisfying, delicious, and mentally stimulating in a high degree. I can indite matter by the yard when I have had a good meal of them." He adds that while he had his oysters cooked in all the different ways, he had, on the whole, "a secret relish for the scalloped fashion above every other." Who can doubt that the Doctor's brilliant victory over the scholars of Christ Church in the Phalaris controversy was due to the perspicacity imparted by this stimulating food? Rousseau had so keen a relish for oysters that he was accused of gluttony. Alexander Pope was almost as fond of stewed oysters as of his pet lampreys; and he once made his acceptance of an invitation to dine at Lord Bolingbroke's conditional upon his being regaled with the former luxury. The poet Thomson supped so voraciously on oysters the night before his last illness that this "surfeit" is said to have been one of the chief causes of its fatal termination. Thackeray had a keen relish for this shell-fish, the consumption of which abated for a while his cynicism, and made life wear the beauty of promise. Upon his visit to this country, he became acquainted with the product of the American beds, — an incident of which Mr. James T. Fields has given a humorous account. "Six bloated Falstaffian bivalves lay before him in their shells. I noticed that he gazed at them anxiously, with fork upraised, and then he whispered to me, with a look of anguish, 'How shall I do it?' I described to him the simple process by which the free-born citizens of America were accustomed to accomplish the task. He seemed satisfied that the thing was feasible, selected the smallest one in the half-dozen, and then bowed his head as if he were saying grace. All eyes were upon him to watch the effect of a new sensation in the person of a great British author. Opening his mouth very wide, he struggled for a moment, and then all was over. I shall never forget the comic look of despair he cast upon the other five over-occupied shells. I broke the perfect stillness by asking him how he felt. 'Profoundly grateful,' he gasped, 'and as if I had swallowed a little baby.'"

Oysters are interesting in a scientific and poetical as well as in a gastronomic point of view. The anatomical structure of the little creature is wonderfully perfect; it has a liver, an intestinal canal, a bag for a stomach, a tiny heart with its auricle and ventricle, a series of blood-vessels, and nerves acutely sensible, just as perfect as in bigger animals. Like a dandy of the deep, it sports a beard (scientifically called a "byssus"), which has an acute sense of feeling, — in allusion to which some one has called the oyster one of the greatest anomalies in Nature, because

"It wears a beard without any chin,
And leaves its bed to be tucked in."

The gills, or beard, of the oyster "consist of two pairs of membranous plates, beautifully striated, and floating within the cavity of the cell. Microscopists tell us that if a small portion of the gill be placed on a slip of glass with a little sea-water, and viewed under a power of about three hundred, a beautiful spectacle will be seen; the thousands of tiny cilia lash the water incessantly, thus causing fresh currents of water to aërate the blood which flows through the branchial vessels."

As to the "tucking in" of the oyster, it is by its enemies, not by its friends, that this is done most effectually; for impregnable as it may seem in its limestone castle, its life is taken by its fellow-tenants of the deep as well as by man. Among its enemies is the codfish, which takes a whole oyster into its mouth, cracks the shells, and sucks out the meat. The crab, the drum-fish, the sea-star, and the sheep's-head, each appreciate the exquisite flavor of its flesh, and banquet on it with the gust and greediness of true ocean epicures. The first, which must be considered by the oyster a decided *bore*, drills a hole in the shell of its victim, and then, thrusting in its sucker or "stinger," sucks out the contents bodily, just as a fast youth sucks mint-juleps through a straw; the second swallows shell and all; the third, by a devilish contrivance of ingenuity, settles down upon the poor oyster, wraps its five points about it, and hugs it closely, until its victim, which cannot live without an occasional supply of fresh water, opens its shell, when quick as lightning a nipper is inserted, which keeps it open, and enables the villain to feast at leisure, like the vulture at the vitals of Prometheus, upon the gelatinous substance within. The food of the oyster itself, by the way, scientists tell us, consists of minute animalcules and infusoria, to the peculiarities of which it owes its flavor. Another enemy of the oyster is sand, a drift of which has sometimes destroyed miles of oyster-beds and "the spat" in a single night. Punch has vividly depicted this evil in the following sympathetic lament: —

"'T is the voice of the oyster; I hear him complain:
'I can't live in this place, here 's the sandstorm again.
I was settling to rest 'mid the rocks and the tiles
They had made for a home; but this sand, how it riles!
It gets into my shell, and the delicate fringe
That I use when I breathe, and I can't shut my hinge
When the grit lodges there; so the crabs come at will:
Since my poor mouth is open they feed and they kill.
I 've complained to a friend, who quite understands,
But he can't undertake to abolish the sands.'
Thus the native made moan, though I took up the brown
Bread and butter and lemon, and swallowed him down."

Quaint old Thomas Fuller says that oysters are "the only meat which men eat alive and yet account it no cruelty." The notion entertained by some persons that the oyster dies the moment

"The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
And the salt liquor streams between her hands,"

is an erroneous one, unless some vital part of the mollusk has been touched by the blade of the operator. This may be tested by putting the shell-less oyster under a little sea-water, when the movements of its several parts may be seen.

The old divine just quoted tells us that King James was wont to say, "he was a very valiant man who first ventured on eating of oysters," — a sentiment afterward echoed by Gay: —

"The man had sure a palate covered o'er
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risked the living morsel down his throat."

But probably the flavor of the oyster was accidentally learned, just as — according to Charles Lamb — men discovered the exquisite taste of roast-pig.

From five to seven years are required to bring the oyster to perfection. An oyster bears its years on its back, — each successive layer observable on the shell indicating one year; so that by counting the layers we can tell at a glance when the philanthropic creature came into the world.

Touching the true mode of eating the oyster, there is a mistaken notion that it should be eaten off the upper shell and swallowed whole. The objection to this is that it is a waste of the liquor, — the natural sauce which accompanies the fish, — as well as of the finer flavors, which are only to be extracted by mastication. This liquor is not mere salt water; it is really the blood of the oyster, and should always accompany the fish in its last moments when it is gently "tickled to death" by the teeth of the judicious epicure. A great authority, Dr. Kitchener, contends that the oyster should be devoured when absolutely alive; otherwise the flavor and spirit are lost. "The true lover of an oyster," he says, "will have more regard for the feelings of his little favorite than to abandon it to the mercy of a bungling operator; he will always open it himself, and contrive to detach the fish from the shell so dexterously that the oyster is *hardly conscious he has been ejected from his lodging till he feels the teeth of the piscivorous gourmet tickling him to death.*" It is in the city of Baltimore that the cooking of the oyster is carried to the last degree of perfection, as it is in Chesapeake Bay, on which Baltimore stands, that the most aldermanic and luscious oysters are raised. Instead of brutally smashing the shells with a hammer and "dashing the poor, unoffending oyster into the batter, like doughnuts into a kettle," the Baltimore cooks, says a sensible writer, "gently persuade the reluctant shells apart, tenderly lift therefrom the fragile, quiver-ing morsel, and with a labor so incessant and loving as to be worthy of all praise, watch over each phase of the oyster as it dawns gradually, under the beneficent glow of the furnace, into the more perfect and admirable state of a true edible." It must have been after the deglutition of a dozen fried in crumb by one of the artists of the Monumental City that the following sonnet was composed: —

> "Fatlings of Neptune, delicately crusted,
> What savory succulence your pores exude!
> Methinks I love you better fried than stewed,
> Or gridiron'd, like Saint Lawrence, or combusted
> On red-hot coals, or raw with cayenne dusted;
> Nevertheless, I like you all ways, dressed or nude.
> Tidbits for deities, ambrosial food,
> Dainties of dainties to the waves intrusted!
> Bless'd was the man who from an oyster's nip
> His finger snatched, and sucked when it was free.
> What rare sensations must have thrilled his life,
> And tickled all his physiology,
> When, by suspicious torture made to sip,
> His pain succumbed to speechless ecstasy!"

We have spoken of the poetry in oysters. We are aware of the popular prejudice which deems the oyster a dull, sluggish animal, doomed to a lonely, semi-vegetable existence, and which "nothing in its life becomes so much as its leaving it," when it finds a tomb in the stomach of the grateful epicure. "As stupid as an oyster" is a proverbial expression, not only among English-speaking peoples, but among the French. They tell a person whom they wish to reproach with mental inferiority that he "argues like an oyster," and torment the soul of the card-player on whose skill they have staked their money, by saying that he "plays like an oyster." The poet Bryant, too, who doubtless often in his long life fed his poetic fire by an oyster-stew or a fancy roast, moistened with Château Yquem or Chablis, was once guilty of so ungenerous a fling as to counsel that insatiable blood-sucker, the mosquito, to

> "Go to the man for whom in ocean's halls
> The oyster breeds and the green turtle sprawls."

In reply to all such cold-blooded reasoners it suffices to cite the opinion of scientists, who have shown that, though oysters do not rank high in the scale of intelligence, yet their sensibilities are not so obscure, nor their instincts so limited, as is generally supposed. Dr. Carpenter tells us that the oyster is sensitive to the influence of light, closing his shells when the shadow of a boat passes over them; and we know that it has sense enough to guard against an enemy's attack by closing its valves, by expelling violently the water between them (which often frightens its adversary), and when its shell is perforated, by depositing fresh shelly matter in the breach. Again, in La Fontaine's amusing fable of the encounter between the Rat and the Oyster, it was the long-whiskered rodent that was worsted, the bivalve catching him in his yawning trap. Nor is the oyster wanting in happiness. Somebody has styled fossiliferous rocks "monuments of the felicity of past ages." Commenting on this text, a learned naturalist in the "Westminster Review" says, —

> "An undisturbed oyster-bed is a concentration of happiness in the present. Dormant though the several creatures there congregated seem, each individual is leading the beatified existence of an Epicurean god. The world without, its cares and joys, its storms and calms, its passions, evil and good, — all are indifferent to the unheeding oyster. Unobservant even of what passes in its immediate vicinity, its whole soul is concentrated in itself; yet not sluggishly and apathetically, for its body is throbbing with life and

enjoyment. The mighty ocean is subservient to its pleasures. The rolling waves waft fresh and choice food within its reach, and the flow of the current feeds it without requiring an effort. Each atom of water that comes in contact with its delicate gills evolves its imprisoned air to freshen and invigorate the creature's pellucid blood. Invisible to human eye, unless aided by the wonderful inventions of human science, countless millions of vibrating cilia are moving incessantly with synchronic beat on every fibre of each fringing leaflet."

To show that the oyster, like man, is "fearfully and wonderfully made," it is sufficient to point to the revelations of the microscope. These show that the bards who apostrophize eagles and vultures, — mean poultry-stealers and carrion-hunters, — or who chant the praises of that rank and rancid monster, the lubberly, blubberly whale, mistake their themes. They show that the shell of an oyster, so far from being a lonely dwelling-place, is a world occupied by an innumerable host of animals, compared to which the oyster itself is a colossus. The liquid inclosed between the shells of the oyster contains a multitude of embryos, covered with transparent scales which swim with ease; a hundred and twenty of these embryos, placed side by side, would not make an inch in length. Moreover, this liquor contains a great variety of animalcules, five hundred times less in size, which give out a phosphoric light. If these facts do not kindle the imagination, it will surely be enough to hint at the famous pearls of Cleopatra, which were the excrescences of this exquisite fish. All persons remember the brilliant feat of epicureanism when, Antony having wagered a heavy sum that she could not expend ten million sesterces (about $400,000 in our money) on one entertainment, she accepted the challenge; and taking from her ear one of the matchless pearls that had descended to her from her ancestors, dissolved it in vinegar and swallowed the precious draught, — a feat miserably burlesqued by the English sailor who placed a ten-pound note between two slices of bread and butter and gave them to his "Black-eyed Susan" to eat as a sandwich. Not content with this prodigal extravagance, the queen would have swallowed the other pendant also, had not Lucius Plancus snatched it from her hand and proclaimed her victor in this lovers' contest. We are aware that Dr. Mobius, a cold-blooded, matter-of-fact German, has denied, in his History of Pearls, the practicability of Cleopatra's famous feat of gastronomy: but who cares about the truth of a story so characteristic of the Oriental queen; or whether Clodius the glutton had long before, as Pliny says, swallowed a pearl worth over forty thousand dollars? The same Pliny tells us that the oyster produces the pearl from feeding upon heavenly dew; and an old British writer affirms that early in the morning, when the sky is clear and temperate, "the oysters open their mouths a little above the water, and most greedily swallow the dew of heaven," upon which they at once "conceive and breed the pearl." But alas for poetry and romance! science, which, with its sledge-hammer of matter-of-fact, has converted the diamond into charcoal, has also declared the precious pearl to be composed of concentrate layers of membrane and carbonate of lime! And yet is there not poetry in the fact which this same science discloses, that this brilliant ornament of beauty is the result of suffering on the part of the poor shell-fish? Naturalists tell us that when living in its glossy house, should any foreign substance find its way in, the fish coats the offending substance with nacre, and converts it into a pearl. The pearl is, indeed, a little globe of the smooth, glossy substance yielded by the oyster's beard, — yielded ordinarily to smooth the narrow home to which his nature binds him, but yielded in round drops, real pearly tears, if he is hurt. Little thinks the beauty, as she sweeps through the mazes of the dance, the cynosure of dazzled eyes, that the pearls which cluster in her hair and enhance her witching loveliness are the product of pain and diseased action endured by a poor shell-fish!

But why dwell upon this theme? Was not Callisthenes, the companion of Alexander the Great, an oyster epicure? Was not Cambacères famous for his shell-fish banquets? Were not D'Alembert, Diderot, Helvetius, Voltaire, all oyster-eaters of taste? Did not Hume and Dugald Stewart gather strength for their metaphysical researches from the "whiskered pandores" of their day? Did not Walter Scott, when young, and Sir Adam Ferguson, if tradition may be believed, eat a whole barrelful of oysters in a single evening? Did not Blomfield, Bishop of London, declare that the sight of an oyster-stall, common in his day, always made his mouth water? Are not the bivalves so relished by Englishmen to-day that a thousand millions of them are consumed yearly by London alone? Have not bivalves affected the politics of our land, and almost provoked war between sovereign States? Was it not for these that Governor Wise of Virginia threatened to draw the sword, and is not a hard-shelled Shrewsbury the arms of Old Tammany? What would an evening-party be without oysters? The musicians might be dispensed with, the wax-lights and gorgeous chandeliers laid aside, and even polkas and quadrilles embargoed; but without oysters the affair would be a dead failure, — like the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out. Oysters are a fruitful theme for the moralist, and supply the poet with his finest metaphors. "The world 's mine oyster," says Pistol, "which I with sword will open." Doubtless Shakspeare was fond of the conchiferous animal to which he thus sententiously alludes, the bivalves of which recall the name of another, the most subtle and philosophic of English poets, *Shelley.* The world is, indeed, an oyster, as the immortal bard has declared, the riches and honors of which are impenetrable to the tyro until time instructs him to use the knife of experience so adroitly as to attain at a blow the long-coveted treasure.

CYNICS AND CYNICISM.

OF all the disagreeable persons whom one meets with in society, there is no one whose influence is more pernicious than that of the cynic, — the man who prides himself upon his knowledge of human nature, and delights to mock at every appearance of virtue in his fellow-creatures. There are persons in every community who have a preternatural gift for detecting evil; who find apparently an intense satisfaction in proving that all human beings are equally selfish, corrupt, and base; who boast of their skill in detecting the vilest motives for apparently the noblest actions; who gloat upon every new revelation of domestic sin and shame, —

> "As if it were a pleasant thing to find
> The racer stumbling, and the gaze-hound blind."

They have a fatal scent for carrion, a lynx's eye for spots and blemishes. Their memory has been compared to the museum of a medical college, where one sees preserved all the hideous distortions and monstrous growths and revolting excrescences by which man can be disfigured and afflicted.

Prove to them beyond the shadow of a doubt that a man has at least one virtue, and they will maintain that it is at the expense of all the others. Is he philanthropic? Then he is boastful, or censorious, or greedy of applause, or slow in the payment of his debts, or he lets his own family suffer while he relieves the miseries of his fellow-men. As literary critics, they have a microscopic eye for petty blemishes and minute faults. Speak to them of an orator who holds his audience breathless by his eloquence, and they will remind you of some "clap-trap" remark, some slip in the construction of a sentence, some slight incongruity in a metaphor, or "non-distribution of a middle term," which neutralizes all his merits. If a writer has a dazzling wit, they complain of his lack of judgment; if another has a scientific turn of mind, they complain of his lack of enthusiasm and imagination. Brilliant he is, but superficial; solid, but dull: "so runs the bond." Forgetting that Nature is too frugal to heap together all manner of shining qualities in one mass; that she gives to the beautiful peacock a discordant voice, to the bird-of-paradise coarse legs, and that the fleet greyhound has no scent, — they demand qualities of mind and heart diametrically opposite in the same person. The Psalmist said that he had "seen the end of all perfection": *they* have never seen the beginning. As in the gun-trade, among the men who *sight* the barrels, and detect faults in the bore, there are eyes that will discover a deflection measuring less than a thousandth part of an inch, so these critics, while blind to the beauties, will detect infinitesimal flaws in every work of genius. Of course they find no difficulty in provoking a laugh at the expense of their victims; it is so much easier for an ill-natured man than for a good-natured one to be smart and witty, —

> "S'il n'eut mal parlé de personne,
> On n'eut jamais parlé de lui."

Hazlitt, himself one of the most genial of critics, was desperately afflicted with them: "Littleness," said he, "is their element, and they give a character of meanness to whatever they touch. They creep, buzz, and fly-blow. It is much easier to crush than to catch these troublesome insects; and when they are in your power, your self-respect spares them."

Cynicism is one of the chief vices of our times. The writers of the day — especially the novelists, dramatists, and poets, the Hawthornes, Braddons, and Reades — are full of it. They are perpetually calling on us to see the human heart laid bare, and to see how unutterably black and foul it is. Judging by their representations, one would suppose that all goodness had been emptied out of it. They depict a state of society similar to that described in Holy Writ, whose enormities brought down the thunders of Heaven. We have no sympathy with such views, or with the men who hold them, and who pride themselves on their knowledge of the "morbid anatomy" of human nature. The man of openly depraved character, who mocks at morality, is not half so offensive nor half so dangerous an acquaintance as the shrewd, sly, witty, evil-speaking fellow who, having an extended knowledge of men and things, comes into one's household with his innuendoes, insinuations, sarcasms, and scandals, that sap our faith in humanity and make us distrust every appearance of virtue. There is no other atheism like this, — no unbelief so hard and incurable as that which is constantly inveighing against human hollowness, and turning men away from virtue by persuading them that it is never genuine; that "friendship is all a cheat, smiles hypocrisy, words deceit." Such pessimists, who are often cultivated men, pride themselves on their penetration and breadth of mind; *they* have no credulity, no superstitions, no prejudices, no foolish enthusiasms for the idols of the day! But, with all their culture, they are shallow creatures, for, as Richard Sharp has well said, "The most gifted men have been the least addicted to depreciate friends or foes. Dr. Johnson, Burke, and Fox were always inclined to overrate them." Will it be said that Pascal is an exception to the rule? It is true that Pascal gave to his representations of the depravity of human nature a Rembrandt-like depth of coloring which seems to spring from misanthropy. But we must remember that he dwells as much upon the "greatness" as upon the "misery" of man; that, as Hallam finely says, "it is the ruined archangel that Pascal delights to paint." It is with no fiend-like chuckle, no smile of malicious triumph, but with the profoundest pity, that he declares the results of his researches into the depths of man's moral nature. So with Thackeray; it is with no satyr's delight, but with sadness and sorrow, that he depicts the varnished but rotten sinners that flit across his pages. Not so with Talleyrand, who was always saying sarcastic and malicious things about other people; as when some one told him that M. de Sémonville had a bad cold, "What interest can M. de Sémonville have in catching cold?" asked the cynical statesman. But Talleyrand's youth had been passed in "a hot-bed of intrigue and back-stairs influence," which powerfully distorted his views of human nature. Charles II., too, if we may believe Bishop Burnet, and as we should naturally expect, had a very ill opinion of both men and women, and believed that there was neither sincerity nor chastity in the world out of principle, but that some had either one or the other out of humor or vanity. The letters of Sir Robert Walpole are flavored throughout with a kind of satirical cynicism against man and man's nature, which betrays itself especially in untruthful anecdotes of eminent men, which he tells with evident glee. M. de Lassay, a Frenchman who had a great knowledge of society, is cited by Chamfort as saying that it would be necessary to swallow a *toad* every morning, in order not to find anything disgusting during the rest of the day, when one has to spend it in the world. Akin to this was the cynical snarl prompted by the gloomy misanthropy of La Monnoye: —

> "The world of fools has such a store
> That he who would not see an ass,
> Must bide at home and bolt his door
> And break his looking-glass."

But the greatest of all the libellers of humanity was that dark and fierce spirit, — "the apostate politician, the perjured lover, and the ribald priest," — Dean Swift. He was emphatically the prince of pessimists and the king of libellers, — a libeller of human nature, a libeller of persons, and a libeller of himself.

The pessimist is usually as false when he flatters as when he reviles. He rarely praises Jones but to vex Brown. All such should be shunned as one would shun a man afflicted with leprosy or the plague. Let them live, Diogenes-like, in their tubs, and snarl and sneer at every passer-by; but let none go near them to be infected with the poison of their ill-nature, and of "cette philosophie rigide qui fait cesser de vivre avant que l'on soit mort." Better to be forever defenceless, a butt to every consolatory falsehood and pleasant cheat, than to be always using the spear of Ithuriel. Full early does one learn the bitter lesson of human depravity, — to grow shy, suspicious, and distrustful of his fellow-men, — without being made acquainted with the painful lesson in advance. Wisely has the Roman Church proclaimed the sanctity of the confessional. Who that loves to think well of his species would not loathe the knowledge with which the memory of the priesthood is burdened and soiled? Who does not rejoice that the same creative wisdom which shelters from every human eye the processes of our animal frame, has shrouded from observation the workings of our spiritual structure? Yet it is of these latter that the cynic boasts of having a microscopic knowledge; in reply to which we may say that though it is "a blunder to mistake the Newgate Calendar for a biographical dictionary," yet, as Burke has justly said, he who charges all men with being knaves at heart, is sure at least of convicting one.

THE EXTREMES OF DRESS.

OF all the articles of dress which protect and beautify the human body, there is no one which so decidedly stamps a man's character as the hat. Next to a man's head is his *chapeau*, in importance as well as in local position. It is the crowning article of costume, the keystone of the arch of the outer man, and as a symbol of the wearer, of his calling, habits, tastes, and opinions, is *brim*ful of meaning. Pride, extravagance, haughtiness, and vulgarity, with their opposites, all betray themselves in its form and fashion, as well as in the style in which it is worn. In all ages and countries men have been comparatively neglectful of their soles, provided their brains were protected by a proper head-dress. Not to speak of the Phrygian cap of Liberty or the red cap of the cardinal, — both intensely significant, — what can be more gorgeous than the Greek cap, more picturesque than the turban, or more dazzlingly beautiful than the soldier's helm with its nodding plume? If the part played by the hat in history were fully written out, it would fill a volume. Dr. Draper, in writing his "History of Civilization in Europe," could hardly have summed up the leading epochs in its development more satisfactorily than under headings designated by the prominent head-piece of each epoch. What better symbol for the old Greek epoch than the *στέφανος*; for the old Roman epoch than the civic crown; for the Byzantine empire than the diadem; for the Middle Ages than the papal tiara; or for the French Revolution than the *bonnet rouge?* Gessler's hat upon a pole, as every school-boy knows, has a reputation co-extensive with the apple of William Tell. The Highland bonnet, with dark raven feather, is the volume-speaking emblem of mountain bravery and independence. What would Faux and his dark-lantern be without his sugar-loaf; or what your "ginoowine live Yankee" without his towering, narrow-brimmed bell-crown, an heirloom from his great-grandfather? What other article of dress has caused so much stir in society as the hat of George Fox, the founder of Quakerism, — the hat which he refused to take off before Cromwell's magistrates and ministers? The steeple-hat is as indissolubly associated with our idea of the Puritan as are his long Hebrew name, his nasal tones, and his "heavenly hawings and hummings." Chateaubriand used to say that Napoleon's little three-cornered hat set upon a stick would cause all Europe to fly to arms.

When we meet an acquaintance in the street, how do we testify our respect? Is it not by taking off the hat? Is there not a graduated scale of respect, the degrees of which are indicated by touching and by the manner of doffing this part of the dress?

What *boots* it that a man is well shod, if he is not also well covered? What matters it that he is in other respects a poor subject, if he is loyal to the crown — of his head? We can conceive of a man's wearing an ugly coat or "seedy" trousers, and yet being a good citizen, an exemplary head of a family, an honest man, and even a Christian. But what if he is caught with a vile hat, — one knocked in at the side, sunken at the top, soiled with dust, made years ago, and then by a bungler? Would not a constable arrest him as a vagabond? Would he let him go without the oath of at least two well-hatted householders? A "shocking bad hat" marks the lowest deep of social degradation. Look at the criminals in the dock: by what one peculiarity are they universally distinguished, if not by the never-failing bad hat? On the other hand, the elegant *chapeau* of the man of fashion, with its exquisite texture and well-brushed, glossy exterior, is as characteristic as the melancholy spectacle of "a brick" in one's hat. When you have done a man a signal favor, or hit him with a sharp jest, how does he acknowledge it? By tendering you his gloves; or by the far more significant act of doffing his beaver, and saying, "You can just take my hat"? In view of all these considerations, who can help admiring the wisdom of the "forty merchants" in a town in Illinois, who, we are told, some years ago signed a pledge to wear high hats "to increase the dignity of the town"? We say, therefore, in the words of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table": —

> "Have a good hat! The secret of your looks
> Lives with the beaver in Canadian brooks.
> Virtue may dwell in a bad cravat,
> But man and Nature scorn the shocking hat!"

Next to the hat, the boots must be regarded as the most important and significant part of the costume. The boot is, in fact, the very foundation of the dress, the base which supports the whole superstructure. A man may have a threadbare coat and forget it; his vest may be shabby, and his linen ill-shaped and antiquated, yet he may be unconscious of it. But he cannot stand upright in a pair of boots with worn-down heels; and it is just as difficult to feel morally upright in them. He feels at every step the weakness of his foundation; and in that forlorn condition all self-respect, all enterprise, all *élan* is impossible. A man ill-shod sometimes flatters himself that he carries off attention from his boots by the use of a "stunning" necktie, a sparkling breast-pin, or a gorgeous watch-chain; but this is a delusion and a snare. The boots are the key of the position, and if this is neglected, all is lost.

When a stranger makes his *entrée* upon a fashionable promenade, to what part of the dress is it, after the hat has been inspected, that the glass of the critic and the soft eye of beauty are directed? Is it to his close-fitting coat, his elegant vest, or his genteel trousers, that attention is universally turned? No; it is the boots that instantaneously decide the character of the man. If they are the work of an artist and properly polished; if they are delicately shaped and free from squeak, — then he may walk with a proud and elastic step, even though his coat be not of the most fashionable cut, and though his vest be buttoned a whole button too high. The boots, in fine, speak volumes concerning a man's pretensions to *standing*, as they also reveal unmistakably his largeness or littleness of *sole*, — which last is a sure sign that there is not much *to go upon*. We have seen boots that were perfectly eloquent, that told as plainly as though endowed with the gift of speech the capacity of the understandings they covered, — boots from which we could have formed a better opinion of the wearer's cultivation, refinement, and general tastes, than from a week's acquaintance. There seems to be a sort of "destiny" that shapes these pedal ends of men; "roughhew them as we will," they will still speak with "most miraculous organ," so that the *ex pede Herculem* continues to be as safe a rule to-day as in the time of Phidias.

Who has forgotten the pride and joy with which, when a boy, he watched his first pair of boots as they grew day by day into shape under the hands of Crispin? And when the boy grew into a man, and the thought flashed into his brain that "life is real, life is earnest," and he must be up and doing, what were the first words that rushed to his lips? "My boots!" The most damning condemnation of an enterprise is to say that it is "bootless."

Among the circumstances which affect man's physical comfort there are few more potent than the shape and workmanship of his boots. What, indeed, can be more completely destructive of every capability of happiness than a pair of ill-fitting boots or shoes? Talk of "the insolence of office," "the law's delay": what are they to a tight boot? And "the proud man's contumely," or "the pang of despised love": can it compare with the agony inflicted by a half-dozen corns? Truly Hamlet chose petty grievances to justify suicide, compared with the misery inflicted by bungling cobblers. It is told in Catholic churches that Saint Dunstan made Satan roar by holding him by the nose with red-hot pincers; had the holy saint lived in our day, he would have wedged his adversary's foot into a tight boot, as Prospero threatened to wedge Ariel into a cleft tree: —

> "I will rend an oak,
> And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
> Thou hast howled away twelve winters."

The literature of boots would fill a volume. One of Abraham Lincoln's best stories was a boot-story. It was about a big Hoosier who went to Washington during the war, and called on a street-arab for "a shine." Looking at the tremendous boots before him, the boy called out to a brother "shiner" across the street: "Come over and help, Jimmy; *I've got an army contract.*" Dr. Holmes, in his "Urania," has treated of the choice of boots with his usual felicity and good sense: —

> "Three pairs of boots one pair of feet demands,
> If polished daily by the owner's hands:
> If the dark menial's visit save from this,
> Have twice the number, for he 'll sometimes miss.
> One pair for critics of the nicer sex,
> *Close in the instep's clinging circumflex,*
> *Long, narrow, light; the Gallic boot of love,* —
> A kind of cross between a boot and glove.
> But not to tread on everlasting thorns,
> And sow in suffering what is reaped in corns,
> Compact, but easy, strong, substantial, square,
> Let native art compile the medium pair.
> The third remains; and let your tasteful skill
> Here show some relics of affection still.
> Let no stiff cowhide, reeking from the tan,
> No rough caoutchouc, no deformed brogan,
> Disgrace the tapering outline of your feet,
> Though yellow torrents gurgle through the street;
> But the *patched* calf-skin arm against the flood,
> In neat, light shoes, impervious to the mud."

THE TRICKS OF TYPES.

Foul murder hath been done, — lo! here 's the *proof!* — OLD PLAY.

AMONG the petty vexations of a literary man's life, — the flea-bites of his woes, which sometimes irritate more than graver troubles, — not the least annoying is the ridiculous figure he is made to present through errors of the press. Ignorance, stupidity, and affectations which seem to be the offspring of the most ineffable conceit are fathered upon him by the freaks of types. A circumstance which peculiarly aggravates the vexation in such cases is that misprints fall, not upon indifferent words or passages, but with marvellous certainty upon the tenderest parts of one's writing, — just where there is a vital meaning to be destroyed. Write a sentence which you foolishly think to be unusually fine, and the printer's devil, as if he were some dogging fiend or secret enemy trying to " feed fat an ancient grudge," is sure to mangle, if not to murder it outright, in a way that will make your flesh creep. Verbal felicities and rhetorical bravuras that have cost you perhaps days of labor; witticisms over which, anticipating the sensation they must create, you have chuckled in an ecstasy of delight, — disappear altogether in print, or are converted into something to which they are as unlike as a " hawk to a hernshaw." Boileau's witty complaint, in his address to Molière, describes, with a slight alteration, your luckless fate, —

> "Souvent j'ai beau rêver du matin jusqu'au soir ;
> Quand je veux dire 'blanc,' la quinteuse dit 'noir ;'
> Si je pense exprimer un auteur sans défaut,
> La raison dit Virgile, et la rime Quinault."

It has often surprised those who have been the victims of typographical errors that amid the infinite combinations of types there are no lucky blunders in the author's favor, turning cacophony into euphony, turgidity into sublimity, and nonsense into sense. It is true that once in a century a thought is actually improved by a typographical blunder. It is told, for example, of Malherbe that when in his famous epistle to Du Perrier, whose daughter's name was Rosette, he had written, "Et Rosette a vécu ce que vivent les roses" (And Rosette has lived as the roses live), the printer, who found the manuscript difficult to read, put "Roselle" instead of "Rosette." Malherbe, in reading the proof, was struck by the change, and re-wrote his verse as follows: "Et Rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses, l'espèce d'un matin" (And a rose, she has lived as the roses live, the space of a morning). But cases like these are exceedingly rare.

There are some printers who appear to have an unconquerable repugnance to "following copy." Like all men of original genius, they hate to tread the path which another has marked out, to be "cabined, cribbed, confined" by the shackles which a writer has imposed ; and in vain will you seek to fortify yourself against any daring improvement of your manuscript at their hands, though you should make your handwriting as legible as block-letter. There are other sons of Faust who make it an invariable rule to stick to copy (or what they think is copy), into whatever absurdities, contradictions, or nonsense it may plunge them. No matter how cramped, crooked, or obscure your chirography, though every line of your manuscript should present only "a swell-mob of bad characters," out-Choateing Choate's hieroglyphics, the most obvious and literal interpretation, however ridiculous, is rigidly adopted. There is still another class of "typos" who do better with bad manuscript than with good. Like a great general or a famous beauty, they do not care for too easy a conquest. Give them a difficulty to overcome, and they summon all their wits to contend with it; make their path easy, and they walk into bogs and quagmires. The press, in truth, is a sort of half-reasoning animal, or species of lunatic, which sometimes with a sort of inspired felicity divines instantly the meaning of pot-hooks more puzzling than the hieroglyphics on a Chinese tea-chest; while at other times, when all is as clear as rock-water, it commits the most asinine blunders, and turns the most lucid composition into "confusion worse confounded."

A collection of errors of the malignant type would be one of the most entertaining chapters in the curiosities of literature. Some years ago the London "Times," in speaking of a discussion before the council of ministers when Lord Brougham was Chancellor, stated that "the *chandelier* had thrown an extraordinary light on the question." In the London "Christian World," in 1883, a writer, referring to an address at Christ Church by the Rev. Theodore Hookes, represents him as saying that some of the clergy had gone back "to the black *lie* [tie] of their boyhood." In one of the editions of Davidson's "Popular English Grammar" the principal parts of the verb "to chide" were given as follows: "*Present infinitive*, to chide; *past finite*, I chid; *past infinitive*, to have children." In the London "Courier," some fifty years ago, his Majesty George IV.

was said to have a fit of the *goat* at Brighton. Another journal advertised a sermon by a celebrated divine on the "*Immorality* of the Soul," and also the "*Lies* of the Poets," — a work, no doubt, of many volumes. The London "Globe" once gave an extract from the Registrar-General's return, in which it was stated that the inhabitants of London were suffering at that time "from a high rate of *morality*." A letter more or a letter less makes strange havoc of a sentence. Early in the French Revolution the Abbé Sièyes, in correcting the proof-sheets of a pamphlet in defence of his political conduct, read: "I have *abjured* the republic," — a misprint for *adjured*. "Wretch!" he cried to the printer, "do you wish to send me to the guillotine?" What is treason, once asked a wag, but reason to a *t*, which *t* an accident of the press may displace with most awkward effect. On the other hand, a printer who omitted the first letter of Mr. Caswell's name might have pleaded that it was *as well* without the C. Some years ago an eminent lecturer on "Peace" introduced into his discourse a familiar line from a Latin poet, —

> "Est deus in nobis, et illo agitante incalescimus,"

which has been translated: "There is a divinity within us, and when he awakens us we grow inspired." In the printed copy of the discourse the letter *u* in *deus* was set upside down, so that the quotation read, —

> "Est *dens* in nobis, et illo agitante incalescimus,"

which means: "There is a *tooth* within us, and when that jumps, we get hot," — or, more freely, "we jump too." A hardly less ludicrous effect was produced by the change of a letter in an article in the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

The writer, being at Venice, quoted the first line of the fourth canto of Byron's "Childe Harold," which the printer rendered thus: —

> "J stood at Venice on the Bridge of Sighs."

The author of "Reminiscences of an Old Bohemian" tells of a ludicrous typographical error that occurred in the Paris "Constitutionnel" in the time of Louis Philippe. One morning there appeared in that paper the following startling paragraph: "His Majesty the king received M. Thiers yesterday at the Tuileries, and charged him with the formation of a new cabinet. The distinguished statesman hastened to reply to the king: 'I have only one regret, which is that I cannot wring your neck like a turkey's.'" A few lines lower down there was another paragraph running to the following effect: "The efforts of justice have been promptly crowned with success. The murderer of the Rue du Pot-de-fer has been arrested in a house of ill-fame. Led at once before the Judge of Instruction, the wretch had the hardihood to address that magistrate in terms of coarse insult, winding up with the following words, which amply show that there remains not a spark of conscience or right feeling in this hardened soul: 'God and man are my witnesses that I have never had any other ambition than to serve your august person and my country loyally, to the best of my ability.'" The printer had just innocently managed to interchange the two addresses. Laughable as the joke was, it derived additional point from the universal knowledge that there was little love lost between the king and the minister.

In a volume of American Chancery Reports it is said to be decided that *carpenters* (co-partners) are liable for one another's debts. In a recent catalogue of books to be sold by auction in Boston, we find the following amusing blunder: —

> "78. BENTHAM, Jeremy. Thirty Years in the U. S. Senate. Vol. I. *Portrait.* 8°, *cloth.*"

Mistakes in punctuation, such as the omission or misplacing of a comma, sometimes greatly change the sense of a passage; as when a compositor, — probably an old bachelor, — in setting up the toast, "Woman, without her, man would be a savage," put the comma in the wrong place, and made the sentence read, "Woman, without her man, would be a savage." Another compositor is said to have punctuated a well-known proverb of Solomon thus: "The wicked flee, when no man pursueth the righteous, is bold as a lion."

Some years ago an editor at the South, wishing to congratulate General Pillow, after his return from Mexico, as a battle-scarred veteran, was made by the types to characterize him as "a battle-scared veteran." The indignant general, rushing into the editorial sanctum, demanded an explanation, which was given, and a correction promised in the next day's paper. Judge of the editor's feelings on the morrow, when, as if to heap horrors upon horror's head, he found the general styled, in the revised paragraph, "that bottle-scarred veteran"! This was less excusable than the blunder of an English journal which stated that the Russian General Backinoffkowsky was "found dead with a long *word* in his mouth;" for no compositor could be blamed for leaving out a letter in a sentence after setting up such a name correctly. Many years ago, in an article on the subject of literature for children, we wrote: "It is true, they will devour the most indigestible pabulum, for want of better." The last word of this sentence was transformed by the typographical imp into *butter*. Erasmus once dedicated a book to the Queen of Hungary, and complained bitterly that the rascal of a printer had lost him his gratuity by printing two successive words as one, and thus so changing the meaning as to convert a compliment into an insult. An edition of the Bible printed at the Clarendon Press in 1617 is known as the "Vinegar Bible," because, in the title of the twentieth chapter of Luke, the Parable of the Vineyard is printed "Parable of the Vinegar." Perhaps the most fearful error of the press that ever occurred was caused by the letter *c* dropping out of the following passage in "a form" of the Book of Common Prayer: "We shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye." When the book appeared, the passage, to the horror of the devout reader, was thus printed: "We shall all be *hanged* in the twinkling of an eye." Some years ago the editor of the Portland (Me.) "Argus" undertook to compliment an eminent citizen as "a noble old burgher, proudly loving his native State;" but the neatly turned compliment came from the compositor's hands "a nobby old burglar, prowling round in a naked state." This is almost matched by a telegraphic blunder of which the Rev. Joseph Cooke tells. Not long ago Ernest Renan had occasion to telegraph across the English Channel on the subject of a proposed lecture by him in Westminster Abbey. The subject, as written by him, was "The Influence of Rome on the Formation of Christianity." It was announced in England as "The Influence of Rum on the Digestion of Humanity"! In the second volume of his "History of the United States," Mr. McMasters speaks of "the Spartan *bard* in the pass of Thermopylæ."

Among the most ludicrous misprints are those that sometimes occur in works of sentiment; as where the authoress of a French novel wound up a brilliant rhapsody on love with the sentence: "Pour bien connaître l'amour, il faut sortir de soi" (To know truly what love is, we must go out of ourselves); which the printer metamorphosed into the equivocal phrase: "Pour bien connaître l'amour, il faut sortir de soir" (To know truly what love is, we must go out o' nights)! This is more atrocious than "the Sybil burning her *rooks*," — an anti-classicality which would have almost driven Scaliger mad. The name of Scaliger reminds us of the misprints which sometimes occur in classical works, and which afford infinite amusement to the scholar by the way in which they excruciate the wits of commentators. Critic after critic racks his brain and bites his nails to the quick in attempts to elucidate a passage; a prodigious array of learning is brought to bear upon it, and endless explanations, many of them exceedingly plausible, are given: when lo! it turns out, to the confusion of pedantry, that the vexed phrase was a blunder of the types. Thus in a passage in nearly if not quite all the editions of Pausanias, the Sybil declares that her mother was a goddess, but her father an eater of whales, πατρὸς δὲ κητοφάγοιο, — a phrase which elicited from the commentators many ingenious explanations. Dindorf saw that it was a misprint, and transformed it into δ' ἐκ σιτοφάγοιο, "an eater of bread," instead of "an eater of whales," — "bread-eater" being the obvious periphrasis for "mortal."

It is a curious fact that typographical errors are among the characteristics that recommend a book to book-hunters. The celebrated Elzevir "Cæsar" of 1635 is known by the circumstance that the number of the 149th page is misprinted 153. All that lack this distinction are counterfeits.

This rare and costly volume offered a temptation to fraudulent imitators, who, "as if by a providential arrangement for their detection, lapsed into accuracy at the critical figure." John Hill Burton, in his "Book-Hunter," tells of a typographical mishap that befell a solid scholar who never missed a date nor left out a word in copying a title-page, nor ever ended a sentence with a monosyllable. He had stated that Theodore Beza, or some contemporary of his, went to sea in a Candian vessel. The statement at the last moment, when the sheet was going through the press, caught the eye of an intelligent and judicious corrector, more conversant with shipping-lists than with the literature of the sixteenth century, who saw clearly what had been meant, and took upon himself, like a man who hates all pottering nonsense, to make the necessary correction without consulting the author. The result was that people read with some surprise, under the authority of the paragon of accuracy, that Theodore Beza had gone to sea in a *Canadian* vessel! It has been truly said that the pearls of cultivated minds are cast in vain before dull understandings. On the admission of the Cardinal Dubois into the French Academy, Fontenelle, referring to his constant intercourse with the young king Louis XV., observed, with more grace than truth: "It is known that in your daily conversation with him you left nothing untried to render yourself useless." A Dutch publisher imagined that *useless* must be an error of the press, and substituted *useful.* Leigh Hunt has suffered sorely from errors of the press, especially because his marked peculiarities shut out the charitable supposition of a possible mistake of the printer. A misprint of a line of Hunt's, "the moon is at her silvertys" (silverest), was ridiculed as a Huntism, and Laman Blanchard even warmly defended it. In one of the editions of "Men of the Time," an English annual, some lines dropped out of Robert Owen's biography into that of the Bishop of Oxford, which immediately followed it. The article upon the ecclesiastical magnate began, therefore, as follows: "Oxford, the right reverend Samuel Wilberforce, bishop of, was born in 1805. A more kind-hearted and truly benevolent man does not exist. A sceptic as regards religious revelation, he is nevertheless an out-and-out believer in spirit-movements."

It is amusing to note the different degrees of sensitiveness to typographical errors manifested by a young writer and by a veteran of the press. The neophyte can never forgive the butchery, as he calls it, of his fine sentences, — the dear "begotten of his mind," — which for days and nights he has been licking into shape. The bare misplacing of a comma distresses him keenly; the change of an entire word makes him shudder; and the omission of a sentence almost throws him into convulsions. Not so with the "old stager." Having, in the course of years, been made to father some of the most incredible forms of nonsense, he gets as used to such experiences as eels to being skinned; and though now and then some preternaturally frightful blunder gives him a twinge or two, yet he hardly bites his lips even when the printer ruins his sublimest effusion by turning, as Hood says, all his roses into noses, his angels into angles, and his happiness into pappiness.

CAUSES OF DIVORCE.

THE frequency with which divorces are sought and granted in this country is acknowledged to be one of the ugliest features of the times. A careful examination of the statistics of divorce, made in 1878, showed that the ratio of divorces to marriages in that year was among Protestants, 1 to 15 in Massachusetts, 1 to 13 in Vermont, 1 to 9 in Rhode Island, and 1 in less than 8 in Connecticut, — an average of 1 to 11.7 for the four States together. What are the causes of this? Considering the haste with which most persons rush into matrimony, it is not strange that there should be occasional tiffs, disagreements, and possibly quarrels; and some moralists have even regarded these showers and thunder-storms as necessary to clear away the noxious vapors from the hymeneal sky, and to prevent wedded life from stagnating, or being smothered in its own sweetness, like a bee stifled in honey. No feeling, it is argued, is so short-lived as admiration. A little change of temper, it is held, is absolutely necessary to give even the most charming woman that variety which prevents her from being regarded with indifference, and perhaps disgust. Caprice is the very salt of gallantry, that prevents it from corrupting; jealousies, piques, and reconciliations, if not the diet, are at least the exercise, of love. Dr. Paley could conceive of nothing more insipid than man and wife living together thirty years without a single quarrel.

Be this as it may, we cannot see in the ordinary quarrels, or in the lack of congeniality, real or fancied, of married persons — of which we hear so much in these days — a good ground for divorce. There are two mistakes which almost all persons who are unhappy in their conjugal life are apt to make on this subject. One is the belief that souls were *paired* when sent into this world, and exactly fitted to each other, but that by some jugglery they have been separated, and so confused that no one can find its mate; hence all the janglings of the married state. Many, even educated, persons believe in this fatalism, and are confident that had they found their "affinities," they would have experienced nothing but bliss in the married state. They forget that every human being has a double nature, — a selfish nature to be subdued, as well as an angelic to be developed; and that both of these ends are to be accomplished only by constant watching and the most persistent self-denial. When two such imperfect beings are brought into the closest intimacy, it will be a miracle if their points of moral repulsion do not begin speedily to appear. If the two are essentially selfish, and are fully determined to make no concessions, the jagged points of their natures will grow more and more obtrusive and aggressive, till utter alienation ensues. At first perhaps they will only wish to look at the moon through separate windows; but soon, as Hood says, they will want separate moons to look at; and finally there will be no moon at all, for their charming illusions will have vanished, and the silver light will have gone out in darkness. If, on the other hand, they overcome their natural selfishness, and live for each other; if they study each other's weak points, as skaters look for the weak parts of the ice in order to keep clear of them; and above all, if they regard the last word as "the most dangerous of infernal machines," — then the jagged points of their natures will wear off; they will cease to be two beings, odd halves of humanity, *paired*, not matched; or, if two, will be

> "Two like the brain, whose halves ne'er think apart,
> But beat and tremble to one throbbing heart."

Another mistake regarding marriage is that of fancying that it can yield the highest happiness only when it is a union of congenial tastes. The very opposite is true. What man or woman, unless the vainest of peacocks, wants in a life-long companion a mere duplicate or repetition of him or herself? Every sensible man seeks in part by marriage to supplement his own imperfect nature, to remedy his own defects. The parties must be very two before they can be very one. It has been happily said that "ideal men want practical wives; ideal wives want practical men: and then, the earth-side and the heaven-side of life being put together, it rounds to a glorious completeness." As Swedenborg says, they must be *conjoined*, not *adjoined;* for though it is the theory of marriage that man and wife are one, it is not the ceremony of marriage that makes them so. They were one before, else, to use the words of Milton, "all the ecclesiastical glue that liturgy or laymen can compound, cannot solder up two such incongruous natures into the one flesh of a true, beseeming marriage."

If these remarks are true, it is evident that divorces should not be granted simply because the parties do not always live happily together, or have found wedlock to be something else than a long honeymoon. How long will the marriage-tie retain its sacredness if it may be loosened on the first growth of a new inclination, the first feeling of satiety, the first discovery of a difference in taste or temper? Separations should be granted only in cases of great and irremediable hardship, and not at the demand of caprice, or because wedlock is found to have its little disappointments. No doubt cases of such hardship now and then actually exist where to the public they are not apparent. When Paulus Emilius was asked why he wished to put away his wife for no visible reason, "This shoe," he replied, holding it out on his foot, "is a neat shoe, a new shoe; and yet none of you know where it wrings me." But admitting that occasionally there are separations of man and wife for reasons that are good but not evident, yet we are sure that nothing can be more trivial than the causes of nearly all the quarrels which end in applications for divorce. Nine tenths of them grow out of the most insignificant beginnings. A little nervous excitement, followed by a few tears and by a resolution to have the last word; trifling neglects, repeated again and again till they end in a decided aversion, — these, with the nameless negligences that spoil the beauty of association, are the kind and amount of feeling and treatment that, in most cases, soon produce a confirmed alienation of parties who, by a little concession and forbearance, might have lived happily together; turning all the currents of affection from their course, and leaving nothing but a barren track, along which the skeleton of a dead affection stalks alone. It is absurd to suppose that the misery of such persons results from their being "mismated." Where men and women are essentially selfish and exacting, and think of happiness for themselves as the chief end of marriage, there is no possible "mating" that could make their joint life a happy one. It is not their so-called and fancied "incompatibility," or uncongeniality which causes their unhappiness, but their lack of patience, humility, self-control, and consideration for others, — qualities without which companionship is impossible, and life unendurable in any relation whatever.

"He that marries," says Heine, "is like the Doge who was wedded to the Adriatic. He knows not what there is in what he marries; mayhap treasures and pearls, mayhap monsters and tempests, await him." True; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is for the married man himself to determine whether "treasures" or "tempests" are permanently to characterize his life. It has been well said that the true blessedness of souls is not insured by a bare exchange of plighted faith. It comes through and after many a self-sacrifice, many a crucifixion of the will, many a scourging of the pride, vanity, and selfishness of the heart. Home is a school in which husband and wife are to learn thoughtfulness, self-forgetfulness, and forbearance, getting rid of their angularities, harmonizing their differences, and becoming gradually what they supposed each other to be when they were outwardly united, — one in thought, sympathy, and life. Probably not one couple in twenty ever lived many years together without periods of struggle, — without hours, days, and even weeks, when all their firmness was demanded, all their self-denial, all their good sense, to induce them to bear and forbear, till mutual concession became a habit, and a profound affection was felt. It is said that Napoleon used to keep his letters unopened for a fortnight, and then found that most of them required no answer. It is not improbable that many dissatisfied husbands and wives, if they would wait a year or two before seeking to be delivered from their troubles by a divorce, would find that there is nothing to be delivered from but their own faults of temper.

To weaken the bonds of society by granting divorces in cases of supposed incompatibility of temper would be to destroy that confidence between man and wife which is the chief guarantee of their happiness. At the prospect of an easy separation, trivial quarrels, which they now soon forget under the pressure of necessity, would flame up into deadly and lasting hatred. The wife, fearful of a divorce, would intrigue against her husband's interest to secure for herself a separate maintenance in the day of trouble; the rights of children would be mixed up with the disputes of parents; the families of both parties would be embroiled; and society would reach at last the condition of Rome as described by Seneca, when women computed their ages by the number of their husbands instead of by the years they had lived. Let the example of that city, where the marriage-tie could be loosed by mutual agreement, be a warning to Americans and to American legislators. In the early days of the Republic Roman virtue frowned upon divorce when it was sought for insufficient reasons, and triumphed over the inclinations of those who wished to separate. According to Plutarch it was two hundred and thirty, according to other authorities it was two hundred and fifty, years before a divorce was known in Rome. But in the last period of the Republic divorce prevailed so generally as to be the rule, and not the exception; marriage was thoughtlessly entered upon, and dissolved at pleasure. The slightest diminution of affection, the merest shadow of distrust, or even the desire of novelty, and the inclination of caprice, were deemed ample warrant for putting away a wife. Sulla, Cæsar, Pompey, Cicero, and Antony did not scruple to do this, and Augustus followed their example. Terentia, from whom Cicero was divorced after a long union, was afterward married successively to Sallust the historian, Messala Corvinus, and Vibius Rufus. A still greater looseness prevailed in Rome during its decline. Jerome speaks of witnessing the funeral of a woman who was followed by her twenty-second husband to the grave, she having been his twenty-first wife. Judging by the slender hold which the most sacred ties have upon men's consciences, we are travelling fast in the same direction, and only a revolution in public morals can save us. Experience has shown that it is not upon courts or legislatures that we must rely, for "Bobissimus the elect is only the superlative of Bobus the elector;" and, besides, the evil is beyond the reach of judges and legislators. Its roots are to be found in the growing egoism, selfishness, luxury, and scepticism of the age, in the pride of wealth, in a wretched system of domestic training, and in a contempt for those moral ties without which society cannot exist.

There is one aspect of this subject which urgently needs the attention of our legislators. There is probably no other subject upon which the laws of the different States are so at variance as upon divorce. In England till about thirty years ago it was only in very rare cases, at enormous expense, by an act of Parliament, that a divorce could be obtained. In the State of South Carolina up to a recent period a divorce had never been granted in a single instance, even under the most urgent circumstances. But the statutes and decisions of the other States are completely at loggerheads. In some of the States it is impossible to tell what is and what is not a legal marriage. In many cases children may be legitimate in one State and illegitimate in another, and parties liable to the penitentiary for adultery in one State who are living in lawful wedlock in the State adjoining. Indeed, it is said that were the boundaries of certain States coterminous, the husband, if he wished to indulge in the luxury of two wives without going to Utah, might build a house with a wing in each of the two States, and live with one wife a week in one State, and then with his other wife a week in the other State; but should his two partners, not being well versed in law or geography, exchange houses for a moment, both might be arrested as prostitutes, and the husband held liable in both States as a bigamist.

ILLUSIONS ABOUT THE PAST.

Past and to come seem best; things present, worst. — SHAKSPEARE.

WHENCE comes that feeling toward the past which leads men to look back with tenderness, and even regret, upon things which when present were objects of dread or dislike? Just as a landscape which is tame and bald, even disagreeable in many of its aspects, when we are journeying through it, looks beautiful in the blue distance, so things which were repulsive when present, wear an attractive aspect if viewed through the lapse of years. A kinsman or acquaintance who was pestilent when living, will when dead be thought of not only without anger, but even with kindly feelings. Even upon Nero's grave flowers were strewed, and the most hated monarch that ever lost a crown by tyranny and folly did not lack friends to cherish his memory in secret amid the general execration. As with individuals, so with institutions and customs: time weaves a web of romance about many which were hated during their existence, and as soon as they have retired into "the long-withdrawing vale of history" they are idealized and regretted. By a cunning moral chemistry which converts all unpleasant experiences into pleasant subjects of reflection, institutions which broke the hearts of men — customs, superstitions, and modes of living which sprang from gross ignorance and filled men's lives with misery —

are transformed into objects of interest, just as ivy and time

> "Have softened with beauty many a tower
> Which in its days of hardihood and strength
> Was only terrible."

Illustrations of this will suggest themselves to every reader. How much we find in English literature in praise of bluff King Hal! Because he was big, burly, and handsome, — a beef-eating, beer-drinking, typical John Bull, — and defied the Pope, he is thought of with kindly feelings; though every student of history knows that he was as brutal and selfish a tyrant as ever disgraced a crown. How many persons do you suppose, reader, suffered death by the hands of the executioner during the reign of the "bluff" king? Not fewer, according to Macaulay, than seventy-two thousand; and among the victims of his blood-thirsty cruelty were some of the noblest Englishmen that ever lived, — men the latchet of whose shoes he was not worthy to unloose. One of these victims was the noble and high-minded Sir Thomas More, who, because his conscience forbade him to take the oath relating to the ecclesiastical supremacy of the king, was beheaded. So, because he had a sad, interesting face, and wore a picturesque Vandyke costume, Charles I. is pitied and regretted as a blessed martyr, — the simple fact being that he was a martyr to his own untruth and lack of sincerity. Truly did Henry Grattan say that "two artists have contributed not a little to the popularity of Charles I., — Vandyke and the headsman." Tonnage and poundage, ship-money, forced loans, continual violations of his most solemn engagements, the collective misery of the English people, — all are forgotten, simply because he was a king, and his end appalling, like the fifth act of a drama. So, too, with Charles II., "the Merry Monarch," the most profligate of kings, and Louis XIV. of France. Even those daring navigators Sir Walter Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, and other fine old Englishmen who founded the British empire on the seas, will not bear a close, not to say a microscopic, examination. A writer in a Conservative London journal admits that if we strip them of their swagger, gallantry, and doublets, we shall find them to be little better than pirates and highwaymen, who sliced men's throats and pocketed other men's money in open defiance of all laws of honor and morality.

If we go back some centuries farther, to the reign of Henry II., we find things still worse. How rude were the manners of that age may be judged from the fact that the finest gentlemen and the most lettered clerks lived as plainly, spoke as coarsely, treated each other as roughly, as only the roughest of English boors would do to-day. Henry II. swore worse than any trooper, and did not hesitate at the Chancellor's banquet to jump over the table to seat himself by Becket's side. When Fulk Fitz-Warine was playing chess with Prince John, the Prince broke his head with the chess-board, and Fulk gave him a blow that nearly killed him. Bishops scolded, gibed, and threatened each other like modern fishwives. The archbishop died with a foul word on his lips. In a fight for precedence, one bishop would plump down upon the lap of another; and once, in a playful tussle for Becket's cloak, Henry and his friend nearly pulled each other off their horses.

The condition of the people and the manner of living in "the good old times" are invested with an amount of romance and idyllic association which the facts not only do not justify, but show to be in glaring contrast to the truth.

In Henry II.'s time the very highest persons in England were glad to drink beer only, and to eat fat pork without change for months together. Under their gorgeous apparel no clean white linen, but only coarse wool, dirty from long wear, was to be found. Henry's couch of state was merely a mattress stuffed with hay or straw. For one who has been charmed by "Ivanhoe" and other such romances it is hard to believe that the glamour thrown over those times is a sham; that the chivalry, the gallantry, and the hospitality which we have so admired were more than counterbalanced by the misery, the semi-barbarism, the utter absence of comfort, and even decency. But such was the fact. Even the poetry investing the ivy-grown castle and the picturesque old Elizabethan mansions of a later century is rudely dispelled when we consider what the domestic life in those mansions was. In none of them was there a carpet, a bathing-tub, a contrivance for ventilation or for sewerage, without which even the poorest man's cottage would now be deemed unfit for habitation; and in some there was not even a chimney. Salt beef and strong ale constituted the chief part of even Queen Elizabeth's breakfast, and similar refreshments were served to her in bed for supper. The nobles and dames ate with their fingers, generally in couples, out of one trencher, at a bare table. The "most godly queen" interlarded her discourse with oaths; she boxed the ears of one courtier, and spat upon the fringed mantle of another. She delighted in bull-baitings and bear-baitings, and prized the nobler sports of the field less for the skill and excitement than for the butchery. "The stag, hunted down by man and beast, was brought to receive its death-blow," says the "Quarterly Review," "from a hand which might more gracefully have been raised to command its deliverance. She went to hear a sermon at St. Mary's Spital, two white bears following in a cart, — we need not say for what purpose they were destined after the discourse."

The public roads in those days were deeply rutted tracks, which in bad weather were almost impassable; and most of them were so infested by bandits and robbers that travellers had to go armed. Public conveyances and private carriages were alike attacked. In the reign of George I. handbills were stuck up at the gates of many known rich men in London, forbidding any of them, on pain of death, to travel from town without a watch, or with less than ten guineas of money. Horace Walpole complained, only a little over a hundred years ago, that he could not stir a mile from his house without one or two servants armed with a blunderbuss. The coaches in Elizabeth's time were hardly more than carts without springs; and even a century later the public vehicles were so wretched that they were known as "hell-carts." Rural England, instead of being the Arcadia which poets and romancers have represented it, with ruddy squires, contented swains, and gentle damsels, was prosaic and unromantic to the last degree. If we come down to the eighteenth century, we find that it was an age of drunkenness, cock-fighting, ratting, duelling, gambling, — in short, of all those vices which are now deemed most disgraceful to society. London was full of fashionable gaming "hells," — White's, Watier's, Brooke's, Graham's, the Union, the Cocoa-tree, Crockford's, etc., — where dukes, lords, and fashionable "gentlemen" staked and won or lost thousands of pounds in a night. One man, known as *le Wellington des joueurs*, lost twenty-three thousand pounds at a sitting, which began at midnight, and ended at seven the next evening. He and three other noblemen lost in play, at different times, sums estimated at not less than a hundred thousand pounds apiece. The number of families beggared by the play at Crockford's alone may be judged of by the fact that he retired from his business a millionnaire.

Political elections in the last century were scenes of bacchanalian frenzy, debauchery, and corruption. Riots were frequent in all the towns where party spirit raged. Heads were broken, polling-booths were burned, and partisans fought from street to street like hostile armies on a battle-field. The money spent in electioneering was enormous. Thomas, Marquis of Wharton, who died in 1815, is said to have spent in this way eighty thousand pounds. In the hot contest in 1807 which ended in Wilberforce's election for Yorkshire, — "the Austerlitz of electioneering," — the defeated candidates, Lord Milton and Lascelles, spent, for bringing up voters, a hundred thousand pounds each; and it is stated that the entire contest cost near *half a million pounds sterling!* Men kept boroughs then as they now keep a yacht. They invested in them as a speculation, and "cultivated them for sale." In one of Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son he says that he spoke to a borough-monger, and offered him five and twenty hundred pounds "for a secure seat in Parliament;" but "he laughed at my offer, and said that there was no such thing as a borough to be had now, for the rich East and West Indians had secured them all, at the rate of three thousand pounds at least, but *many at four thousand, and two or three that he knew at five thousand.*"

Probably no writer has done more to glorify the iron castles and iron men of past ages in England than Sir

Walter Scott. Even the plaided Highlanders of 1745, though regarded with horror and contempt by contemporary Whigs, and after their defeat scarcely treated as human beings, became under his magic pen most interesting monuments of a form of society long since passed away. But the true way to test these "good old times" is just to imagine them once more present. Were any one of these old institutions, which are invested with such poetic hues, to be suddenly reproduced with all its odious features, how would it startle us in these happy times! How insufferable would it be, for example, to be forced to leave one's family and follow to the field some warlike lord who looks so picturesque through the mist of the past! How much more intolerable still would be the whole system of feudal "incidents," as they were called, — reliefs, fines upon alienation, escheats, forfeitures, aids, wardship, and marriage; by which last was meant the right of the lord to tender a husband to his female ward in her minority, or a wife to his male ward: a right which was the source of the greatest abuse and extortion. Yet such were some of the hardships to which men were subjected as late as the fifteenth century. Matthew Paris tells us that during the Barons' Wars in England, in order that castles might be fortified, "the houses of the poorest agricultural laborers were rummaged and plundered even of the straw that served for beds." The ignorance of economic science was so great that a bad harvest generally produced almost a famine. The danger to life was so great from turbulence that in 1216 "markets and traffic ceased, and goods were exposed for sale only in churchyards."

How delightful it must have been to live in the days of "*merry* England" when the plague used to come from time to time and sweep off a large part of the population; when in the reign of one monarch alone (Edward IV.) it destroyed as many persons as the Wars of the Roses! What blessed days were those when a philosopher so far in advance of his age in science as Bacon published minute directions for guarding against witches; and when that legal luminary, Sir Matthew Hale, after having condemned a poor woman to death for witchcraft, sneered at the rash innovators who were urging a repeal of the statute against that crime, and, falling on his knees, thanked God for being enabled to uphold one of the sagest enactments of "our venerable forefathers"! Who does not regret that he did not live in the halcyon days when inoculation for the small-pox, and the use of ether or chloroform in surgical and dental operations, had not been dreamed of; when oil from kittens boiled alive was considered an excellent application for a wound, and ointment was applied to the weapon that had inflicted it; when toads roasted alive were administered for asthma, and the hair of mad dogs for hydrophobia; when the powdered thigh-bone of an executed felon was considered a specific in dysentery; when doctors put faith in phylacteries, and watched with intense anxiety the influence of black days and white days, and the aspect of the stars; and when, in attempting to quench the fires of fever and inflammation, they diligently fed the consuming flame, and hurried their patients to an untimely grave?

Again, how mournful it is to think that the days of Tooke, Thelwall, and Hardy, when men were tried for "constructive treason," have gone, never to return, — the "good old times" when in England hundreds of the most trivial offences were punished with death; when the theft of a fish, maiming cattle, transporting wool, and marrying a couple out of church, were put in the same category of crime as murder, arson, and rape; when counsel were never allowed to prisoners, even in capital cases; and when the wretch condemned to death might be dragged at the heels of horses to the place of execution, and there embowelled, quartered, slit in the nose, or left hanging on the gallows!

But why confine ourselves to the "good old times" in England? If we look back over the history of our own country we shall find its "golden age" to have been one of bronze. In the days of Washington and Franklin men were compelled to pass their lives in a kind of destitution, which in this age of scientific luxury would be considered a state of semi-barbarism. A hundred years ago hardly one of the modern contrivances for cooking, and for warming and lighting dwellings, was known. Not a pound of coal or a cubic foot of illuminating gas had been burned in the country. There were no machines for mowing, reaping, and threshing, for carding, spinning, and weaving; nor had the sewing-machine been dreamed of, which has done so much for woman's health and strength, and so abridged the labors of the family. To us "effeminate" men of to-day it is painful to think of the efforts of our "hardy" ancestors to obtain warmth in their dwellings by the scorching and freezing of their alternate sides under the blast that swept from many apertures toward the current of a vast open chimney. Pine-knots or tallow candles supplied them with light for the long and dreary winter evenings, and sand on the floor supplied the place of carpets and rugs. There were no pumps in those days; no friction-matches; and when the fire went out upon the hearth in the night, and the tinder was damp, so that the spark could not "catch," the only alternative was to wade a mile or more through the deep snow to borrow a firebrand of a neighbor. Beef, when one could afford it, was roasted on a revolving spit turned by a man, a dog, or a smoke-jack. If in summer a man wished for a draught of cold water, there was no ice; and if, in the rainy season or in winter, he wished to keep his feet dry, there was no india-rubber.

How much stuff has been written by picturesque and romancing writers about the glories of the old coaching days! How delightful it was, in spring or autumn, to drag along in a heavy, stuffy coach, with the wheels sunk half up to the axles in mud, at the rate of three miles an hour; or in winter to plod, half-frozen, through a succession of snow-drifts, with an occasional overturn, to the great danger of one's ribs or limbs! How much preferable it was to be from six to eight days in travelling two hundred miles, with the expense of lodging and meals at wretched inns on the way, to flying over the same distance on the wings of steam in five or six hours, taking your meal, if you require one, in an elegant parlor as you speed along! The truth is, the inventions and improvements of modern times have been equivalent to making human life far longer than it previously was; they have virtually trebled or quadrupled its duration. If a man in travelling can pass over in a single hour a distance which once, on a horse, would have occupied seven or eight hours, he has in this respect added six or seven hours to his life. For all the purposes of living, human life is longer than it was in the time of the antediluvians, for the simple reason that with modern time-and-labor-saving inventions one can accomplish more than he could in former ages, even had he lived for centuries.

That men live to-day in a more intellectual atmosphere than their fathers did, and that they have immeasurably more culture and knowledge, will hardly be denied by the most inveterate pessimist. Not only are the classics of almost every literature published at incredibly low prices, but the best works are condensed for us in the magazines and reviews, so that those who from lack of ability or time cannot digest large masses of mental food, may have its essence extracted and prepared in a seductive and easily assimilated form. Will it be said that this intellectual gain has been purchased at the cost of physical degeneracy, — that man is wiser but weaker to-day than he was centuries ago? We reply that the very reverse is the truth. Statistics show that the average length of life — the true test in the case — is steadily increasing. Physical culture, so long neglected, has never received such attention before since the days of Greece. The number of young men who play at games that exact the severest labor and the most rigid discipline, such as base-ball, foot-ball, cricket, rowing, long bicycle rides; the number who camp out, make long pedestrian excursions, climb mountains, — show that physical weakness is not a characteristic of our times. Man is a tougher walker, a swifter runner, a stouter and more skilful swimmer, an experter oarsman, a surer marksman, a finer horseman, in this than in any previous century. He ripens earlier to-day, works faster, and lives longer than he formerly did; and both his physique and his command of his powers, instead of degenerating, are steadily improving.

But we shall be told, perhaps, by some Cassandra that if not physically, yet morally man has degenerated; that there was more virtue in "the good old times" than now; that *they* were the days of contented industry, respect for the aged, regard for the Sabbath, and reverence for things sacred, — virtues now, alas! fast disappearing from the earth. Well, let us hear what that famous and stern old New England divine Dr. Emmons says regarding the cultivation of those virtues in the golden age in which he lived. In a sermon preached in 1790 he says that "it is truly alarming to take a particular view of our prevailing corruptions. . . . The streets are filled with children who learn the dialect of hell before they learn the rudiments of their mother-tongue. . . . Multitudes may be seen every day, and almost everywhere, wallowing in drunkenness. Intemperance appears not only in public houses and at public places, but in private families and among individuals of every age and sex." Having specified other vices, he adds: "I might still add to this long list of vices injustice, avarice, oppression, indolence, gaming, and almost every species of corruption which ever disgraced the most abandoned people." Some years ago "Zion's Herald," of Boston, printed a copy of a bill rendered at an ordination service in Hartford, Conn., about a hundred years ago. Among the items charged were these: "3 Bitters; 15 boles Punch; 11 bottles Wine; 5 mugs Flip; 3 boles Punch; 3 boles Toddy." Three-bottle men, now as rare as dodos, were then to be found in every community. Political animosity was bitterer, and party journals were more reckless and abusive, in the days of Washington than now. The "Father of his Country" was denounced as a cheat, a despot, a liar, and an adulterer, "wanting in all generous sentiments, and even in common humanity." We complain to-day of the corruption in our politics; fifty-seven years ago William Wirt in a public address pronounced our elections "our glory and our shame." He complained bitterly of the "corrupt combinations" and the "vile intrigues" of that day, of the "slander and falsehood," of the "coarse and vulgar flattery," the "wheedling and coaxing of the 'dear people.'" Among other devices, he says, "a kind of electioneering machinery is in use in some places, by which the people have become spell-bound, and taught to play the part of automatons in their own elections."

A thoughtful writer has well said that "the present is contemplated coolly, clearly, exactly by the intellect, and may be considered as the prose of the mind; the future and the past may be considered as part of the mind's poetry." The feeling of admiration for the past is, no doubt, a legitimate feeling; but when indulged to excess, — when it leads men to glorify what is old merely because it is old, and to denounce what is new simply because it is new, — it is exceedingly baneful in its effects. It is the feeling which, exaggerated, led the ancient Jews to *remain among the graves, and lodge in the monuments*, for which they were indignantly denounced by the prophets. It is the source of that fallacy which ascribes superior wisdom to our ancestors, — who were really the children of the world, and therefore less qualified to arrive at just conclusions than we, their descendants, who only are the white, silver-haired ancients, the true Nestors, that have treasured up the experience which successive ages can supply. Of *individuals* living at the same time, the oldest has, of course, the largest experience; but among *generations* of men the reverse is true, — that is, if by "oldest" we mean the most ancient; but in reality *the times in which we live are the oldest.* The sum of the whole matter is that "the good old times," over the departed glories of which so many persons sigh, and which, like the horizon, keep flying farther and farther backward as we try to approach them, owe their existence to a trick of the memory which sheds the softening hues of the imagination about that which when present was to the last degree dull and prosaic. The past of the *laudator temporis acti*, when men were larger, longer-lived, healthier, happier, and more virtuous than now; when the peaches were larger, the apples finer, and the cherries more abundant than to-day; when May-day was always pleasant, and Christmas "snowy and seasonable," — is a past that never was present.

IMMORAL NOVELS.

MANY of our readers will remember the fierce controversy that raged some years ago on the publication of Charles Reade's novel "Griffith Gaunt," concerning the morality of that powerful work. About once in a year we have a periodical fit of morality in this country, when our newspapers think it a duty they owe to the rising generation to denounce "the flood of pernicious, demoralizing trash which, under the name of cheap literature, is deluging our country." Many and scathing are the invectives we have read on this theme by men who have seemed profoundly conversant with the works they have decried; and shrewd, indeed, have been the arguments for expurgated editions of the English and the Latin classics by men who, after going through a gallery of antiques, and viewing the matchless Apollo, Venus, and Laocoön, could come away with imaginations impressed only with the remembrance that they were naked. It is a delicate and perplexing question, in some cases, to determine how far the efforts of these nice persons should be applauded. That a writer with the fine genius of Mr. Reade can, by debauching the imaginations, do incalculable damage to his readers, is but a truism. But shall we, therefore, proscribe all novels but those that contain no descriptions of vice and wickedness, and of which the heroes and heroines are models of impossible excellence? To this question not a few moralists will reply with an emphatic "No." They think little of that "fugitive and cloistered virtue," as Milton calls it, which, "unexercised and unbreathed," is kept healthy only by shunning all contact with the real world. That great high-priest of literature and profound anatomist of human nature, Dr. Johnson, had, it is certain, no such over-fastidious delicacy, not to say squeamishness, in regard to this proscribed class of writings. He was willing to trust people with books that have great faults, provided they have great excellences to redeem them; and as for mere trash, he knew it would produce a surfeit which would make it ever after disgusting. When Mrs. Sheridan's eldest daughter began to give signs of that love of literature for which she was afterward distinguished, and was noticed by Johnson one day reading his "Ramblers," her mother hastened to assure the great moralist that it was only works of that unexceptionable description which she suffered to meet the eyes of her little girl. "In general," added the fastidious mother, expecting, doubtless, to be eulogized for her prudence, "I am very careful to keep from her all such books as are not calculated, by their moral tendency, expressly for the perusal of youth." "*Then you are a fool*, madam!" bluntly vociferated the Doctor. "Turn your daughter loose into the library," continued he, to the astonishment of his hearer. "If she is well inclined, she will choose only nutritious food; if otherwise, all your caution will avail nothing to prevent her following the bent of her inclinations."

Pertinently to this subject, the Scotch poet, Mr. Buchanan, maintains, in an essay in the "Fortnightly Review," that no literary production can be morally deleterious to *men of culture*, if it be sincere and real in its conception, — that is, written *from the heart*, with the full consent of all the author's faculties of belief. The mere quality of thorough and absolute sincerity of literary purpose diffuses, it is urged, a charm over the writer's style, and steeps it in an atmosphere of art which, to a reader able to perceive it, operates practically as a safeguard against every corrupting influence. That this theory is as true as it is ingenious and original, in regard to imaginative or artistic pictures of evil actions, few thoughtful persons can doubt. The man who finds his imagination debauched after reading any of Shakspeare's masterpieces may be sure that the mischief was already done before he felt the necromancy of the great magician of the pen. The picture of Othello never tempted any man to stifle his wife in a fit of jealousy; nor did that of Lady Macbeth ever tempt any woman who could comprehend it into unscrupulous ambition for her husband; nor did that of Cleopatra ever fill with sensual feelings a mind that could grasp it imaginatively in all its proportions. True art, as another has remarked, has the power to transfigure all the human passions, desires, hopes, or fears, to the experience of which it appeals, into something different from ourselves.

In spite of all this, however, we doubt if so sagacious a moralist as Johnson would seriously recommend to any young man or woman such a novel as "Griffith Gaunt." The great objection to the work is not that its author apologizes for the guilt of its hero, a bigamist, by saying that "he was the sport of circumstances," which might be said of the vilest miscreant that ever lived; not that all the scoundrels go unwhipped of justice, while the chief scoundrel is rewarded for his villany by receiving a large fortune, and ends his days in a palatial home and in connubial bliss; but that the work deals almost exclusively with the darker passions of man, — that it tends to sap our belief in human virtue, to make us sceptical of its very existence. Of all the demoralizing works of the day, there are none which should be more studiously shunned by the young than those written by cynics, — by writers whose *dramatis personæ* are drunkards, seducers, courtesans, liars, and hypocrites; whose heroes are men of "one virtue, linked to a thousand crimes;" who aim to anatomize the human heart, that they may show how black and foul it is; who display a lynx-eyed acuteness in detecting the vilest motives for the noblest actions; who reek and riot in revelations of domestic sin and shame.

It is in vain that such writers, in reply to the charge of impurity, cry "Honi soit qui mal y pense," and denounce their critics as "prurient prudes." Mock delicacy, — that prudery which betrays its lack of the reality of virtue by its niceness about the shadow; which abhors plain noun-substantives, and tries to hide its improper imaginings in studied circumlocution; which, when a word is used that has two meanings, is sensitively conscious of the worst one, and is as deeply shocked as if the better one could never be intended; which leads young ladies to pantalette the legs of their pianos, and to throw a veil over marble Cupids and Psyches, — that spurious feeling which led Swift to define a nice man as "a man of nasty ideas," we detest as thoroughly as does Mr. Reade. But to say that every man who denounces impurity in a poem or novel is conscious of impurity in his own thoughts, and reads the work, to quote Mr. Reade's own words, "by the light of his own foul imagination," is simply absurd. Purity can detect the presence of the evil which it does not understand, and of which it is wholly void, just as the dove which has never seen a hawk trembles at its presence. "Just as a horse rears uneasily and quivers when the wild beast, unknown and new, is near, so innocence is startled by, yet understands not, the unholy look, the guilty tone, the impure suggestion. It shudders, and shrinks from it instinctively, by a power like that which God has conferred on the unreasoning mimosa." While it is true enough as a rule that "to the pure all things are pure," yet the rule has its limitations; and it must be remembered that, unhappily, all men are not pure, — for which bad books are much to blame. Michael Angelo's reply to Paul IV., that if he would reform the morals of the world, the picture of "The Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel (which had been criticised severely on account of the nudity of the figures) would be reformed of itself, does not meet the case; for the world must be taken as it is, and not as it should be. It was a sharp indictment of Richardson when a person who was reading "Pamela" on the grass of Primrose Hill, and who was joined by a friendly damsel that desired to read in company with him, confessed: "I could have wished it had been any other book." Defend as one may some of the warmly colored scenes of "Tom Jones" and other classic novels, the judgment of the right-minded reader will not be convinced. To say that they conduct the history to its natural catastrophe, and have their sting drawn by the moral, it has been well said, is like telling us to live tranquilly over a cellar of combustibles because an engine with abundance of water is at the end of the street. The great objection to the immoral novel is not generally that the writer openly excuses bigamists, seducers, and other miscreants; not that we can here and there select a proposition formally false and pernicious, — but that he leaves an *impression* which is unfavorable to a healthful state of thought and feeling, and peculiarly dangerous to the young and inexperienced, who swallow without suspicion the insidious poison that lurks under the honeyed words of the elegant and philosophical apologist for vice. The brilliant creations of the novelist are too often, as Professor Frisbie said of Byron's, "the scene of a summer evening, where all is tender and beautiful and grand; but the damps of disease descend with the dews of heaven, and the pestilent vapors of night are breathed in with the fragrance and the balm, and the delicate and the fair are the surest victims of the exposure."

We cannot leave this subject without expressing a doubt which has arisen in our minds touching the tendency of minute criticisms, even denunciatory criticisms, of immoral novels and other works. Concerning many cases of wrong-doing, so much pains have sometimes been taken to show people the way *not* to be naughty, that they have been thereby, for the very first time in their lives, taught *how,* and tempted *to be* so. Sins of which they were utterly ignorant, and devices for the accomplishment of evil which would never have occurred to their minds, have first been taught them by romances and other works written with the sincerest desire of deterring them from the commission of the crimes the writer has exposed. The Boston clerk who a few years ago confessed that he stole money from the safe of the Ames Plow Company in Quincy Market after having blown open the safe with gunpowder, said, in reply to a question, that the method of his crime was suggested to him by narrations of similar exploits in the newspapers. In like manner, while in some cases, to a reader of the romances in question, the guilt of the bad characters and the retribution which has overtaken them have been revolting enough to make him shudder at the thought of resembling them, the effect produced on other minds has been the very opposite. The pictures of vice have been more attractive to them than those of virtue, and the arrow shot at evil has been turned against good. There have been expurgated editions of books, of which the missing portions, like the statues of Brutus and Cassius, were the more conspicuous by their absence. Especially does this hold true of moral reform societies, denunciations of immoral books and of theatrical performances and publications intended to portray the frightful increase and terrible consequences of licentiousness in a community. Such publications operate in many cases only as *finger-posts* and *advertisements* to those whose fervid passions, notwithstanding their present purity and innocence, are but too ready to be fanned, by the slightest suggestion, into a violent and uncontrollable flame. To the writer who, like Jaques in "As You Like It," would thus, by "speaking his mind," —

> "through and through
> Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,"

we may say, with the Duke, —

> "Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do, —
> *Most mischievous foul sin in chiding sin.*"

When William Pitt was Prime Minister of England, a bill was passed for the prevention of smuggling, prohibiting boats of a certain length of keel, breadth of beam, draught of water, etc., from being built by any subject of King George. The model prohibited was so exquisitely fine, of such matchless proportions, that all the smugglers at once adopted it, and had their craft constructed in French ports exactly according to the measures forbidden by the statute; and the Deal boatmen used to say that they never knew how to build a boat for smuggling *till Billy Pitt taught them the way.* The anecdote forcibly illustrates the pernicious effects upon the morals of society resulting from even well-intended publications denouncing immoral books, or themselves abounding in eloquent and glowing descriptions of its various forms of vice and wickedness. A still further confirmation of our views is found in a fact stated some years ago by an English newspaper that certain articles in the London "Morning Chronicle" had the effect of inspiring hundreds with an irresistible desire to live themselves the strange and peculiar modes of life so minutely depicted by the writer. It may be questioned whether De Quincey's vivid and masterly descriptions of the delights and horrors of opium-eating have not attracted more persons to, than they have frightened from, the practice. We never read an impassioned dehortation from this and kindred vices,—above all, those of licentiousness,—but we think of the hostler who was asked on confession day by his priest if he had never greased the teeth of his guests' horses, to prevent them from eating their allowance of hay and oats. "Never!" was the prompt response. Subsequently, he confessed the frequent perpetration of the trick. "How!" exclaimed the astonished father, "I thought you told me, at your last confession, that you had never played that trick." "True, nor had I *then*," was the reply; "for, till you told me, I never knew that *greasing a horse's teeth would prevent his eating.*"

WHAT SHALL WE READ?

THERE are few cultivated men of the present day who have not tormented their brains with attempts to answer this question. How shall we grapple with the vast and ever-accumulating literature of the day? Nothing is more obvious, as nothing is more provoking, to him who loves to spend his leisure hours in "the still air of delightful studies" than his utter inability to read more than a fraction of the new books — to say nothing of the old — which are daily issuing from the press. Immanuel Kant, the German philosopher, who wrote several works of a light, agreeable character, which are delightful to read when one has the toothache, has proved to the satisfaction of all metaphysicians that Time and Space have no absolute existence, but are merely forms of thought. It is clear to us that Kant was not a greedy bookworm; he never tried to keep up with the literature of his day. Space and Time he would find to be formidable realities, were he living now, and attempting to cope with the myriads of volumes that pour yearly from the teeming press. Looking at the new announcements in the London "Athenæum," the American "Publishers' Weekly," etc., one is amazed at the voluminousness of modern authorship, and still more at the insatiable demand for new books by the public. Five thousand new publications are issued annually in England; and it has been ascertained that over ten thousand works, or a million of volumes, are published every year in Germany alone. The shelves of the British Museum groan under the weight of eleven hundred thousand volumes; the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris is more enormous still, and fifty thousand volumes and pamphlets are added to it yearly. The Voltaires, De Vegas, and Balzacs of past ages were thought to have a rabbit-like fecundity; but they are certainly matched in productiveness by the Southeys, Trollopes, Dumases, and Balzacs of this nineteenth century.

The elder Pliny mentions somewhere in his writings that there was a dearth of paper (papyrus) in the reign of Tiberius so alarming that senators were appointed to attend to its distribution. When swamped by the deluge of modern books, who has not, in certain foolish and sarcastic moments, almost prayed for such a calamity in our day? Living at a time when it is deemed unpardonable for a man not to know everything, — to be *superficially* omniscient, at least, — how can a poor one-headed man keep up with the age? Millions of "winged arrows of good and evil" are plunged in hourly inkstands; the wheel of publication, like the wheel of day and night, rolls round from January to December, with no pause to cool its fiery axle; and the most voracious devourer of novelties finds the four and twenty hours too brief to taste and chew, much less inwardly to digest, all the books he would feed upon. Not to speak of epitomes, abridgments, plagiarisms, paste-and scissors books, catalogues, old sermons, anniversary orations, "transcendental lady books," *ex parte ante mortem* inquisitions like the "Life of Blaine" or the "Biography of Grover Cleveland," dark-lantern-and-bludgeon tales, and records of pill-and-sarsaparilla heroes, which are all out of the question, there are enough of instructive and amusing books to keep a man employed till the millennium. A Boston hackman may have a larger and better library than Charlemagne or Duns Scotus. Who can cope with all these books? Who can snatch time to get even a smattering of their contents?

The question is one that would have puzzled even a Huet or a Southey, with his anaconda-like digestion, to answer. Steel-pens, steam, and Hoe presses have multiplied the power of production, and railways hurry bales of books to your door as fast as printed; but what has increased the cerebrum and the cerebellum? The two lobes of the human brain are not a whit larger than when Adam learned his *abs* and *ebs* in the only extant spelling-book. The spectacles by which one may read two books at once are yet to be invented. We have heard of a belle making her toilet while she despatched her devotions; but where is the blue-stocking that can read George Sand and Emerson while she studies Greek and plays on the piano? Encyclopædic culture is now an impossibility. The day has gone by when a Leonardo da Vinci could be not only a painter, but a sculptor, architect, engineer, mathematician, metaphysician, poet, anatomist, and botanist. The domain of knowledge has extended so widely that one needs now a kind of intellectual seven-league boots to traverse it in a life-time as long as Methuselah's. It was said of Brougham that "if science was his forte, omniscience was his foible;" and we know that in the case of all such aspirants to universal knowledge, surface and depth of knowledge are apt to vary inversely. In view of the frightful and growing evil we have been considering, we are almost ready to drink to the memory of Omar, who burned the Alexandrian library. Instead of deploring, scholars should exult that so many of the classics are lost, — that we have but four of the thirty books of Tacitus, but thirty-five of the hundred and forty books of Livy, and that of the hundred and thirty comedies of Plautus but twenty have come down to us. Were all the classics that have been written still in existence, the youth that should master them would be the miracle of a year or two, and an idiot for the remainder of his life.

"But is there no alleviation for this state of things?" we hear some one cry who, out of breath in trying to keep up with the Froudes, Grotes, Guizots, Mills, Macaulays, and Ruskins, despairs of mastering even a twentieth of the current English literature, let alone the French, Italian, and German. Shall one do with his reading as Pitt did with his official business, — namely, divide it into three parts, of which the first is not worth doing, the second does itself, and the third is quite enough for any man to attempt? Various expedients will suggest themselves.

First, one can read *epitomes*. He can limit himself to abstracts and abridgments. An epitome, it has been said, is only a book shortened; and, as a rule, the worth increases as the size lessens. There is considerable truth in Young's comparison of elaborate compilations to the iron money of Lycurgus, of which the weight was so enormous, and the value so small, that a yoke of oxen only drew twenty-five hundred dollars. But epitomes are the bones of books, without the flesh; and, unfortunately, bones, though good for other exhausted soils, will not regenerate the soil of the mind. Iliads in nutshells are compendious; but "one would not like to have all his company reduced to General Nutts and Tom Thumbs, nor all his orchard filled with Chinese miniatures of trees." Besides, knowledge, like food, to be easily digested, must not be taken in too concentrated a form. Next there are "Beauties" and "Elegant Extracts." But who can judge of a house by a specimen brick? The literary feast to which the Leigh Hunts and Charles Knights invite us may be one of "nectared sweets;" but who is to insure the perfect taste of the *gustator?* How shall I know that Matthew Arnold has not omitted from his "Selections from Wordsworth" something even more to my taste than "Tintern Abbey" or the "Daffodils"? Then who does not know that the finest gems lose some of their lustre when torn from their setting? The "Balm of a Thousand Flowers" may be all it professes, — may be fraught with the accumulated odors of a thousand roses; but who does not prefer wandering through a garden of roses to snuffing Lubin's daintiest extracts? *Thirdly*, there is the way of *skimming*, — going over books as the butterfly over flowers. But literary epicures who touch nothing but dainties, and pick books for the plums, acquire speedily a morbid appetite, upon which at last the dainties themselves pall. It is well enough to skim milk, for you thus get the cream; but how is one to skim Pascal or Bacon?

A *fourth* way is to *skip judiciously;* in other words, to consult books according to one's needs, rather than to read them through. A man who is used to books and well-read can find out the pith of a work without reading it through from page to page. He knows instinctively where to look for the novelties, the original and striking thoughts, just as a practised angler knows where the trout and salmon lie, and will waste no time upon what does not concern him, while he will miss nothing that he really needs. To do this, however, requires a certain degree of critical acuteness; but even the less practised reader may skip with advantage. Reading the preface, the table of contents, and other indications to the general physiognomy of a book, hovering over its pages like a hawk, glancing at the headings of chapters, at suggestive words, phrases, and proper names in the text, descending leisurely for a closer view when anything attracts his notice, and swooping down rapidly and greedily whenever he descries a golden thought, he will economize time, and master the work more thoroughly than another who has plodded through every page.

A *fifth* way is to *consult* books, instead of reading them. When Johnson was asked by Boswell if he should read Du Halde's account of China, — "Why, yes," was the reply, "as one reads such books; that is to say, consult it." The lives of nations, as of individuals, often concentrate their lustre and interest in a few great periods. Such were the ages of Pericles and Augustus, Leo, Elizabeth, Charles V., and Louis XIV. Occasionally a single chapter embraces the wonders of a century; as the Feudal System, the Mariner's Compass, the Dawn of Discovery, and the Printing-press. A good reader will make much use of indexes. It is better to know where to find information on many subjects than to be informed about a few. Still, there are some books which one would like to know through and through; and while others, many thousands even, are only to be tasted, yet as a rule it is not well to live from hand to mouth, physically or intellectually. It has been well said that a merchant has little financial strength whose means consist wholly of moneys due from others. A heavy bank-deposit, subject to a sight-draft, is the only position of strength. So he only is intellectually strong who has made heavy deposits in the bank of memory, upon which he can draw in any emergency according to his needs.

A *sixth* way is *to stick to a few*, and those the best. Read, says one, the most famous book extant in a particular department, and next the best reputed current book on the same subject. Study only the great authors, and you may dispense with the rest, whom they include and go far beyond. Who would go for information to Reille or D'Erlon, after he had questioned Napoleon on the art of war? Excellent advice, if one could only follow it. The old saws, *Non multa, sed multum*, etc., are easy to utter. It needs no Solon to tell us that it is better to read one first-class book a hundred times, than to read a hundred books once. A few acres of land well tilled will yield a larger crop than a quarter-section scratched over. Master one great work, and you have put an oaken beam into the mind which strengthens and steadies the whole fabric. But who is willing to look at the world through the spectacles of Shakspeare only? "He that reads deeply in only one class of writers," says Dr. Arnold, "only gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow, but false."

Another, and the last, way is *to read only the writers of our own day*. Alas! this method is as objectionable as most of the others. True, it is the fashion of the hour. All the shelves of our libraries and the centre-tables of our parlors are crowded with the histories of Motley, Froude, Parkman, and Macaulay; with the poems of Tennyson, Swinburne, Longfellow, and Browning; with the theology of Bushnell, Robertson, Liddon, and Munger; and with the novels of Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, Hawthorne, and Oliphant. But all these writers, however diverse in thought and style, have certain strong resemblances. With all their individuality and idiosyncrasies, they are still *en* *rapport*. As we have said elsewhere, they breathe the same air, handle similar topics, are acted upon by the same influences. Every generation of writers has a personality of its own; and to read them exclusively, is to bow slavishly to their authority, to accept their opinions, to make their tastes our tastes, and their prejudices our prejudices. Only by qualifying their ideas and sentiments with the ideas and sentiments of writers in other ages, shall we be able to resist the intense pressure which writers who are near to us exercise upon our convictions and feelings, and avoid that mental slavery which is baser than the slavery of the body.

Shall we then, in despair, solve the problem by cutting the Gordian knot, — in other words, *not read at all?* Radcliffe, when asked to show his library, pointed to a few vials and test-tubes. The laboratory of the rich Mr. Cavendish consisted of apparatus not worth five pounds in the open market. But one needs to be a great genius to do like these men. It is said that bears contrive to live through the winters by sucking their own paws; but their condition is a torpid one, and they come forth from their dens lean and hungry in the spring. A Pascal, when his books are taken from him, to save his health sapped by excessive study, may supply their place by the force and depth of his own reflections; but there is hardly one Pascal in a century.

Read, then, we must; but there are several ways of consoling ourselves if we cannot keep up with the steam-presses of the day. One is the reflection that nine tenths of the current, and a large part of all, literature is mediocre, and such as would not win attention, did not the foolish readers, as Boileau complains, match the foolish writers.

In the days of Goldsmith men talked of "*building* books," — as if to compass an entire volume were a feat of literary architecture; but in these days of steam and electricity comparatively few authors toil for years over a production. If the writer of to-day may be said to "build the lofty rhyme" or other literary edifice, it is too apt to be rushed up like our other buildings, in a hurry, with little solid masonry and a good deal of shell-work. The tendency of literature now is toward easy writing; there are many authors who know nothing, apparently, of those pangs of composition which Horace describes as leading one often to scratch his head and bite his nails to the quick. Many of these fast writers are not worth attention, for the simple reason that they create nothing; they are mere literary mechanics. Their brains are their tools, and they turn off volumes just as other persons do boots, bricks, or bureaus. As for heart, soul, or taste in the business, they betray no more, ordinarily, than factory-spindles in weaving a web of cloth, or Babbage's calculating-machine in turning out a solution of a mathematical problem. Hence you find no felicitous passages, nothing to "create a soul under the ribs of Death" in their writings. They have none of those happy combinations of words, those original ideas condensed into startling phrases, which seize at once on the reader's attention, and stick like burrs in his memory. Another consolation which will suggest itself to the thoughtful reader is that the mass of new books are new only in style and treatment, and add nothing to the general stock of thought. Newton said that if the earth could be compressed into a solid mass, it could be put into a nutshell. So with the world of books; many new ones are but a *rifacimento*, or rehashing of old ideas, — a pouring of old wines into new bottles, with generally much dilution; so that to a veteran reader nothing is so old as a new book. The complaint of Bacon is as just now as in his own time: "If a man turn his eye to libraries, he may perhaps be surprised at the immense varieties of books he finds; but on examining and diligently weighing their matters and contents, he will be struck with amazement on the other side; and after finding no end of repetitions, but that men continually treat and speak the same things over and over again, fall from admiration of the variety into a wonder at the want and scantiness of things which have hitherto detained and possessed the minds of men."

LITERARY QUOTATION.

A LONDON literary journal denounces the practice, so common among parliamentary orators and journalists, of employing hackneyed quotations. Old threadbare phrases — bits of dog-latin and scraps of French — have always been a doubtful ornament of editorials and speeches; but of late the vice has reached a climax which, the critic thinks, renders it an intolerable nuisance. A Paris correspondent no sooner begins a letter to a London journal than he fancies he must display his profound knowledge of the French language by the use of such phrases as *raison d'être*, *en revanche*, *tant pis;* while for Latin quotations scarcely one is used which has not the ancient and fish-like smell of the elementary school-books whence they are gathered. The writer thinks that a stand should be made also against the too audacious repetition of old stories and historical illustrations. The tale of Bruce and the spider has been worn threadbare; Actæon has grown old and wrinkled in the public service; Cæsar on the banks of the Rubicon has become a standing bore; and Achilles' heel, Don Quixote's windmill, Canute and the ocean, Mrs. Partington's attempt to brush back the Atlantic with a broom, the wart on Cromwell's face, and Puck putting a girdle around the earth, have done duty for so many years that they are entitled to be shelved, and enjoy henceforth an old age of honorable repose.

We sympathize with the London critic, and would enlarge his list by some hundreds more of veteran quotations which bear the scars of long and honorable service. Why not include in the roll the legion of stock phrases and allusions borrowed from the heathen mythology, — Jove's thunders, the eyes of Argus, the arms of Morpheus, Cupid's darts, the Sibyl's leaves, the cleansing of the Augean stable, Minerva springing full-armed from the brain of Jupiter, Ixion's wheel, Tantalus' torments, Sisyphus' stone, a Triton among the minnows, Fame's hundred tongues, Pelion heaped upon Ossa, the Phœnix rising from its ashes, Saturn devouring his children (so sure to be cited in every reference to the French Revolution), and other "old soldiers" that have fought for centuries on so many fields of literature? Then there is an army of allusions drawn from the literature and history of Rome, to say nothing of as many more borrowed from the topography, history, and literature of Greece. What well-worn scraps of erudition are more venerable than Fabian delays, geese that saved the capitol, Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage, the Goths and Vandals, falling into Scylla while trying to avoid Charybdis, "the aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome," and the never-to-be-forgotten *Infandum regina?* Is not every critic still an Aristarchus, and every carper a Zoïlus? Is not every leading writer "the Coryphæus of literature," and is not every successful man presumed "to weep, like Alexander, because there are no more worlds to conquer"? And if these are to be exempted from all further service, should not the many hundreds of seedy and used-up quotations from English authors, collected by Mr. Bartlett in his well-known book, be discharged, or at least granted a furlough? Would it not be well to provide a literary Greenwich Hospital for such exhausted and superannuated veterans as "the winter of our discontent," "the bourn" from which "no traveller returns," "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," "ample room and verge enough," "like angel visits, few and far between," "the schoolmaster is abroad," etc.? Is it not about time, too, to pension off that New Zealander who has been standing so long on the ruins of London Bridge; the "Let us alone" of the French merchants in reply to Colbert; Columbus's egg; the dreary "mills which grind slowly;" the cow in the way of Stephenson's locomotive, and the cow that kicked over the lamp that set fire to Chicago? Might we not also spare the solitude that was created and "called a desert;" the victory of which a second would have ruined the victors; and the low watershed that divides the raindrops into two rills, which, becoming mighty rivers, flow, the one into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the other into the Gulf of Mexico?

It is one of the disadvantages of a tenacious memory that if its possessor reads much, he is tempted to over-quote. One of the most entertaining and suggestive books in our language is Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," which is a mass of quotation. Macaulay, whose memory held everything with a vice-like grasp, frankly confesses that he was afflicted with this propensity. Writing to his friend Sharp, he says: "I feel a habit of quotation growing on me; but I resist that devil, for such it is, and it flees from me. It is all that I can do to keep Greek and Latin out of all my letters. Wise sayings of Euripides are even now at my fingers' ends. If I did not maintain a constant struggle against this propensity, my correspondence would resemble the notes to the 'Pursuits of Literature.'" Yet, notwithstanding this confession, Macaulay has been known to shed tears because he could not finish a quotation he had begun. Some of the anecdotes told of his aptness in sudden quotation are very striking. In a literary circle in London, Lady Morgan was one evening indulging in some *persiflage* on serious subjects immediately after the discussion of a fatal accident arising from the fall of some houses in Tottenham Court Road, — the incident which, it is said, suggested to Dickens the catastrophe of "Little Dorrit." While the conversation was going on, Macaulay whispered to Lord Carlisle, —

> "Here falling houses thunder on your head,
> And there a female atheist talks you dead," —

a couplet from Dr. Johnson's "London," in imitation of Juvenal.

Readers of Dickens must have noted that he rarely, if ever, indulges in quotation. It is perhaps to ridicule the abuse of it that he represents one of his characters, Richard Swiveller, as always soothing himself, when in trouble, with bits from a favorite author. It is recorded of some learned man, whose very name is forgotten, that though his reading was very deep, he would quote by the page in his lectures from books in many languages, never opening one, but having them all on his lecture-table, together with an open sword. "Here," he would say, "are the books: follow me in them when you please; and if I misquote so much as a syllable, stab me. Here is the sword."

Sir James Mackintosh used to say that the best Latin quotation ever made was by Leibnitz, on hearing of Bayle's death, and imagining one of the rewards of his candid spirit in the other world. The German philosopher quoted the words of Menalcas in Virgil's Fifth Eclogue, —

> "Candidus insuetum miratur limen Olympi,
> Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis."

Porson, the famous "Grecian," who had a great and exact memory, had also a remarkable power of apt quotation. On one occasion, beginning with an apology for borrowed shoes, he and a learned friend are said to have quoted and capped in quick succession felicitous passages from Æschylus, Homer, Bion, Theophrastus, Theocritus, Horace, and other classical authors. Bishop Heber excelled in this faculty. When one day after dinner the removal of the white cloth revealed a green baize covering to the table, he exclaimed, in the words of Horace, "Diffugere nives, redeunt jam gramina campis." He quoted from the same poet "Ex somnis stupet Evias," when a fat gentleman, who was known by a peculiar nickname, awoke and asked in astonishment what they were all laughing at.

As if the world were not afflicted enough with real quotations, there have been forgers of quotations, just as there are artists who vamp up old bric-à-brac or write fictitious autographs. It is said that Cardinal De Retz in a parliamentary speech once improvised a neat and telling thing from Cicero, and so tickled the Parliament that he carried his point. A similar story is told of Sheridan. Hearing a member of the House of Commons quote against him some Greek lines, he immediately rose, and replied that though the lines might seem conclusive, the honorable gentleman, if he had completed the passage, would have shown the House that their real meaning was just the contrary. He then proceeded with the utmost gravity to repeat what seemed to be a sentence of Greek, but was really a string of gibberish such as he could invent on the spur of the moment. The House, astonished at his classical lore and promptness of recollection, cheered him with great enthusiasm, while his discomfited opponent sat down without reply.

Of all the men who have abused quotation, the advocates of the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth century in France were probably the most outrageous in their excesses. Their speeches were often, in many parts, mere centos of quotations from Greek and Latin authors. M. Berryer says that "they exhibit an amalgam of paganism and Christianity, where Jupiter, Minerva, and all the fabled gods of antiquity are found side by side with our Saviour and the saints; a luxuriant profusion of undigested knowledge which borrows from all ages since the creation of the world; a rage for historical allusions which confounds in the same page the names of persons the most opposite, who are amazed to find themselves in company together. You meet in the same page with Ammianus Marcellinus, Homer, Petrarch, and Saint Chrysostom, Darius and Charlemagne; by and by a few Hebrew words; then verses in Greek, Latin, and French, — and all, perhaps, with reference to a suit for divorce by a husband against a wife." The truth is, adds the author of "Hortensius," after the capture of Constantinople the remains of classic writers were scattered over Western Europe, and being made accessible to the public by the discovery of the art of printing, they were read with an avidity of which we to-day can form no conception. The minds of men had so long been starved upon the dry husks of the Schoolmen and their barren subtleties that when the rich banquet of ancient learning was placed within their reach, they devoured it with famished appetites: —

"Greedily they ingorged, without restraint."

Talleyrand once said of a man who was eternally parroting the sayings of others: "That man has a mind of inverted commas;" and the sarcasm justly characterizes the whole race of scribblers who, having no ideas of their own, sponge on others, and steal these dingy rags of reference to cover their own literary nakedness. They are the gypsies of literature, whose language has been stolen from every country through which they have passed; or, rather, the *chiffonniers*, the rag-pickers, who appropriate every worn, threadbare thought that lies in their way. Their writings are a kind of mosaic, the parts of which are ingeniously dovetailed, and remind one of the architectural workmanship of those Barbarians who used the Coliseum and the Theatre of Pompey as quarries, who built hovels out of Ionian friezes, and propped cow-houses on pillars of lazulite. To quotation, when consisting of fresh and — if we may use the term — original extracts, bits of thought, allusion, or illustration not worn threadbare, there can be, of course, no objection. Out of the depths of a full mind apt and sparkling literary illustrations will almost of necessity bubble up to the surface; and a critical eye can tell instantly whether a quotation is spontaneous, or borrowed from Bartlett. "An intimate acquaintance with Greek and Latin," said the Marquis of Wellesley, "is to a man what beauty is to woman, and gives a grace and finish to his words and writings which nothing else can supply." Who can doubt that the parliamentary speeches of Pitt, Burke, Peel, and Canning would lose half of their charm if bereft of that "classical quotation" which, as Dr. Johnson tells us, "is the parole of literary men all over the world"? A happy quotation, especially when suddenly improvised, may sometimes show as much acuteness and ingenuity as an original remark; as, for example, when Mr. Stanley, afterward Lord Derby, quoted against O'Connell, who, contrary to the rules of the House, had spoken three times in Committee on the same question, "Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed," from "Macbeth," and when Lord Denman applied to Lord Brougham and Vaux the words "Vox, et præterea nihil." So when Lord Carteret replied to Swift, who bustled into the court which the former was holding as Lord-Lieutenant, and demanded how he could do this and that, —

> "Res dura, et regni novitas me talia cogunt
> Moliri."

Equally as felicitous was the quotation by Swift, who, when he saw the motto, "Non rapui, sed recepi," on a medal of William III., observed: "The receiver is as bad as the thief." Mr. Gladstone, one of the few members of the House of Commons who to-day grace their speeches with classic quotation, made an apt application of a passage from the Æneid in his speech on Parliamentary Reform, April 27, 1866. Turning to the Liberal party, he said:

> "I came amongst you an outcast from those with whom I associated, driven from the ranks, I admit, by no arbitrary act, but by the slow and resistless forces of conviction. I came amongst you, to make use of the legal phraseology, *in formâ pauperis*. I had nothing to offer you but faithful and honorable service; you received me as Dido received the shipwrecked Æneas, —
>
> '. . . Ejectum littore, egentem
> Excepi.'
>
> And I only trust you may not hereafter at any time have to complete the sentence in regard to me: —
>
> 'Et regni, demens! in parte locavi.'"

Some years ago a famous university proposed the "Discovery of the Sources of the Nile" as the subject of a prize essay, the competitors being desired to send in their papers, with mottoes attached, by which the successful effort might be identified. One of these was "Ex Nilo nihil fit," — which witticism was worth more probably than some of the essays.

When quotation is introduced with the felicity of a Hazlitt, nothing can add more to the attractiveness of literary composition. It is said that that brilliant writer, whose mind was a *florilegium* of fine passages gathered from every field of literature, once boasted that at ten minutes' notice he could illustrate any subject with an appropriate quotation from Shakspeare, and give the play and the act from which he took it; and on Theodore Hook giving him that most unpoetical of themes, "the treadmill," he in a few minutes repeated the following from the last scene of the fourth act of "Lear:" —

> "Oh cease, thou hard ascent of climbing sorrows!"

But all writers are not Hazlitts, and the generality of quotations are desperate makeshifts, dragged in by head and shoulders, without regard to fitness, because the writer is bankrupt of ideas or expressions. No one will object to occasionally greeting his old friends, "Nous avons changé tout cela," "Revenons à nos moutons," "Omne ignotum pro mirifico," Mahomet's coffin, the genius in the brass kettle, etc.; but there are some writers who can never introduce them too often. The moment they take their pens in hand, these or some other pet phrases and illustrations begin bobbing up and down in their minds, and keep them in a state of perpetual unrest till they can make use of them. Now, if a writer cannot express himself except by borrowing the winged words of another, and, jackdaw-like, decking himself with pilfered plumage, he would better be silent. A man's style of expression should be as characteristic and inseparable from him as his clothes. His words and phrases should be the exact vesture of his thought. If, instead of being dressed in his own garments, he be all patched and pied and dappled; if he have on one man's boots, another's hat, and have borrowed a coat and vest from a third, — how are we to know him? His own garments may not be of the latest and most fashionable cut, or of the best material; but if they are a true expression of himself, they are infinitely more becoming to *him* than more costly or showy ones that mask his individuality.

THE VALUE OF FAME.

THE author of "The Religion of Nature Delineated" — a work extensively popular in its day, but now rarely read, or even named — strikingly shows what a mockery is posthumous fame. "In reality," says he, "the man is not known ever the more to posterity because his name is transmitted to them; *he* doth not live because his *name* does. When it is said, 'Julius Cæsar subdued Gaul, conquered Pompey,' etc., it is the same thing as to say, the conqueror of Pompey was Julius Cæsar; *i. e.*, Cæsar and the conqueror of Pompey is the same thing. Cæsar is as much known by one designation as by the other. The amount, then, is only this: that the conqueror of Pompey conquered Pompey; or rather, since Pompey is as little known now as Cæsar, *somebody* conquered *somebody*. Such a poor business is this boasted immortality, and such is the thing called glory among us! To discerning men this fame is mere air, and what they despise, if not shun."

What a satire on human ambition are all the contrivances to cheat oblivion! How much disappointment and misery men would avoid if they could realize how fleeting is human fame! The applause of the multitude is sweet, but it is in most cases the thing of a day, — a flower that is fresh and fragrant in the morning, but droops in the hot noontide, and dies in the evening. "Popularity," said Lord Mansfield on a notable occasion, "may be obtained without merit, and lost without a fault." How often do we find that the man to whom hosannas are sung to-day, is followed to-morrow by the cry of "Crucify him! Crucify him!" Many a man who was once the god of the people's idolatry, "the observed of all observers," the shake of whose hand or the nod of whose head was welcomed as the presage of thick-coming honors, has in a few years, perhaps in a few months, outlived his fame, and then languished in obscurity, to be named, if named at all, only with a sneer. It is curious to see what trifles sometimes make or unmake the fortunes of men. A thoughtless or silly remark, uttered or penned in a moment of haste, will often place men of eminent ability and real moral worth in a ridiculous position, withdrawing attention from all their past services, and making them the butt of every malicious pen and the byword of every wagging tongue.

We have a notable example of this in the case of General Scott, a veteran soldier and a patriot of unquestioned ability and virtue, who was at one time a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. By one foolish, unguarded expression, the merest slip of the pen, — "a hasty plate of soup," — he came near signing his political death-warrant. Had he embezzled the public funds or committed some act of moral turpitude, it would have been far better for him; for this might have been overlooked in the dazzling brilliancy of his past career. But he had been guilty of no crime, done the State no injury; but, what was far less excusable, he had made himself ridiculous. The old hero of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane found it difficult to breast this torrent of ridicule, — harder far than to stand up against the iron shock of the battle-field; and it is doubtful if his reputation ever fully recovered from the damage it received.

Napoleon well understood the fickleness of human applause. "The crowd that contemplates me with admiration," said he, "would with the same feeling see me mount the scaffold." So thought also the Scottish monarch in the "Lady of the Lake:" —

> "With like acclaim, the vulgar throat
> Strained for King James their morning note;
> With like acclaim they hailed the day
> When first I broke the Douglas' sway;
> And like acclaim would Douglas greet
> If he could hurl me from my seat."

Wellington, in a less degree, had experience of the fickleness and ingratitude of those he served. Even after Waterloo, the nobility regarded him as a soldier of fortune, a military adventurer, who would soon find his level in society; and they actually combined to keep him in "his proper place." Such, in almost every land, is military and political popularity, — huzzas one day, and death the next. Its possessor may stand on the topmost pinnacle of public admiration, yet the wafting of a feather may send him toppling to the earth.

What reader of Roman history is not familiar with the magnificent "triumphs" of Pompey over Mithridates, the last of which surpassed in splendor every similar pageant in the imperial city? Having triumphed successively over Europe, Africa, and Asia, Pompey was looked upon as the conqueror of the world, and was classed not only with Alexander, but with the more ancient heroes and divinities, Bacchus and Hercules. He had concluded victoriously a war of thirty years' duration, during which he had reduced twenty-eight hundred cities and fortresses, burned or captured eight hundred and forty-six galleys, routed, slain, or taken as prisoners two millions of enemies, and made the province of Asia, which had hitherto been the extremity, now only the centre of the Roman dominions. Yet the star of the general — who on this his birthday was the centre of attraction to the applauding multitude, and of whom a bust entirely incrusted with pearls was carried in the procession — culminated on this very day, when every kind of incense was offered to his vanity. It was but a short time afterward when, at a public show of gladiators, of which he himself was the exhibitor, he was hissed by the whole assembly. "I could not refrain from tears," says Cicero in a letter to Atticus, "when, on the eighth day before the kalends of August, I observed him haranguing the people concerning the edicts of Bibulus. . . . He, who was now compelled to descend from the starry height of his ambition, instead of gently falling, appeared to have been violently hurled from the firmament. As for myself, if Apelles had beheld his Venus, or Protogones his famous Jalysus, defiled with mud, his feelings could not have been more acute than mine on seeing one on whom I had formerly lavished the most glowing colors and the most artful touches of my eloquence, thus suddenly disfigured."

It is said that Alexander VI., Pope of Rome, on entering a town which he had captured, saw a number of the citizens engaged in pulling down from a gibbet a figure designed to represent himself, while others were knocking down a neighboring statue of one of the Orsini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put his own effigy, when taken down, in its place. Instead of expressing surprise or contempt at the adulation of these barefaced flatterers, Alexander turned to Cesare Borgia, his son, and said with a smile: "You see, my son, how small is the difference between a gibbet and a statue!"

When Opie, the painter, first came to London, after having lived in obscurity in Cornwall, he became speedily the idol of the fashionable world. The novelty and originality of manner in his pictures, added to his great abilities, drew universal attention from the connoisseurs, and he was at once surrounded and employed by all the principal nobility of England. Even Sir Joshua Reynolds was for a time eclipsed; and the street where Opie lived was so crowded with coaches of noble lords and ladies that the obstruction was a real nuisance to the neighborhood. To his friend Northcote he jestingly observed that "he thought he must plant cannon at the door to keep the multitude off from it." But alas for human caprice! As soon as "the Cornish wonder," as he was called, ceased to be a novelty, his house was blockaded no longer. The wealthy and titled hordes, professing taste and *virtù*, who had come swarming out to behold the new phenomenon of art, now deserted him; and his drawing-room, which had been filled with noble lords and ladies waiting patiently their turns to be painted, contained hardly a sitter. Finally, he found himself so entirely forsaken that he said to a friend: "My studio is as carefully shunned as if I had small-pox patients there." Conscious of his defects as an artist, he strove assiduously to improve himself, and made extraordinary progress; but the improvement was not visible to the leaders of taste and fashion. When his works were crude and unstudied, their applause was deafening; when his paintings really merited a place in public galleries, the world, resolved not to be infatuated twice with the same object, paid him a cold attention.

The most discriminating public of which history tells, accepted cordially only ten or twelve out of a hundred of the works of Æschylus, and forsook him wholly for a new writer. Equally fickle in its admirations was the public of Molière's time, which waited for the nod of *le grand monarque* before it saw merit in a play. Louis XIV., on the first hearing of one of Molière's best comedies, said nothing; hence the public concluded that he was displeased, and all the next morning nothing was to be heard but bandied criticism of the play as poor stuff, and such inanity that really, if Monsieur Molière did not make a great change in his manner, he would never hold his ground with men of taste. At dinner the king held out his hand to the poet, and said that he had enjoyed his comedy beyond expression. In the afternoon every soul was charmed with the wit of the new play.

When John Adams was about retiring from the Presidency of the United States, after a life spent in toils and sacrifices for the nation, he was humiliated by an unpopularity which he did not deserve. Hated and reviled by thousands of his fellow-citizens, he felt and declared himself a disgraced man. "I am left alone," he wrote to Rufus King. ". . . Can there be any deeper damnation in this universe than to be condemned to a long life in danger, toil, and anxiety; to be rewarded only with abuse, insult, and slander; and to die at seventy, leaving an amiable wife and nine small children nothing for an inheritance but the contempt, hatred, and malice of the world?" It was not the open and violent attacks of his political enemies that were the most galling; he was constantly pricked, says his latest biographer, by many small arrows of malice, none carrying mortal wounds, but all keeping up a constant irritation of the moral system.

It has been said that "it is a small thing to be popular, but a great thing to be famous. The advantages of popularity are that a man has it while he lives, and that it puts money in his pocket; the disadvantages of fame are that it is for the most part posthumous, and consequently pays no baker's, no butcher's, no tailor's bill, and may give no crust of bread to that man living, to whom after death it may give a very considerable stone with a magniloquent inscription on it. Popularity is the fashion of the hour, but fame is for all time." The "all time" for which fame endures shrinks, in the case of most famous men, into a century or two, sometimes into a few decades. New names are continually clamoring for the world's attention, and the great and the good men of the past, whose memories might otherwise be kept green, are overshadowed by the great and good men of to-day. When Napoleon asked a portrait-painter who was engaged upon a canvas that was to hand down his features to future ages, how long the canvas would last, he was told that with care it might last five hundred years. "Five hundred years!" exclaimed the emperor, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. "And people call that immortality!" Yet five hundred years, in a world whose great men are continually multiplying, is a prodigiously long period for a man's name to remain visible on the page of history. How many persons who fill a large space in the eyes of their contemporaries are utterly forgotten in half a century! How many more strut their brief hour on the stage of life, fancying that the eye of the world is upon them, over whose names and deeds the veil of oblivion is drawn in fifty weeks, or even as many days!

When the memory of a great man is perpetuated by the chisel instead of by the brush, the chances of its being preserved for centuries are fewer still. War, fire, earthquake, a hundred things, may cause the destruction of the finest productions of the sculptor's art. When the tidings of Pompey's defeat at Pharsalia reached Rome, all his statues were thrown down and mutilated. When the Rhodians decreed a statue to a general, he was desired to choose any one he liked among the existing votive statues, and the dedication was altered by inserting his name. It is asserted by a Roman historian that Cæsar cut off the head of an equestrian statue of Alexander, and replaced it by a gilded effigy of himself. Tiberius, in like manner, decapitated a statue of Augustus to make room for his own head. There are statues which, after passing for centuries as the "counterfeit presentments" of certain great men of antiquity, are now labelled with the names of others. In the museum at Naples there is a statue of Æschines which till recently was exhibited as that of Aristides.

The kings of Egypt, to secure an earthly immortality, had their embalmed bodies preserved in vast Pyramids. Yet in the seventeenth century these bodies were sold for quack medicines, and to-day they are used as fuel. "Mummy," says Sir Thomas Browne, "is become merchandise. Misraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams. . . . Oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives, that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse; confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is likely to live as long as Agamemnon without the favor of the Everlasting Register. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one; and who had rather not have been the good thief than Pilate?"

Even those who have basked longest in the sunshine of popularity have found little pleasure in it. On the other hand, the toils and the watchfulness which the maintenance of a great reputation exacts are often found intolerable. "O ye Athenians!" exclaimed Alexander the Great as in a heavy thunder-storm he was fording the flooded Hydaspes to attack King Porus on the opposite bank, "what toils do I undergo to obtain your praise!" Prince Eugene, after gaining a useless victory, acknowledged that "on travaille trop pour la Gazette." The appetite for fame "grows by what it feeds on;" and where "Alps on Alps arise" in the pathway of the ambitious man, he is no more content to pause on the tenth elevation than on the first. The view from the first hill-top is often the most exhilarating. One of the marshals of France, old in years and honors, said on a review of his life: "I entered the Polytechnic School at sixteen, and I left it to enter the Engineers. The grade which gave me the greatest pleasure was that of corporal at the Polytechnic School." The greed for fame becomes in some eminent men so strong that they are unhappy, however loudly extolled, if they do not monopolize the exclusive attention of the public. All qualified praise is regarded by them as a kind of censure; and if in a gallon of laudation there is a drop of criticism, only the latter ingredient will be tasted. Voltaire was even jealous of a *roué* who was the talk of the town. Napoleon, with his world-wide renown, hated any allusion to Cæsar in official bulletins, and was even angry at the reputation of the sarcastic Geoffry. The "great Boileau" confessed to Frèret that he had always sought for glory, and that he had never heard any one praised, not even a shoemaker, without feeling a touch of jealousy. The fame of Linnæus cost Buffon many a sleepless night. Byron found the fame he won so unsatisfying that he declared that the praise of the greatest of the race could not take the sting from the censure of the meanest. At the end of a conclave in the Vatican, a poor creature who had just been elected Pope was thus addressed in a whisper by a cardinal who had voted for him: "Your Holiness knows that you are ignorant, weak, and profligate. Don't be alarmed! 'T is the last time you will hear the truth, even from me. *Adieu! Je vais vous adorer!*"

Cowley, in one of his admirable essays, shows a just appreciation of the value of notoriety. "If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities," he says, "we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time; we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences which should make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honor that lies in that; whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord chief-justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be anyways extraordinary. It was as often said 'This is that Bucephalus' or 'This is that Incitatus,' when they were led prancing through the streets, as 'This is that Alexander' or 'This is that Domitian;' and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honorable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship than he the empire."

The hollowness of fame, the heavy tax it imposes on its votaries, and the little lasting pleasure it gives, have been felt most keenly by those who have drunk most deeply of its intoxicating draught. Cæsar, when he had reached the highest summit of greatness that even his ambition coveted, was filled with sadness, apparently at the hollowness of all earthly glory. He became melancholy, regardless of his personal safety, and expressed a preference of death to life. "I have considered it well," said the English Hippocrates, "and find celebrity to be lighter than a feather or a bubble." "I intend," said Newton, when his wonderful discoveries began to excite the hostilities of rivals, "to have done with matters of philosophy. I blame my own imprudence for parting with so substantial a blessing as my quiet to run after a shadow." "You see what fame is," wrote Lord Byron to a friend. "I don't know what others feel, but I am always lighter when I have got rid of mine; it sits on me like the armor on the Lord Mayor's champion." Yet thousands labor to forge for themselves the chains so dazzling to the observer and so burdensome to the wearer, because they see the glitter, and know nothing of the weight.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HANDWRITING.

WHENCE sprang the idea, so prevalent among young writers, that "a shocking bad hand" is an indication of genius? Did it originate with Alexandre Dumas, who calls a good handwriting "the brevet of incapacity"? Or did it come from some disciple of Talleyrand, who believed that penmanship, like language, was given to man to enable him to conceal his thoughts? The notion is ridiculous enough in this age of the schoolmaster, however suited to darker times, when communications were more frequently answered by sword or cudgel than by pen or post. Eminent writers, who make it their business to instruct their fellow-men, have less excuse than business men for a bad chirography. They should know how to form their "pot-hooks and hangers," even if they do not mind their "p's and q's." It is no doubt true that a writer, when his faculties and feelings are stimulated to the highest pitch, and "all the god comes rushing upon his soul," will hardly pause, in dashing off his thoughts upon paper, to be squeamishly nice in his handwriting; but no degree of exaltation or fine frenzy should excuse him from putting his thoughts in a plain hand. Vexatious enough is it for editor and printer to puzzle out the abbreviations, clippings of final letters, and other peculiarities of passable penmen; but when these usual perplexities are heightened by that mischievous invention of modern times, a running hand, by which all the smaller letters are blended together into an undistinguishable mass of "pot-hooks and trammels," in which long words, after a few letters have been written, are whizzed off with a horizontal snake-line and a final ram's-horn, — the whole forming a confused jumble of letters, as though blown into a heap by a wrathful explosion, — who can blame the editor who, instead of crucifying his eyes over such a manuscript, consigns it, unread, to "Balaam's box"?

Doubtless there are persons who cannot by any amount of painstaking write a legible hand. Chesterfield, indeed, declared that any man who has the use of his eyes and his right hand can write whatever hand he pleases. But the facts do not sustain this assertion. Were it true, is it probable that Byron would have put his burning verse into such a miserable schoolboy scrawl? Would Emerson have written so sprawling a hand? Or would Napoleon have written the worst hand on record, — so bad that his letters to Josephine from Germany were sometimes mistaken for maps of the seat of war? When he first became eminent his signature was of full length; but gradually it shrank to the three first letters (Nap.), and finally it degenerated into a dash or scrawl intended for an N. No doubt the vileness of his "pot-hooks" was aggravated by the speed with which he wrote. It is said that he could dash off several pages a minute, — not a remarkable feat when each page consisted of eight blots and a spatter. Scores of other eminent men — men, too, many of them, of exquisite taste — have written hands so execrable that we must believe they were prevented from writing well by some physical infirmity. Jacob Bryant said of Archdeacon Coxe's hieroglyphics that they could be called neither a hand nor a fist, but a foot, and that a club one. Sydney Smith once wrote to Jeffrey that he had tried to read a letter of the great reviewer from left to right, and Mrs. Sydney from right to left; but neither of them could decipher a single word. Of Sydney's own hand it has been said that, with the exception of Jeffrey's, it was the worst that Constable's printers had to puzzle out for the "Edinburgh Review." He himself compared it to the hieroglyphics of a swarm of ants escaping from an ink-bottle, and walking over a sheet of paper without wiping their legs. When his wife inclosed to him an illegible passage from one of his letters from London, containing directions about the management of his farm, and asked for an explanation, he simply returned it with the remark that he must decline ever reading his own handwriting four and twenty hours after he had written it!

The handwriting of Dr. Chalmers was still more perplexing than that of Sydney Smith. It literally defied all attempts to read it. It is said that when his father received a weekly or fortnightly letter from his eminent son, he carefully locked it up. After a store had accumulated, the son would come and pay him a visit, upon which he would break all the seals and ask the writer of the letters to read them.

The celebrated actor and manager, Macready, wrote a puzzling hand, and his orders for admission to the theatre, it is said, were extraordinary productions. Of this the following anecdote is a striking illustration. He had one day given an order to a friend for a third party. On the latter receiving it he remarked: "If I had not known what it was, I should have taken it for a doctor's recipe." "You are right," resumed his friend, "it looks exactly like it; let us try our luck with it." "Be it so; let us get the draught made up." They go to the nearest apothecary's and hand the paper to the assistant. He throws a quick glance over it, and fills a phial from various bottles; another glance, another ingredient, and the phial is half full. Then a dubious pause ensues; the assistant is obviously puzzled, and scratches his head. Finally he disappears through a partition, behind which the proprietor is seated. The latter, a profoundly learned-looking man, appears at the counter. A short, low dialogue takes place, in consequence of which the chief peruses the document. He shakes his head, evidently at the ignorance of the assistant, fetches another bottle down, and finally fills the phial with an apocryphal liquid, corks and labels it in proper form. Thereupon he hands it to the expectant gentlemen with a friendly smile: "Here is the cough-mixture, which is apparently very good. Fifteenpence, if you please."

It has been said of Rufus Choate's handwriting that it could not be deciphered without the help of a pair of compasses and a quadrant. The best specimens look like the hieroglyphics on a Chinese tea-chest, while the rest seem like crayon-sketches done in the dark with a three-pronged fork. A Massachusetts paper once expressed a fear that he would not be able to stand the writing test, should it be incorporated, as proposed, into the Constitution of that State. Having been invited on a certain occasion to address a public meeting in New Hampshire, he replied by letter; but the committee, after puzzling for hours over the scrawl, despaired of deciphering it, and were obliged to send a special messenger to learn his answer. In a country law-office in Maine two attorneys and the writer of this essay spent an entire forenoon in trying to read some written questions sent by Mr. Choate to be put in a deposition, and only succeeded in spelling out the preposition *o-f*. Of Horace Greeley, an ex-"Tribune" proof-reader is reported as having said that if he had written the inscription on the wall in Babylon, Belshazzar would have been a good deal more scared!

A college student who found more pleasure in using his hand in base-ball than in writing, excused himself to his guardian by saying: "If I were to write better, people would find out how I spell." An anecdote told of the celebrated Ben Hardin shows that lawyers may have even weightier reasons for writing badly. Ben, who was some years ago a talented and eccentric member of the Kentucky Bar, as well as a member of Congress, had been crippled in his right hand by the falling of a tree. The two main forks chanced to strike on each side of him, sparing his life as if by miracle; but his hand became singularly injured and deformed. Two stumps of fingers remained, and those were divided for about an inch and a half only. When, therefore, he wished to write, he thrust a pen between the stumps, as one would crowd a quill under a splinter on a rail; and as the fingers were stiff, all movement was communicated by the arm. An Œdipus who could guess out Ben's pen-scratches could have beaten Champollion in deciphering the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and would have been in no danger of being devoured by the Sphinx. When before the court, Ben was lynx-eyed in detecting the blunders of his opponent; but — as with a bald man pulling hair — no such vexations could be retorted on him. If a plea or declaration seemed to be open to technical objections, and his opponent thereupon demurred, Ben was always ready: "*My brother merely mistakes my handwriting, that's all;* I have it here just as he thinks it ought to be." As nobody but himself could pronounce with the slightest degree of certainty upon the old fellow's crow-tracks, he had it all his own way, and the demurring attorney was obliged "to give it up."

The great classical scholar Dr. Parr, who himself wrote a beautiful, clerkly hand, thus satirizes the chirography of one of his acquaintances: —

> "His letters put me in mind of tumult and anarchy; there is sedition in every sentence; syllable has no longer any confidence in syllable, but dissolves its connection, as preferring an alliance with the succeeding word. A page of his epistle looks like the floor of a garden-house, covered with old crooked nails which have just been released from a century's durance in a brick wall. I cannot cast my eyes on his character without being religious. This is the only good effect I have derived from his writings: he brings into my mind the resurrection, and paints the tumultuous resuscitation of awakened men with a pencil of masterly confusion. I am fully convinced of one thing, — either that he or his pen is intoxicated when he writes to me; for his letters seem to have borrowed the reel of wine, and stagger from one corner of the sheet to the other. They remind me of Lord Chatham's Administration, lying together heads and points in one truckle-bed."

It is doubtful whether as much attention is given to chirography in these days as in the olden time. Few persons now try "to write like an angel," — that is, as the phrase means, like the learned Angelo Vergecio, in imitation of whose remarkable calligraphy Francis I. of France caused a fount of Greek type to be modelled. We have no longer Iliads written in a hand so infinitesimally microscopic that the entire poem may be squeezed into a nutshell, nor do royal personages wear minute manuscripts in the form of finger-rings. In the autographs of a century ago the chirography will be found better than the orthography, while to-day men spell better than they write. Voltaire and Rousseau wrote excellent hands; and in the round-robin addressed to Dr. Johnson on the subject of Goldsmith's epitaph, the names of the most eminent men, — Burke, Gibbon, Sheridan, Reynolds, Colman, and Warton, — though written at the dinner-table, betray no slovenliness. What our forefathers thought of that easy writing which is such hard reading, is evident from their practice. What equal number of signatures can be found to any document more legible and beautiful than those appended to the Declaration of Independence? Round, upright, bold, and compact, their hands were as much superior to the sprawling, shuffling hands of to-day as the men themselves were superior to the tricky politicians, their successors.

Within a few years a startling discovery has been made in regard to handwriting. We allude to the alleged art of detecting a man's character by his pot-hooks. The experts have carried this art to such a pitch of perfection that it is positively dangerous to touch a pen, unless you wish "to wear your heart on your sleeve, for daws to peck at." A man signs his name to a note, and lo! his most secret motives of action are revealed to the public gaze as effectually as if he were turned inside out. Professors of this art will just glance at your handwriting, and, with all the confidence of a Velpeau making a diagnosis, will exclaim: "There is an *I* which denotes intense egotism; this *g*, much greatness of soul; this upstroke comes from a soaring mind; that downstroke betrays a proclivity to baseness; this *z* shows a zigzag, flighty disposition; the tail of that *y* argues a little avarice in the writer." Mr. "Punch," who thus explains handwriting, has posted himself fully in the new art, and reveals the following for the benefit of those who would like to know the sort of persons they are corresponding with: "A running hand to an acceptance may indicate a disposition on the part of the acceptor to run away from his liability. A cramped hand from a creditor demanding payment of a debt, shows that he will require very stiff interest if he grants time; and a smeared signature shows that the writer has no objection to a blot on his name; while if a man asking to borrow money fails to unite his *O*, it is certain he is not likely to bring matters round very easily."

The philosophers who contend that the curves and angles of a man's handwriting give a key to his character, do not lack shrewd arguments for their faith. Into every habitual act which is performed unconsciously, earnestly, or naturally, they contend, the mind unavoidably passes. The play of the features, the motion of the limbs, the paces, the tones, the very folds of the drapery (especially if it have long been worn), says Hartley Coleridge, are all significant. "A mild, considerate man hangs up his hat in a very different style from a hasty, resolute one; a Dissenter does not shake hands like a High Churchman. But there is no act into which the character enters more fully than into that of writing; for it is generally performed alone or unobserved, seldom, in adults, is an object of conscious attention, and takes place while the thoughts and the natural current of feeling are in full operation." Shelley, if we may judge from the following passage in one of his letters, in which he gives his opinion of two celebrated poets, held a similar view. "The handwriting of Ariosto is a small, firm, and pointed character, expressing, as I should say, a strong and keen, but circumscribed, energy of mind; that of Tasso is large, free, and flowing, except that there is a checked expression in the midst of its flow which brings the letters into a smaller compass than one expected from the beginning of the word. It is the symbol of an intense and earnest mind, exceeding at times its own depths, and admonished to return by the chillness of the waters of oblivion striking upon its adventurous feet."

No doubt there are more open windows than we dream of, through which keen, scrutinizing eyes may look in upon the hidden points of our character; yet we doubt whether the knowledge of men derived from handwriting can be of any practical value. Not only does the general turn of the handwriting vary in different ages, but many hands are acquired by imitation, and so all individuality is lost. There are modes of writing which, like modes of dress, become the rage for a season, and therefore throw no more light on character than the singing of a fashionable song or the dancing of a popular "polka." Again, there are business hands which have so much general resemblance that the peculiarities of the writers are almost completely hidden. Then there are hands which are never fully developed, but, for lack of care or of instruction, remain always in an abortive state. Finally, men write large or small, in hands boldly or weakly formed, according to the schools in which they have been taught, and according to the humor of the moment. Brave, decided men may write a timid, hesitating scrawl; noble, high-minded men may perpetrate a mean hand; and cowards produce a script that is bold and flowing. The profound, clear-headed Pascal wrote an almost illegible hand, while Porson, the most untidy of scholars, wrote elegantly. The chirography of the crooked-minded Charles I. is clear and striking, and that of the tricky, tortuous Bolingbroke is bold and flowing. The handwriting of Professor Huxley, whose style is the ideal of lucidity, is almost undecipherable; the "pot-hooks" of Darwin are so utterly without form and void that there was evidently no process of "natural selection" in their choice. In the big, flashy hand of Disraeli there is no trace of the statesman or the *littérateur;* nor from the cryptographic penmanship of Swinburne would one ever guess at the voluptuous beauty and the exquisite music of his verse. Dean Stanley was one of the clearest of authors; yet of a letter of his in our possession, even the signature is almost illegible. The manuscript of Edgar A. Poe is beautiful, and without an erasure; that of Charles Dickens is rugged, and full of interlineations and alterations. Of Rosa Bonheur's chirography it has been said that, though artistic and picturesque, "it is not handwriting. That the capital B [of her signature] was represented by those ammonite-horned hangers, or that *bonheur* was symbolized by the *tout ensemble* of its curves and curls, could only be guessed by a Chabot or a Champollion." On the other hand, the stiffness and slowness of Boileau's handwriting were in keeping with his severe and caustic disposition; and the extremely delicate hand of Count de Montalembert, one of whose notes we have, is indicative of his almost feminine grace and refinement, but not of his strength and impetuosity. Again, there is a remarkable affinity between Moore's diamond lines and the sparkling thoughts and images that lie in them; and the small, condensed writing of Thomas Gray is admirably suited for shutting up essences in.

INDEX.

A.

Adams, John, President, his unpopularity in old age, 360.
Addison, Joseph, his intemperance, 104; his anecdote of a barrister, 118.
Æschylus, 359, 360.
Æsop, the fabulist, 239.
Akenside, Mark, 88.
Alexander the Great, sayings of, 102, 363.
Alexander VI., Pope, anecdote of, 358.
Alfieri, the poet, his passion for horses, 111; when his ideas flowed most freely, 117.
Alfonso the Wise, saying of, 87.
Angelo, Michael, his reply to Paul IV., 331.
Anne of Austria, 108.
Archimedes, 112.
Aristotle, 94.
Augustine, Saint, his indebtedness to Varro, 76.

B.

Bacon, Francis, saying of, 102; his love of pomp, 122; his acts of meanness, 132; on deformity, 239.
Balzac, Honoré de, 95; his fondness for coffee, 106-7.
Balzac, Jean-Louis de, his vanity, 87; saying of his, 88.
Barttelot, Sir Walter, M.P., his parliamentary speeches, 196.
Battles, when lost, 254-5.
Beattie, James, 249.
Beauty, its disadvantages, 238, 243.
Beethoven, the composer, anecdotes of, 99; his whims regarding food, 109; anecdotes of his eccentricity and absence of mind, 113–15.
Bentham, Jeremy, 23, 102.
Bentley, Richard, D.D., his praise of oysters, 272.
Berryer, Pierre-Nicolas, anecdote of, 131.
Biography, its fascination, etc., 20; when most useful, 20–1; value of its personal details, 82–6.
Bismarck, Prince, his superstitions, 137.
Boccharis, king of Egypt, his deformity, 239.
Boileau, his vanity, 88; confession of, 363–4.
Books, the multitude of new ones, 335–6; epitomes of them, 338; "elegant extracts" from them, 339; skimming them, 339; consulting them, 340; advantages and disadvantages of reading a few, 341; evils of reading only those of our own age, 342; indispensable to culture, 342; generally mediocre, and new only in style, 342–4.
Boots, their importance in dress, 291–4; an index of character and standing, 292; their effect on man's physical comfort, 293; Abraham Lincoln's story about them, 293–4; Dr. Holmes's lines on, 294.
Borrowers, some celebrated literary, 75–8.
Boswell, James, his Life of Johnson, 234.
Bremer, Frederica, saying of, 237.

Bright, John, M.P., his physiognomy, 198; his oratory described, 198-201; his felicitous phrases, 200-1; his bearing toward opponents, 201; a champion of the oppressed, 202; declination of his oratory, 202.

Brillat-Savarin, M., his anecdote of an epicure, 267.

Brooke, Rev. Stopford A., 179-88; his chapel, 179; his personal appearance, 179, 180, 182-3; qualities of his pulpit eloquence, 180-1; his birthplace and education, 181-2; sonnet by, 182; his Life of Rev. F. W. Robertson, and other works, 182; character of his preaching, 183, 184; his defence of Broad Churchmen, 183-4; extracts from his sermons, 185-7; his separation from the English Church, 187.

Brougham, Lord, O'Connell on his ugliness, 242.

Browne, Sir Thomas, extract from, 362.

Buchanan, Robert, on literary sincerity, 328-9.

Buddæus, Johannes Franciscus, 113.

Buffon, his vanity, 92; his literary habits, 95, 249, 364.

Bulwer (Baron Lytton), 53-66; not a genius, 53; his versatility, 53; a tireless worker, 53-4, 65-6; his first publications, 55; his "Falkland" and "Pelham," 55-6; his "Paul Clifford," 56; his "Eugene Aram," and the objections to it, 56-7; his "My Novel" and "The Caxtons" characterized, 58-9; his qualities as a novelist, 59-60; his poems, 60; his merits and defects as a dramatist, 60-1; anecdote of his "Lady of Lyons," 61; his oratory, 62-3; his histories, 63; aristocratic in his opinions and tastes, 64; his novels, "The Coming Race" and "The Parisians," 64; described by N. P. Willis, 64; his mistakes concerning his own works, 65; the great lesson of his life, 65-6; his vanity, 93; his indebtedness to other writers, 77.

Burton, John Hill, anecdote by, 303.

Byron, Lord, 85, 102, 106, 122-3, 364-5.

C.

Cæsar, Augustus, his superstition, 137.

Cæsar, Julius, his physiognomy, peculiarities, and habits, 81, 249; his superstition, 136; his sadness, 365.

Campbell, Thomas, anecdote of, 93; Rogers on, 105.

Carlyle, his biography by Froude, 235.

Cato, contradictions in his character, 123.

Chamberlain, Joseph, M.P., 198.

Charles I. of England, why regarded as a martyr, 314.

Charles II. of England, a cynic, 286.

Charles V., emperor, his lucky days, 137; his habits at the monastery of St. Juste, 248; his intrepidity, 253; saying of, 253.

Charles XII. of Sweden, anecdote of, 257.

Chasles, Philarète, quoted, 234.

Chateaubriand, his refusal to serve Napoleon, 10.

Chatham, Lord, his lack of simplicity, 122.

Chesterfield, Lord, on pedigree and heralds, 100; his ugliness, 242.

Choate, Rufus, saying of his, 238.

Churchill, Lord Randolph, M.P., his personal appearance, 193; his parliamentary speeches, 194-5.

Cicero, his vanity, 87; on Pompey, 358.

Clarke, Samuel, D.D., anecdotes of, 111.

Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, 82, 124; her bills and *billets-doux*, 234; an incident in her life, 235; her feat of epicureanism, 279, 280.

Cobbett, William, his early reading, 23.

Coleridge, Hartley N., on handwriting, 373.

Coleridge, Rev. John, his eccentricities, 115-16.
Coleridge, S. T., a literary borrower, 76; anecdote of, 99; his moral delinquencies and prejudices, 130; on the French character, 130; anecdote of him, Wordsworth, and Cottle, 134-5.
Colton, C. C., author of "Lacon," 126.
Condé, saying of, 253.
Corwin, Hon. Thomas, anecdote of him and Wirt, 44-5.
Coulaincourt, on the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, 10.
Courage, 253-63; when meritorious, 253; that of Charles XII. and Lord Nelson, 257; when most admirable, 258-9; of Henry IV. and Frederic the Great, 258; of the Irish, 259; tested only by crises, 259; a moral quality, 259; of "Captain Death," 260-1; of many kinds, 260; of the apostle Peter, 260-1; of Sir T. More, 261; superiority of moral to physical in war, 261; often desperation, 262; of Wolfe at Quebec, and Nelson at Trafalgar, 262; of Murat and Ney compared, 263.
Cowen, Joseph, M.P., his parliamentary speeches, 190; his political views, 190.
Cowley, Abraham, on notoriety, 364.
Cowper, William, his letters, 234.
Cromwell, Oliver, 101, 111.
Cubitatis, Uladislaus, king of Poland, 240.
Culture, encyclopedic, now impossible, 337.
Cynics, and cynicism, 283-8; their characteristics, 283-4.

D.

Darwin, Erasmus, 244.
Da Vinci, Leonardo, his lack of thrift, etc., 124.
"Death, Captain," his courage, 259, 260.
Defoe, Daniel, declared a liar, 128.
Deformity, Bacon on, 239.
Delmas, General, on the policy of Napoleon I., 4, 5.
Descartes, 95.
Des Jardins, Marie Catherine, 241.
Diaries, 233-6; objections to them, 231-2, 235; some famous ones, 233-5.
Dickens, Charles, his vanity, 92; seldom quotes, 348.
Dilke, Sir Charles W., M.P., 196.
Disraeli, Benjamin, his youthful foppery, 97.
Divorce, its causes, 305-12; statistics of, 305; when it should be granted, 307-8; for incompatibility of temper, 310; in ancient Rome, 310-11; in England, 311; American laws on it, 311, 312.
Dress, its extremes, 289-94; fondness of great men for, 94-8.
Dumas, Alexandre, 67-79; his good fortune, 67; his Oriental constitution, 67; his love of physical display, 67-8; physical and martial feats of his father, 68-9; his literary fecundity, 70-3; his romances characterized, 72; his powers of mental assimilation, 73; his *tours de force*, 72-4; how far aided in his works by Maquet, 74-5; his plagiarisms, 78-9.
Dumoulin, Charles, 87.

E.

Edwards, Jonathan, D.D., his absent-mindedness, 116.
Electioneering, in England, 318.
Elizabeth, Queen of England, her vanity, etc., 89; her manners and amusements, 316; the mansions, roads, and coaches of her age, 317.
Emmons, Nathaniel, D.D., on the vices of his time, 324.
England, its vices in the eighteenth century, 317, 318; "the good old times" in it, 319-21.

Epaminondas, 81.
Epicurus, his vanity, 87.
Erskine, Lord, his vanity, 92; his dress, 95.
Eugene, Prince, saying of, 363.
Evelyn, John, his diary, 233.

F.

Fame, its value, 355–65; its disadvantages, 361, 365–6; its fleeting nature, 361, 363–4; greed of eminent men for it, 363.
Faraday, Michael, 23.
Farrar, Archdeacon, 150–160; his works, 150; his "Life of Christ," 151; his personal appearance, 151; his excellences and faults as a preacher, 151–2; his discourse on parochial schools, 153; on "failure" and "success," 153–4; his popularity, 154; criticisms on his sermons and books, 155–6; his charity, 158; sketch of his life, 159–160; on the imperfection of language, 184.
Fawcett, Henry, M.P., 197.
Feudalism, hardships inflicted by it, 319.
Fontenelle, 109.
Foster, John, 95.
Fox, Charles James, anecdotes of, 96, 104.
Franklin, Benjamin, his early reading, 23.
Frederic the Great, contrasted with Napoleon I., 3, 4; his wardrobe, 98; his courage, 258.
Fuller, Andrew, D.D., his peculiarities, 118.

G.

Gambling in the eighteenth century, 317, 318.
George I. of England, his fondness for stale oysters, 271.
Gibbon, the historian, Soame Jenyns on, 242.
Gibson, Edward, M.P., his oratory described, 192–3; his speech on the Irish Land Bill, 193.
Gladstone, William Ewart, M.P., his qualities as a parliamentary leader, 202–3, 205–7; his personal appearance and voice, 203-4; his oratory, 204–5, 208–10; his physical constitution, 205, 210–13; Bunsen on, 205; a practical statesman, 206; his repudiation of Conservatism, 207; his labors and speeches on the budget, 207; his definition of oratory, 208; faults of his speeches, 208–10; his industry, 210, 211; his health, 211; his pedestrian habits, 212; a lover of peace, 214; his ardent temperament, 214, 215; his reply to Disraeli, 215; his notice of pygmy opponents, 216; excuses for his overwork, 216; his felicity in quotation, 352.
Goethe, his fondness for wine, 103; his appetite, 109.
Goldsmith, Oliver, his dandyism, 95–6; his ugliness, 240.
Goschen, George Joachim, M.P., 197.
Gray, Thomas, his love of novel-reading, 111.
Great Men, their weaknesses, 80–139; why these interest us, 83–4; too often egotistic, 87; their love of dress, 94–8; their slovenliness, 99–100; their love of titles, etc., 100; their excesses in eating and drinking, 103–10; their oddities, eccentricities, and absence of mind, 112–17; disturbed by trifles, 117–20; their inconsistencies, 123–7; their lack of truthfulness and principle, 127–32; their meanness, avarice, and penuriousness, 132–4; their want of practical talent, 134–6; their superstitions, 136–8; their insanity, 138–9.
"Griffith Gaunt," Charles Reade's novel, objections to it, 329, 330.

H.

HAMILTON, Lady Emma, and Lord Nelson, 243.
Hamilton, Dr. Robert, anecdotes of, 113.
Hamilton, Sir William, anecdote of, 101.
Handel, the composer, anecdotes of, 89, 109; his penuriousness, 133–4.
Handwriting, its philosophy, 366–75; bad, inexcusable, 367; Chesterfield on, 367; of many eminent men characterized, 367–75; how far an index to character, 372–5; H. N. Coleridge and Shelley on, 373.
Harcourt, Sir William Vernon, M.P., 192.
Hartington, Lord, his style of speaking, 191.
Hat, the, its importance in dress, 289–91; an index of character, 289, 290–1; symbolic of different epochs, 289, 290; George Fox's, 290; Chateaubriand on Napoleon's, 290; Dr. O. W. Holmes on, 291.
Haydn, the composer, 94–5.
Hazlitt, William, 92; his tea-drinking habits; 107–8; his shyness and eccentricity, 119.
Henry II. of England, rudeness of manners, etc., in his reign, 315, 316.
Henry IV. of France, 137; his acquired courage, 258.
Henry VIII., his character, 314.
Henry, Patrick, his Life by Wirt, 43–4.
Hervey, Lord John, and Mary Lepell, 244.
Hill, Rev. Rowland, anecdote of, 118–9.
History, value of its personal details, 82–3.
Homburg, Germany, as a watering-place, 218-30; its climate, 219; qualities of its mineral springs, 219–22; effects of its various baths, 223; its regimen, 224; its "Fest" nights, 225; its Kurhaus, 225; its "Saalburg" antiquities, 225; charms of its Park, 225–7; its suppressed gaming-house, 227–8; the number of its former visitors, 227; its Kurtaxe, 228; its orchestra, and their concerts, 229; its situation, 229.
Horace, his advice to epicures, 269.
Horner, Francis, 242.
House of Commons, the, 189–217; character of its speeches, 189; increase in the length of its sessions, 214.
Humboldt, Baron von, the diplomatist, on his own looks, 243.
Hunt, Rev. James, 22.
Hunt, Leigh, anecdotes of, 110, 135; misprint of one of his lines, 303.

I.

ILLUSIONS about the Past, 313–26.
Insanity of great men, 138–9.
Inventions, modern, lengthen life, 322.

J.

JENNINGS, Frances, 243.
Jenyns, Soame, his physiognomy, 243.
Johnson, Dr. Samuel, careless in his dress, 98–9; his fondness for tea, 107; and for mutton, etc., 109, 110; his rudeness, 124–5; his advice to Mrs. Sheridan, 328.
Jonson, Ben, his visit to Hawthornden, 90; his egotism, 91; a hard drinker, 103–4; his physiognomy, 241.
Junot, Andoche, Duc d'Abrantès, 100.

K.

KANT, Immanuel, his peculiarities, 249.
Keats, John, the poet, his dissipation, 106; Haydon on his faults, 135.
Keble, Rev. John, his advice to Dr. Arnold, 131.
Kincaid, Captain J., on courage on the battlefield, 256.
Kneller, Sir Godfrey, anecdote of, 90.

L.

Lanfrey on Napoleon I., 11, 13.
La Place, Napoleon on, 134.
Lassay, M., a *mot* of, 287.
Lawson, Sir Wilfrid, M.P., 197.
Lecourbe, M., insulted by Napoleon, 18.
Leibnitz, his quotation from Virgil, 348.
Lekain, Henri Louis, his looks, 241–2.
Lely, Sir Peter, his vanity, 90.
Liddon, Canon, 160–9; his popularity as a preacher, 161; his personal appearance, 162; his pulpit oratory, 162–8; qualities of his sermons, 163–5; his faults of manner, 165; his sermon on "The Lord's Day," 166–7; his style, 168; a Catholic-Anglican, 169; his views of "The Lord's Supper," 169; abreast with the time, 169.
Locke, John, his scheme of government for the Carolinas, 136.
London, its greatness, 140–9; its population, 140–1; its rapid growth, 142; prehistoric, 141–2; statistics of its policemen, cabmen, etc., 143; its omnibuses, 143; its paupers and charitable societies, 143–4; its pawnbrokers, 144; its consumption of coal, gas, milk, and ale, 144; persons killed or injured in its streets, 145; its criminals, etc., 145; its docks, 146–7; its loneliness, 147–8; its want of unity, 148; its smoke and fog, 149; its healthiness, 149; its parks, 149; its consumption of oysters, 281.
Louis XIII., his predilection for Friday, 137.
Louis XVIII., his fondness for oysters, 271.

M.

Macaulay, T. B., his moods of abstraction, 116; on Byron, 123; his propensity for quotation, 347–8; apt quotation by, 348.
Macdonald, Marshal, his passage of the Splügen, 12, 13.
Macready, W. C., his handwriting, 368–9.
Magliabecchi, Anthony, 111.
Maistre, Count Joseph de, his character, 85–6; on Bacon, 86; on fear, 254.
Malherbe, anecdote of, 296.
Marat, Jean-Paul, 240.
Marlborough, the Duke of, his avarice and penuriousness, 133; confidence of his soldiers in him, 256–7.
Marriage, mistakes concerning it, 306–7; the true motives for it, 307; cases of hardship and "incompatibility" in it, 308; Heine on, 309; a school of self-sacrifice, 309; how its happiness is secured, 309.
Marshall, John, his legal arguments, 35.
Martineau, Harriet, on the vanity of some men in high places, 93.
Mathews, Charles, his shyness and whimsicality, 119–20.
Matrimonial quarrels, their causes, 308–9.
Maximilian, the Emperor, 100.
McLaurin, Rev. ——, anecdote of, 115.
Metternich, Napoleon's interview with him, 17.
Milton, John, 89.
Mirabeau, his ugliness and magnetism, 245.
Mitchell, Colonel J., on Napoleon's victories, 11.
Molière, the popular judgment of his plays, 360.
Montaigne, his story of a scholar at Padua, 117–8.
Montmorenci, François-Henri de, Duc de Luxembourg, his deformity, 240.
Moore, Thomas, his vanity, 93–4.
More, Sir Thomas, his "Utopia," 136; his courage, 261.

N.

Napier, Sir C. J., 257.

Napoleon I., his character, 1-19; Ropes's lectures on, 2, 7, 9; a foe to liberty, 3; his dislike of wit, 3; contrasted with Frederic the Great, 3, 4; M. Taine on his political system, 4; General Delmas on his policy, 4, 5; defects of his Code, 5; his treatment of the Italian peasants, 6; his proclamation to the people of the Vosges, 6; his treatment of Venice, 7-8; his spoliations of Prussia and Holland, 8; his responsibility for the murder of D'Enghien, 9, 10; his military genius, 10–12; Thiers on, 10; Lanfrey on his rapidity of intuition, 11; compared with Hannibal, 12; a moral pygmy, 13; his treatment of Villeneuve, 13; his view of war, 13, 14; on the government of men, 14; his lack of self-knowledge, 14; his treachery and hypocrisy, 14, 15; his duplicity, 14–16; his treatment of Comte de Frotté, 16; his lack of veracity, 16; his vulgarity and insults to eminent men, 14–18; his avowal to Metternich, 17; his treatment of Josephine, 18; his ruling purpose, 18, 19; his chief crime, 19; at Fontainebleau, 81-2, 96; his cheating at whist, 85; his vanity, 92; on La Place, 134; his favorite day, 137; his courage, 261; sayings of, 261, 361; his fondness for oysters, 271-2; on human applause, 357.

Nelson, Lord, anecdote of, 92; his *liaison* with Lady Hamilton, 120; his courage inborn, 257; his bravery, 262.

Newton, Sir Isaac, 99; his absence of mind, 112; saying of, 365.

Ney, Marshal, his inconsistency, 131.

Northcote, Sir Stafford, M.P. (Lord Idesleigh), 191.

Novels, immoral, 327-334; Dr. Johnson on them, 328; the chief objection to them, 331-2; danger of denunciatory criticisms of them, 332-4.

O.

Opie, John, anecdotes of, 359.

Orators generally poor sleepers, 213.

Oratory, the difference between written and spoken, 42; its asserted decay in recent times, 189.

Originality, literary, 75.

Oysters, 264-282; Professor Baird on their culture and consumption, 264; their fecundity, 264; their social value, 265-281; their healthful qualities, 266; esteemed by the Romans, 268; praised by eminent Romans, 268-9; Roman culture of them, 270; monarchs who have been fond of them, 270-1; Bentley on, 272; eminent men who have been fond of them, 271-2, 281; their anatomical structure, 273; their enemies, 274; their food, 274; their lament (from "Punch"), 275; Thomas Fuller on, 275; Gay on their first eater, 275; true mode of eating them, 276; their liquor, 276; where cooked best, 276-7; sonnet on, 277; their alleged stupidity, 277; their sensibilities and instincts, 278; their happiness, 278; "wonderfully made," 279; the embryos and animalcules in their liquor, 279; their influence on politics, 281.

P.

Paley, William, D.D., his indebtedness to Nieuwentyt, 76; his fondness for angling, 111; anecdotes of, 120.

Panics, in battle, 255.

Parker, Joseph, D.D., 171-9; the "Temple" in which he preaches described, 171; his personal appearance, 172; his tricks of manner, 173; his merits as a preacher, 174; his expository sermons, 175; his fondness for intense expressions, 175;

extracts from his sermons, 175–8; his published prayers, 178–9.
Parker, Theodore, 94.
Parr, Samuel, D.D., his fondness for tea and lobsters, 107, 110; his dispute with Dr. Johnson, 126.
Pascal, Blaise, quoted, 117; his insanity, 138; not a cynic, 286.
Past, the, admiration for it, 325.
Pearls, their origin and composition, 280–1.
Pepys, Samuel, his diary, 233, 236.
Philippe, Louis, his love of titles, 101.
Pinkney, William, described, 38; Wirt's first encounter with him, 38–40; Wirt's opinion of him, 40; his toilet, 95.
Pitt, William, his love of port wine, 104; his bill for preventing smuggling, 333-4.
Plagiarism, charges of, 75.
Politics, their bitterness and corruption in America, 324.
Pompey, his triumph over Mithridates, 357–8; hissed at a gladiatorial show, 358.
Pope, Alexander, anecdote of, 109; a "poser," 122; declared a liar, 128; Hazlitt on, 242.
Popularity, 355–6; its cost, 363.
Porson, Richard, anecdotes of, 105–6, 107.
Preacher, a "safe" one described, 170.
Printers, their peculiarities, 296–7.
Pulpit, the London, 150–188; its alleged decline, 187-8.
Punctuation, some mistakes in, 300.
Pythagoras, his character, 127.

Q.

QUINCEY, DE, Thomas, on the loneliness of London, 147–8; his "Confessions of an Opium-Eater," 334.
Quincy, Josiah, President of Harvard University, his compliment to Wirt, 30.
Quotation, literary, 345–54; hackneyed, 345–47; Macaulay's propensity for it, 347; Leibnitz's from Virgil on Bayle's death, 348; Porson and Bishop Heber apt in it, 349; invented by Sheridan, 349; its abuse by advocates in France, 350; when legitimate, 351; happy examples of, 352–3; Hazlitt's felicity in it, 353.

R.

RALEIGH, Sir Walter, his dandyism, 94.
Reading, promiscuous, useful to boys, 22; different systems of, 26–7; what shall we read? 335–44.
Rembrandt, the painter, anecdotes of, 132–3.
Richard III., 242.
Richardson, the novelist, 95; his "Pamela," 331.
Richelieu, Cardinal, 111; his worry about trifles, 248–9.
Richter, Jean Paul, extract from, 250.
Robespierre, his physiognomy, 240.
Rogers, the poet, his fastidious taste, 251.
Ropes, J. C., his Lectures on Napoleon I., 2, 7, 9.
Rousseau, J. J., anecdotes of, 88; a "poser," 122; his inconsistencies, 124.

S.

SAINTE-BEUVE, C. A., on the knowledge of men, 84.
Salmasius, Claudius, saying of, 87.
Savage, Richard, 104.
Savonarola, 102.
Scaliger, Joseph J., 100, 112.
Scaliger, Julius Cæsar, 100.
Schiller, his stimulants, 83, 103.
Schopenhauer, Arthur, on noise, 117; on beauty, 238.

Scipio, on his soldiers' bravery, 256.
Scott, General Winfield, his "hasty plate of soup," 356.
Seneca, his inconsistencies, 123.
Shakspeare, the woman that enslaved him in his youth, 241.
Shelley, the poet, anecdote of, 112; on Ariosto's handwriting, 373.
Sheridan, Thomas, anecdotes of, 105, 349.
Smith, Adam, his lack of practical talent, 134
Smith, Rev. Sydney, on his pedigree, 100; his shyness, 121; his handwriting, 368.
Socrates, his ugliness, 239.
Southey, Robert, his inconsistencies, 126.
Spinoza, his spiders, 111.
Staël, Madame de, anecdote of, 130.
Stanley, Dean Arthur P., 116.
Statues, mutilation of ancient, 362.
Steele, Sir Richard, his inconsistencies, 128; Swift on, 128; anecdote of, 128.
Sterne, Laurence, 91.
Steuben, Baron F. W. A., anecdote of, 102.
St. Margaret's church, London, 159–60.
Style, literary, 354.
Superstitions of some actresses and composers, 137–8.
Swift, Dean, the contradictions in his character, 124-5; his journals, 233; his pessimism, 287.

T.

Taine, Hippolyte-Adolphe, on the policy of Napoleon I., 4.
Talleyrand, Napoleon's rudeness to, 17; his cynicism, 286.
Tasso, 103.
Thackeray, anecdote of, 272–3; saying of, 351; not a cynic, 286.
Thessiger, Sir Frederic, saying of, 231.
Thiers, Louis-Adolphe, on Napoleon's rapidity of thought and action, 10.
Thomson, the poet, his untidiness, 98.
Travel a century ago, 322.
Trevelyan, Sir George Otto, M.P., 191.
Turenne, saying of, 253
Types, their tricks, 295–304; thoughts improved by their errors, 296; examples of their errors, 297–304; sensitiveness to their errors, 304.

U.

Ugliness, its advantages, 237–46; George Dawson on, 237; an intellectual stimulus, 239; of many great men, 235–49.

V.

Vaudemont, Princesse de, 241.
Vieta, François, 112.
Villeneuve, Pierre de, his treatment by Napoleon I., 13.
Virgil, his literary borrowings, 75–6.
Voiture, Vincent, 88.
Voltaire, his fondness for coffee, 106.

W.

Wagner, Richard, his vanity, etc., 89–90; his dress and manner, 97–8.
Wallenstein, 117, 137; his dislike of noise, 249.
Walpole, Horace, his letters, 233.
Walpole, Sir Robert, cynicism in his letters, 286.
Washington denounced, 324.
Watering-places, the Queen of, 218–30.
Webster, Daniel, compliments Wirt, 30, 52.
Wellington, the Duke of, on the Peninsular army, 257; anecdote of, 258; his treatment by the nobility, 357.

Wesley, Rev. John, his superstition, 137.

"Westminster Review," the, on the happiness of the oyster, 278–9.

Whately, Richard, D.D., his shyness and eccentricities, 121.

Whittier, John G., on his correspondence, 232.

Wilkes, John, his ugliness, 244–5.

William Rufus, saying of, 87.

Wilson, Professor John, 99.

Wirt, William, 20–52; his parentage, 21; his early reading, 22; chooses the Bar for his profession, 24; marries Miss Gilmer, 25; his appearance and conversation, 25; his convivial habits, 26; his study of the English classics, 27; elected clerk to the Virginia House of Delegates, — also Chancellor of the E. District, 27; marries Miss Gamble, 28; his "Letters of the British Spy," 28–9; elected to the House of Delegates, 29; his essays ("The Rainbow" and "The Old Bachelor"), 29; appointed a District-Attorney of the United States, 29; appointed Attorney-General of the United States, 29; his first visit to Boston, Mass., 29, 30; nominated for the Presidency of the United States, 30; his last illness and death, 30–1; his personal appearance, 31; his self-criticisms, 32, 33, 49, 50; on florid oratory, 33–4; his advice to F. W. Gilmer, 33–4; his Address at Rutgers College, 34, 47; his letter to H. W. Miller, 34–5; on the oratorical taste of the age, 35; his argumentative ability, 36–7; his speech against Burr, 36; his argument for the Cherokee Indians, 37; his defence of Judge Peck, 37; his first encounter with Pinkney, 38–40; his oratory characterized, 40–2; his "Life of Patrick Henry," 43–5; anecdote of him and Hon. Thomas Corwin, 44; his classic culture, 45; his retort on Emmett, 45–6; his eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, 46; on decisive integrity, 47–9; his legal fees, 49; on Chief-Justice Marshall, 50; his conversation, 50–1; his religious character, 51; characterized, 51–2: on the political corruption of his time, 324.

Wolfe, General James, anecdote of, 91.

Wollaston, William, on posthumous fame, 355.

Wordsworth, William, anecdote of, 91.

Worms, Baron Henry de, M.P., his Parliamentary speeches, 195–6.

Worry, 247–52; when unavoidable, 247; its causes, 248, 251–2; its effects when habitual, 252.

Y.

YOUNG, Edward, the poet, his inconsistencies, 125–6.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.

HOME USE
CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT
MAIN LIBRARY

This book is due on the last date stamped below.
1-month loans may be renewed by calling 642-3405.
6-month loans may be recharged by bringing books to Circulation Desk.
Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date.
ALL BOOKS ARE SUBJECT TO RECALL 7 DAYS AFTER DATE CHECKED OUT.

DEC 26 1975 7 8

REC. CIR. OCT 8 '75

LD21—A-40m-12,'74
(S2700L)

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

Pe

YC149264